

Ida Sherwood's letters to Charles B. Eaton at 237 E. 33rd St.,  
New York City.

June 22, 1884-

My Dear Charlie;

I have just finished reading your letter of Sunday eve, and although it was short, yet it did me good. You see the time when I might expect a letter from you has been so long in coming that I was ready to cry for joy when I actually held it in my hand tonight. I suppose you want to know, first of all, how I am. Well, I am not entirely over the one trouble yet, but think as soon as I am that I shall begin to gain in strength and be all right again. I go out some now, more because I am lonely than because I feel like going. You know, Charlie, that I miss you so that my heart feels like lead and there's a great lump in my throat that chokes awfully when I think of you, and I know nothing will cure it but one of your kisses. I kept the tears back after you went, until Friday afternoon, and when Mother had gone for Em I went on the bed and oh! how I did cry! Babyish, wasn't I? Well, I couldn't help it, and since then I have cried as regularly as I have eaten.

But this is sort of a homesick letter so far and I will try another strain. I did go to the Academy and Sat. night I went to the Lawn Fete on Fort Hill. Sunday a.m. I got ready and went over to church, but after they had sung and read once, I made up my mind that if I didn't wish to make a scene I had better leave, so I did, and I have been here all the time since except when I took Em over this morning.

I am glad my boy is having a "good time" and I think he deserves it. I worried him so before he went away, and he was so good to me that it makes me love him. I hope you will think it best to come home this week, for it doesn't seem as though I could stand another Sunday without you. But don't let me influence you "at all" in that matter, for you know best. I am glad you think of me, dear, it is so "sweet to be remembered" you know!

You didn't tell me where to address my letter, so I have used the old one. I hope it will reach you, for I don't want such an interesting letter to get lost.

Well my dear, I want to get this in for the 9 o'clock mail, so I shall have to close. Write as often as possible and think while so doing that you are doing good to your lonesome little girl. Goodnight now, my dear Charlie.

Lovingly yours, Ida.

P.S. You had better burn this as soon as read for a third party wouldn't enjoy it, I dare say!

June 29, 1884.

My Dear Charlie;

I would like to write you a long letter today, but hardly think it would be proper, seeing that you send me such short ones, so I'll just write enough to relieve your anxiety in regard to my health. I am all well now, and getting strong every day, so you can finish your visit in peace from all worry on my account. It was selfish of me to mar your pleasures with accounts of my illness, and I wish now that I had not done so. I have been well now since the day after writing you last and feel better than I have in sometime before. When I read your letter yesterday morning I would have liked to whisper in your ear that I was better, so you would not have had to worry any longer, but you will have to wait until Monday now to know that.

I am glad you did not let my wishes influence you about coming home, particularly if you would have been "cross and angry" with me for what I couldn't help. Mother and I went to N. Thursday and staid over night. I enjoyed it very much and I think it did me good. Time passes more rapidly now that I can work. If you can I wish you would send me a card telling me when you will be here. Come whenever you wish and I shall be glad to see you. My letter is much longer than I intended it should be and hope you will forgive me for boring you so long.

LETTERS OF IDA SHERWOOD EATON

to her family in Oxford, New York

--1889--

From:

Seattle, Wash. Feb. 18, 1889-

My Dear Father, Mother and All;

Well, here I am in the far west! I reached Tacoma safely and well yesterday morning at 6:35, and found Charlie waiting at the station. He did not meet me on the road because he was over here at Seattle reporting a case and did not get back to Tacoma until Saturday night. He had to come back again for a few days, so we took a steamer up Puget Sound, last night, and are to stay here until about Wednesday. My first impressions of this country have all been favorable so far, and I think I'm going to like it very much indeed.

How I did wish some, or all, of you could have been with me on the trip out. It was an experience of a lifetime, and I think I never enjoyed a week more, or learned more in so short a time. I did not have the least trouble in any way and made several friends. One elderly gentleman came all the way from St. Paul with me and seemed to make me his especial charge. He was very kind and gentlemanly. Then there was a Miss Delaney from Mich. on the way to Portland, and two young ladies, Morse by name, going to California. We all got acquainted and had a delightful time, and I hated to part with them. I had no difficulty in sleeping in the berths and enjoyed it. We had a fine big dorky for porter, that would have brought a thousand dollars before the war. He knew the whole land through from St. Paul and told us everything about it, and pointed out everything interesting. The first day and night we saw nothing but prairie lands, and nowhere have I seen any more snow than I left in Oxford. The second day we got up in the Rockies, and oh! those mountains! as a little boy said on the train, I never saw anything so beautiful in my life! One line of that old hymn, "The hand that made you is divine" kept in my mind all day. The highest point we reached was an elevation of 2500 feet above sea level. There we were, a train of ~~thirteen~~ coaches, winding up the mountains; I could see the engine way ahead panting and puffing, and down below us little bridges that we had crossed that looked as if they were made of thread they were so far away. Then we plunged into a long tunnel, and after a time began the long descent.

That little part of the trip was worth all the money and fatigue of the whole trip. How I did wish some of you could have seen it, and it will be one of my greatest desires to have you see it sometime. Where the train stopped for ten minutes or so, we'd get off and take a run on the platform. In this way we saw something of Helena, Spokane Falls and other places of interest. (This is all rot.) \* Charlie has just added his mite to this letter.

There was one of the directors of the N.P. and his wife on the train coming out, Thomas by name. The wife came and introduced herself to me, I asked her to take a seat, and then after she told me who she was, and I knew she was a nabob, I asked her to take "two seats." She was a beautiful old lady and was going over the road for the sixth time. She was a very interesting talker, and gave me a great deal of information. Way up in the Rockies we stopped at the headwaters of the Missouri where it starts from the little spring, that a man has used to irrigate the whole adjoining valley. Here the porter got us a big lot of watercress. I have a piece back at Tacoma that I will send you. Not that it is any sight, but just as a novelty, coming from where it did. Thursday morning the old gentleman knocked at my berth and called me up at about half past five to see ~~Lake~~ Pend O'Reille. You'll see where it is on the map; its fifteen miles wide and 45 long and is the most beautiful blue you can imagine.

I can't think of anything more at present about my trip, only it was delightful, and I sat all the way out with nothing around me. Charlie was pretty glad to see me, but I hardly knew him, as he has a full beard and it changes his looks. We went to the Fife Hotel, where I took a bath and rested up. After dinner we went to his room on A Street, packed up our satchels and went back to the ~~xxxx~~ hotel until time to take the boat. We expect to furnish a couple of rooms in a new house and use them until Crosby gets out of those Charlie engaged, which will be about the first of April. We think we can get in them this week if we don't have to stay too long here. Charlie sends you thanks for the

presents you sent him, but he hasn't seen them all yet. We got the big trunk up to the hotel yesterday and opened it. Everything seemed to be all right but that box Uncle Ed gave me, that was all smashed up. Tell Charlie that Charlie has begun on that box of cigars and thinks they are very fine. He says he can smoke all he'll send. He talks all the while about having Charlie come out here and see him, and how much he thinks he would enjoy it. He said if he hadn't been so short of money just then he'd have sent you all a present by "Doc", as it was he just sent Abbie one as a little payment for the use of her trunk. He hopes Nellie will not feel it because Sadie's present was a little nicer than hers, as Doc helped to buy Sadie's. He says when we get settled he'll send you all something nice. My lunch box was full when I got here, as there was lots left.

And now, how are you all? I hope you don't miss me very much, and that you are all well and happy. Charlie says I can go back and see you before long and then we'll have such good times that you won't realize I've been away. You can get round trip tickets quite reasonable and I hope some of you will take advantage of that fact. Charlie told me to tell Em and Abbie that dressmakers were getting \$25 per week here. When we get to housekeeping so we can board them cheap they'll probably get a bid to come.

I think of you all, Father, Mother, Grandma, Em and Abbie and Charlie's folks a great deal, and all you've done for me. I begin to see my way a little clearer toward helping you all in return. Charlie says there are 250 cases on for the next term of Court that he will have to report. Then he has lots of other business--he just rushes right around, and I didn't know that he could rush so lively. But everyone has to do that here. I wish Jim and Deal could make the trip out here; they would find it delightful.

Well, it is time to go and eat something, so I guess I'll keep the rest until next time. The air is balmy and springlike and I think it will agree with me first rate. Take good care of yourselves, all of you, give my love to all the neighbors; to all I send lots of love and kisses. (The band is playing in front of the hotel now.) Write often and I'll do the same. Tell Abbie that I've not had an opportunity to see about the money yet.

I would just love to have Em and Abbie see this country, and I wish you were all here. I can't realize that all of you dear ones are so far away. Write to me often. Tell Grandma she'll have to come out and wash my dishes, and Mother will have to come and cook up something.

Well, here's more love for you all,

Your loving Ida.

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Seattle, W.T. Feb. 21, 1889-

My Dear Mother;

When Charlie came to dinner last night he brought me your letter and Em's and Abbie's and a valentine for each of us from Nellie. His partner, or rather the man who is in the same office with him, sent over the mail from Tacoma. You can just believe I was glad to hear from you all, and that the hard work you did for me didn't make you all sick abed, for I was afraid it would. They are only just getting into this big Wickersham case and it bids fair to keep us here some time yet. We are both rather put out about it, but it is a good paying job for Charlie, so I guess we'll stand it. Tonight they will hold an evening session until half past eleven and Charlie says I may go up, but it is so blamed filthy I guess I don't want to. Tomorrow being Washington's birthday they will not hold court and then we are going to see the sights. I've been out this morning for about an hour prizing furniture. Charlie thought maybe we could do better here than in Tacoma, but I guess we can't. This is a lodging house we are in with a restaurant attached. We have a nice room, heated by steam, and I am very comfortably situated. The landlady told me yesterday that they make 135 beds, and the night before she had to get up at midnight and make up cots in the halls. There is a Mr. E., clergyman, and wife, accompanied by a young lady, here. They are a beautiful old couple from Tacoma, and I have gotten quite well acquainted with them. Then there is another lady, in search of a lodging house to rent, who is kind of a combination of Mrs. Ira Fish and Aunt Susan Smith, and she talks about making "dullers" all the time. Another lady and her husband are from Walla Walla, and I think she is one of the loveliest women I have ever met. She told me yesterday about losing her only child, a daughter 8 years of age, and since then they've traveled almost constantly. She said they bought a \$30,000 lot a year and a half ago, and sold it lately for \$60,000. What do you

think of that? . She seemed to take a great liking to me and I thought of asking her if she didn't want to adopt me or remember me in her will.

I do like this western country and all the people I have seen so far. There none of that "standoffishness" about them, and they don't act as though they were going to do something improper if they speak to strangers. Charlie laughs a good deal about my getting acquainted so fast, and says I'm a good one and he thinks I'll look out for myself all right.

I didn't know which one of your letters to answer first, but made up my mind to give you the first dose. Tell Em and Abbie I enjoyed theirs ever so much and will write them soon. Of course every letter I write home is for you all. I don't want you to mourn, and I don't think you will after you hear I am here safe and well. Charlie is as good as he can be, and I've not been homesick a bit. I think of you all constantly and will see you again before long. So keep up a good heart, all of you; there is nothing that would make me homesick as quick as the thought ~~thought~~ that you were mourning.

I just wish Father could see things here. Charlie showed me a big house in Tacoma and then said one night when he went home they had just gotten the lumber on the land, and the next morning when he passed, a family was moving in. Maybe you can swallow that, but I couldn't!

There is just rush enough here to suit Father. It is city and country all together. You can get out of the confusion in a few minutes if you like--Puget Sound is a beautiful piece of water without a snag or anything of the kind in it, so navigation is very easy and safe. I feel as if there was something wrong about my seeing all these sights without you all with me--how you would enjoy it!

Tell Grandma if she will come out I'll show her round in great shape. But tell her she'll have to drink blacktea for you can't get hold of any other. When I get back to Tacoma I'll send you some books that I bought on the way out; after you all read them take them up to Charlie's father to read. I'm going to write to Charlie next and then I'll write to Em and Abbie. You see I want to go all around first; I've written to Fred.

Well my blessed mother and father, don't either of you mourn for me; I think this climate is going to agree with me and I'm so hearty I can hardly wait for each meal to come. It rained yesterday so I couldn't get out; it is cloudy yet altho it has stopped raining. I noticed some rose and lilac bushes leaving out the other day. The only disagreeable thing is the mud, and I never knew what mud was before.

Charlie said he made at odd jobs last month about \$300, and he will do better this month. You see we won't starve at that rate.

How is Mrs. King and all the other neighbors? I'm glad Em went to Sherburne. I'm going to have both of the girls out here before long, for a visit if nothing more. Abbie could get \$25 a week with her cutting and fitting, and I think Em's music would work in somewhere. Still I don't want to take them away from you and I don't see but what you'll all have to come---what do you say? Charlie will be here in a few minutes to luncheon, and as he has to hurry we just have to fly around. I never dreamed that he could rustle as he does. I guess he's caught the fever.

I send you lots of love and kisses, you dear ones all. Take all the comfort you can and keep well. With lots of love,

Ida.

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Tacoma, March --, 1889-

My Dear Mother;

I received your nice letter last Monday, also Em's, and Friday one from Abbie. I can't begin to tell you how I like to hear from you all and especially from you when I know it is quite a task to write a letter. I haven't written any of you in a week, I believe, but I've written to Fred, Uncle Jim and Aunt Sue. I thought Uncle Jim would probably tell you they had heard from me so you wouldn't worry.

Fred sent me the photo of "the boys" and I think it is fine, don't you? I wish Nellie could get a picture that would do her justice once; I never saw one of her that begun to look as well as she does. I've not been feeling as good as usual the past week but am all right again now. I've had quite a busy week, too. I didn't feel able to wash until Thursday and couldn't get my clothes dry to iron until Saturday--so I ironed, baked, cleaned up my house yesterday and got my meals, and it took me all day long. This morning

I feel rather lazy and have only just gotten my housework done and it is after eleven. Charlie and I took a long walk last Sunday, as I wrote Uncle Jim. We got home about six and went to work to do up my dinner work that I had left, but George and all his family came so I did not get a chance. They staid over an hour and the baby got uneasy and then they had to go. I laughed with Charlie after they'd gone and--  
(the rest of this is missing)

1218 A. Street, Tacoma, Sunday-  
March 3, 1889-

My Dear Mother and Father;

Charlie and I have just come back from a three hours walk, and he has gone to the office to work, and so I'll write to my loved ones. How are you all anyway? I'm feeling fine and all right and think I am already getting fleshy. I just wish you were all here today! It is so warm it is uncomfortable walking, the flowers are in bloom, children are out in white dresses with nothing around them, and everything seems like a late spring day at home. It is just delightful I assure you, and I think it would give you all a new lease of life if you could sniff this salt water breeze. I go out in the dooryard and stand and look at Mt. Tacoma until I'm blinded. I never saw anything so beautiful as it is, and I never get tired of looking at it. I tried to find a picture of it to send you, but they all look so cheap and insignificant beside the mountain itself that I've not yet made up my mind to send you one. You see I don't want you to get any impression of it but a good one, so when you come out you won't be disappointed. We had a delightful walk, and I like a place like this, city and country all together, for when you go along the streets if you get tired you can sit down on a stump and rest.

We expected to be in our little cottage today, but I went up there yesterday and they were only just finishing the painting and the walls were so damp the water was running down in streaks. There's no plaster on the house, but cotton next the boards and then the paper put on that. We've had a stove up there a week and still it is damp. Charlie is afraid now to go into it, and so today we have been looking at an upper flat in a new house, on Yakima Avenue. The rooms are very nice and two of them have large bay windows. And there's a bathroom. I've been twice today to see the man that rents them, but could not find him, so I shall go again in the morning. If the rent is not too much we shall take them. I had my big trunk sent down here last night so I have some clean clothes today and that's quite a treat. When the expressman brought the trunk last night he could not stop in front of the house the mud was so deep, so he stopped on the corner of the next street, about as far as from our house to Hamilton's corner, I guess, and packed it the rest of the way; you can imagine what a good time he had! He charged 75¢ and I thought he earned it.

I am getting acquainted quite a good deal, and I find the people all pleasant. There's a bond of sympathy between us all, for we are all "strangers in a strange land" and everyone does his best to all.

Mrs. Allen has held out many inducements for us to stay here, but it isn't pleasant to run out to your meals, at least I don't like it. She came upstairs yesterday and after talking awhile she said, "I like you, Mrs. Eaton, and I wish you could stay with me, you seem like my girl already!" She's a pleasant little body and has just been up to tell me that 23 united with "my" church today. Willis Hall and George were at Charlie's office last eve, and George said Emma had been there in the afternoon to find out where I was so she could call on me. Charlie was at the courthouse so she didn't see him. So you see she intends to condescend. I haven't seen any of them yet. Charlie has introduced me to lots of men, so I am beginning to know some people when I meet them on the street.

About the first thing I found when I opened the trunk last night was your picture, Mother, and I brought it right upstairs and hung it where I can see it all the while. How I'd like to hug you today--I'm sorry now I didn't hug you and Father more when I had the chance, but I'm coming back some day and then I'll make up for it. I have burned my face so, out walking today, that it smarte now. I guess it would make Father tired if he could see the building going on here and the way they build. Some houses are elegant of course, but those they put up quickly are shabby I tell you. The cottage I went to see

yesterday is one of the latter. There isn't anything plumb about it, and if the joints don't come together as they ought, they drive a piece of stick in the crack. Our house and land there would be worth \$20,000 at least, here.

Amanda was very kind to send you the ticket, and I'm glad that you went. Go out all you can and take things easy; I'm afraid you wouldn't breathe again for a month if you should walk up one of these hills. I've doubled my toes all under in the ends of my shoes coming down them.

Write me everything you can think of and write often. I do like to get your letters so much. I've written the girls both a long letter this week and I shall expect some good ones in return. I hope you are all over missing me by this time. I want to write Grandma a few lines, so I will close this. I send you lots of hugs and kisses, and hope you are all well. C. said tell "Suke" he sent her his love.

Your loving daughter, Ida.

Tacoma, W.T.,  
April 17, 1889-

My Dear Father and Mother;

I am aware that I owe Em a letter, but somehow tonight I feel like talking to you, so I guess she won't care. Charlie has gone to a meeting of the members of the bar and I walked part way down with him to "Saul & Avery's" and got some groceries. They had strawberries, cucumbers, lettuce, and everything in the way of garden sauce. I bought some lettuce, so if you will come in tomorrow I will let you taste of it.

I rubbed my white clothes yesterday, but did not hang them out until today because I borrowed the use of Mrs. Bell's clothes line and she was drying hers. It is not such fun to wash here as it was up at the cottage for there I could put my tub right under the faucet and catch all of my water, but here I have to bring it in from the hall and take it back to empty it.

We were out last eve looking for furniture for our front room but have not ordered any yet. I expect, however, to have it settled this week, and then I shall look pretty nice. I dreamed last night that I was going around the city with Father looking at the new buildings and he didn't think they did their work very fine. Then I dreamed that I called Em to the window to see Mt. Tacoma and asked her if it wasn't beautiful and she says yes its pretty enough but I'm hungry and I can't eat mountains. I send Father some of the papers with this and you a book which I hope you'll enjoy. Charlie takes two dailies so we have plenty to read. I got the Telegram from CWS today, also the Times, and C. got Em's letter. Tell her it doesn't make any difference who she directs them to, for Charlie always opens them as soon as he gets them.

Tell Charlie I found the verses he marked in the Telegram, but we won't catch any "colds in the spring" out here. Abbie wrote in one of her letters that Grandma sat by her making her a night cap, and I could see her just as plain, and I bet a cent her mouth went out and in every stitch she took. How I wish she was here with me. Tell her I've tanned my fingers all up paring potatoes and I know if she was here she wouldn't let me do such things. Do you know who wrote C's father's obituary? I think it was very good. The daily paper here had a card of sympathy in it for Charlie and George the next day after they rec'd the telegram.

I am going to have a bookcase for sure for my sitting room, and I'm going to put your photos on it so I can see you all every time I move. Yours, Mother, hangs before me as I write and you can't imagine how many times a day I stop in front of it and give you a squeeze in imagination. I haven't gotten Father's photo yet, but I hope he has had some taken. I'm living in hopes. I guess Nell has forgotten me for she don't write any more. I wish I could see Abigail act in "Down by the Sea", also that I could see her new dress. Is Anna busy as ever? They must look prettyfine now in their rooms. I'm too sleepy to write more, so will close. Write as often as you are able to, for I enjoy your letters more than I can tell you. Love and kisses---Ida.

Tacoma, Monday,  
May 20, 1889-

My Dear Father and Mother;

I left all of my work this morning and went way down town with Charlie to get the mail from home, but did not get a letter from any of you. I got the paper Charlie sent and was glad to read about the Crosby trial, and glad to know they gave her so long a term as they did. The paper speaks very highly of John Church I notice.

Well, how are you all? I suppose you are so clean and fixed up so nice you feel above writing to your pinneer daughter. I wish I could see that hen coop you are fixing, Father, and I wish, too, I could try the bath tub. We have a bath here, but have to carry in the hot water and it is so far to carry it that I haven't indulged yet.

Charlie and I attended the regatta last Saturday and had seats on the grand stand. It was lovely to sit there and see the Bay covered with steamboats, sailboats, row ~~boat~~ boats, canoes etc., and I enjoyed it ever so much and wished you were all with me. I don't think a boat race is the most exciting race I ever saw, and I told Charlie I would rather see Ole Miner drive one of his fast horses up old State St. and he said he would too. You see the starting point was way across the bay and further than we could see, and that didn't add to the interest. I will send you papers about it. They estimated 25,000 people saw the race and - tell you it was a big crowd, larger I think than I ever saw at the Fair.

Charlie has shut down on my washing any more, so I haven't washed since week before last. I have found a woman across the road to do it. She charges 60¢ a dozen for plain starched clothes. I am going to do my napkins, towels and handkerchiefs myself and she is going to do the rest. He gets his lunch down town when it is so warm, so you see I have it pretty easy. I have wanted a kitchen work table for a long time and had spoken to Mr. Bell about fixing me one. After he was killed they sold off their things and I bought one they had, covered the top with oilcloth and tacked a curtain around it, and I can keep all my tins and kettles out of sight and I feel quite proud of it.

I can make boss shortcakes and have made three. I am rather sorry that I have gotten so I can make good biscuits for C. wants them every meal. We don't eat meat for breakfast through the warm weather, but eat fruit and toast, coffee and things of that kind. ---  
(The rest of this is missing.)

Tacoma, W.T.,

Sunday June 23, 1889-

My Dear Mother;

I believe it is your turn to hear from your little girl so I will write to-day. I have just gotten my work done up, have taken a bath, and now have nothing more to do until dinner time. Charlie has gone down to the office and I am all alone. I wonder what you are all doing today. I can see you all as plainly at the breakfast table as if I were with you and I'd just like to happen in on you, unexpectedly, and see if you would be as glad to see me as I should be to see you. One of these days I'll do that, and then we'll see.

We are having delightful weather now, just cool enough to be pleasant. We never have any of those sultry mornings like you do there where you can hardly breathe, but it is cool enough so a fire feels good and your breakfast tastes delicious. I eat now like a little pig and if I don't get fat it will be because I can't, that's all. How I d like to have you and Father come in to dinner today! I'm going to have roast lamb, nice ripe peaches and banana cake. I guess you never ate peaches in June, did you? And the other day I bought some new ripe apples and wehad a "cobbler" and it tasted awful good. Whenever I eat "cobbler" I always think of Fred and I could almost see him sitting beside me.

I know, Mother, that you'll miss Abbie dreadfully if she comes out here, and if you feel that it is going to be too much for you I don't think she would want to come and leave you. But I think it would be a fine thing for her and I am anxious to have her come. Dressmakers command big prices here, and then the trip out here would be worth everything to her. I wish we could manage it so as to have Em come with her and stay a few months for a visit. I don't think we could hire her to stay longer than that. You celebrated my anniversary just as I wanted you to, in thinking of me and writing to me, and as often as the 12th of June rolls around I shall expect a letter from you, and a good many between times.

Mrs. Gillespie and Grace made butterscotch with peanuts in it yesterday and brought it in here and we had a very sweet time. They are very pleasant neighbors and I dislike to

have them leave the block. They move tomorrow. The family who had the rooms back of me have moved out and a bachelor, Dr. Quivili, has taken them. I expect Abbie will be smiling on him when she gets here.

I think, Mother, the shams are lovely, and I take them out of the drawer every little while and look at them and think of you. I shall keep them for my spare bedroom when I get one.

(Later) I was interrupted, when I had written this far, by a call from Miss Hudson, Charlie's typewriter, a young lady from Wisconsin. She is very pleasant and nice and I invited her to stay to dinner and she seemed very willing, and staid until a few moments ago.

I'd like to see your new hen park and I can imagine how much comfort you take raising chickens. When I get a home I shall raise them too, I laughed a good deal over Mrs. Karden's old car catching yours. Have you got a good garden this year? I wish I lived near enough so I could steal some things out of it when they are ready for use. How I'd like to have you and Grandma go marketing with me; & I buy everything or have.

Well, I can't think of anything interesting to write so I guess I had better stop. How I do want to see you all and my dear old home. I can see you all sitting on the piazza of an evening and I try to imagine how it looks without me. I am too tired to write more tonight, but I send you no end of love, all of you. Are you feeling real well now and do you still have trouble with your feet? I will settle with you for the shams soon. Write me everything you can think of and remember you are in my thoughts every hour of the day. Kiss Father and all. Your loving daughter, Ida.

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Carlton House,  
Olympia, Wash. Aug. 5, 1889-

My Dear Mother;

I re'cd letters from you, Em, and Abbie last week and I'll answer yours first for I don't hear from you personally very often. You'll see that I am in Olympia; Charlie couldn't get home for Sunday, so he wired me to come over on the boat Saturday. It is about 36 miles from Tacoma and a three hours ride by steamer, and I always enjoy a trip on the sound, so I was glad to come.

It is cool and delightful over here, for it is one of the oldest towns in the Ty. and it is all shaded by great large maple trees, so it seems more like home than Tacoma in that respect. I wore my broadcloth dress over, and have shivered considerably even in that.

This morning I've attended a session of the Convention up at the Capitol with Charlie, and I tell you I jussy enjoyed it. We have just returned, and while waiting for lunch time I thought I'd send you a few lines. I tried to get some sewing done last week and so did not write as often as I intended to. Tell Abbie I was making me some sack waists when that one came and I crawled right into it. Grace was there at the time and she said I acted as if I wanted to hug it. I told her it looked just like home to me. I was very thankful for it, for I was in need of something of the kind.

Mrs. Clifford, next door, lets me use her machine, so I expect to get along all right hereafter. Friday morning I had a note from George saying that Dr. Gleason and wife from Oxford, called at his office on the way to Seattle, and would return in the evening and wanted to see me.

That evening Emma and I went to see them at the Fife, and I had a most enjoyable visit with them. It did seem so good to see anyone from home! The next a.m. they came up to my home and Mrs. Gleason said she would tell you all about it. I knew you would enjoy that very much. They were quite disappointed at not finding C. at home. I tried to persuade them to stay over Sunday and I would stay home from here and entertain them, but they thought they must leave Sunday morning, so I came on.

The news has reached us this morning that Spokane Falls is all burned up, even worse than the Seattle fire. It is such a calamity and everyone is mourning over it.

I can't begin to tell you, Mother, how I enjoyed your letter, and how much it made me want to see you. The longer I stay away the more I think of you all and appreciate your love and care for me. I should be veru ungrateful to Charlie if I were not contented and happy here, for he does everything he can to make things easy and pleasant for me.

He took this work over here to do, and is to look to the Legislature for pay. If the Constitution is adopted we will be well fixed and will be home on a visit. On the other hand, if it is not we will have to be patient and wait awhile longer. When I come I want him to come too, for he wants to as much as I do, and I should hate to leave him behind. I try not to set my heart too strongly on visiting you this fall, for fear I may be disappointed, I just hope that we may be able to come.

It is noon here now and must be three o'clock with you, and I presume your work is all done and you are taking a nap--at least I hope so. I can see you all so plainly. If Em cries over my letters you just tell her I won't write to her any more. I guess that will scare her so she won't do it any more. I'm sorry to get the news in regard to Anna, but hope she'll pull through all right. I had counted so much on that baby on Nellie's account that I am quite disappointed.

I think we will not take Miss Hudson to board. She is working in the Land Office now for Schulze. There are some things she does that we don't just like, for she is quite frisky. However, I shall rent one room if I can to someone, for the house is larger than we need. I am terribly disappointed because Abbie thinks she cannot come now and Charlie said he would send her the money if he only could. In November we will have to pay \$750 on the house, and we are saving for that now. I can't help but think there will be a way opened after a time and I hope she won't get discouraged. It makes me tremble for you all when I read of the cyclone and cloudbursts you are having out that way.

How are you feeling now, Mother? You didn't tell me, in your letter. Just think. it is nearly six months since I came away from you, but we have made more in that time than we could in many years in Oxford.

Maud Holderidge has done herself proud, hasn't she? Congratulate her for me and tell Addie H. to look out. What is Grandma doing? I'm glad Father hasn't much to do through the hot weather. I think of him so much and I most always on the front piazza when the builders go home from work, with their aprons on and their tools, and I wish so often he was among them. There is more building than ever in Tacoma, and as C. and I stopped and looked a block over the other night he says, "Wouldn't this make your father and Jim tired?" There wasn't a timber in the whole building, but just boards nailed together with blocks. Why don't Chuck write to me? I'll bet he has forgotten he has a pioneer sister. Tell father to come out and make us a visit and bring you along. I'm sure he'd never be sorry. I think often of having the girls here and where I will take them. Golly, wouldn't it be fun to show them our city?

Well, my paper is giving out and I guess I will close. Your dream won't come true, for when I see you I'll talk you to death I'm afraid. I dreamed Abbie was here the other night and that she found fault with everything in my house, and the way I had things arranged, until I was almost wild. I hope she won't, tho! I send you lots of hugs and kisses, you dear old soul, and plenty too for the rest. With lots of love to all,

Your loving daughter, Ida.

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Wednesday, Aug. 20, 1889-

To "Charlie"---

My Dear Husband;

I guess you'll be surprised to get this letter from your "old woman", but I have an uncontrollable desire to talk to you today, so I take this way for want of a better. It awful lonesome, and sometimes it seems as though I should cry I want you here so much.

"Doc" was up this forenoon for a call and we had quite a visit. I got the trunk up Monday and yesterday Emma was up and I gave her what they sent her and she was very much pleased. I've had calls all the week. Miss Hudson was up Sunday eve and gave me a talking to because you and I went down to Grace's and did not come to see her. I think we'll have to get her permission when we want to go anywhere hereafter.

Grace has been with me every night, and this afternoon I'm going down there to supper. I haven't felt first class any of this week, and have not yet done my washing and ironing. I feel as if I had rather lazy, but I hope you will not think so.

It will seem so good when you are home from there for good and all, and I guess you'll be glad too. Everything is quiet as usual up here; have you any idea when you'll be home?

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I hope you want to see me "just a little bit" if you are "not much struck on me", as you once told me in regard to the matter. I live in hopes that sometime you'll like me as well as I do you, though it may require a miracle to bring about that state of affairs. Queer words those, from a wife to a husband, don't you think so? For most wives don't care whether they possess the love or not, they only have the person.

Well, come home soon as you can, my dear, and I'll cook you some of my good (?) "mock duck" and lemon pie. Won't that be nice?

With a kiss and a hug, Yours ever, Ida.

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Tacoma, W.T.,  
Sept. 30, 1889-

My Dear Mother;

Charlie has been upstairs and found me this paper, so that I can write to you this dark, rainy afternoon. It has rained hard ever since yesterday morning, and everything is pretty well soaked at present. It seems good to have C. at home such weather as this. He is better, but hasn't been out yet, he thinks he will go down tomorrow to vote, and if it stops raining I don't think it will hurt him.

I rec'd a fine letter from you the other day and it did my little soul good I can tell you. I have just finished reading letters from CWS and Fred and Hattie. I think it is nice to hear from both brothers at the same time. Dear old fellows, how I'd like to see them!

I had such a busy day yesterday. Miss Hudson came up about noon and staid to dinner, then George and Little Emma came, and later Willis Hall. So you see we have some company. I am so sorry, Mother, that neither you nor Father are feeling well and wish I could do something for you both. I think perhaps you would feel just as well if you should grow thinner and unless you are sick I don't think that is a cause to worry over. I read C. what you said about my having a picture of the house and standing where my "nose" would show, and he said he'd like to know how you expected to see the house if I did!

We were quite worried about Charlie this last time he was taken ill, and Dr. Dodge told Norval that when he came last Wednesday night he didn't see how he was going to get out of a run of fever, but he gave him some big doses, and I don't think there is anything to fear now. Court begins this week and he is anxious to get to work. After that if he is still poorly we think of going over to Yakima, east of the mountains, for a week, in hopes that the change will be beneficial. Norval has been very kind and splits all of my wood and does my errands, and that is a good deal. Emma was to have us there to dinner yesterday if C. had been well enough, but it was so rainy we thought he'd better not venture out.

I hope, Mother, that you will have a picture taken for me soon for I want one very much. Tell Em the Woman's Exchange is to be a permanent thing, so she will have time enough to make something if she likes. I have been down quite often, for I like to see the fancy work, it gives me so many ideas. There are heaps of pretty things in the stores here and I often stop in front of the windows and pick out things for you all. When my "ship comes in" I'll do something besides look at them.

A Mr. Royce from the easthills in Oxford, was here the other morning; I never knew him, but C. thought he had seen him before. And one of old Dr. Ayrault's sons is here as Prof. at the Washington College. At least we think it is one of his sons, as it is the same name and came from New York State. You don't know how queer it seems to me to hear people talk of "going up to Alaska" for I don't realize where I am. Before long we are going up to Victoria and then I can say that I have been on English soil. I begin to feel quite like an old wanderer I have seen so much that is new and strange this year.

But, Mother, the postman will be along soon and I want to give this to him, therefore I guess I'll have to do it up. The months are passing rapidly, and soon your little girl will be with you once more, and how much I anticipate them! I hope Grandma's head will "get straight" so she can write soon. Make Father be careful of himself and you be the same. I'll write to the girls soon. I've been so stirred up lately that my letter haven't amounted to much, but they will assure you that I am well and happy. Write often, Mother, for nobody's letters can take the place of yours.

With lots of love to you all,

Ida

Saturday Eve,  
Sept. 21, 1889.

My Dear Mother;

I am afraid I won't get a chance tomorrow to write to you, so I am going to do so tonight. It is almost bedtime and I am tired, for I've been running all over the city today, but I hope you'll make allowances for all such little things as that, and not expect much of a letter.

It is raining tonight and we are glad of that for we have just gotten our yard all fixed up and seeded and the rain will be so nice for it. I have my henyard built, too, but I haven't got the hens yet. I am only going to keep a few, for there isn't much room. You see eggs are from 25¢ to 30¢ a dozen here all the time, and stale at that, so if they just keep us in eggs it will be quite an item.

I am going to have a woman to sew for me this coming week, to make over my speckled gray dress and my black silk. I wanted to make them do until I came home, but find it will be impossible for they are all out at the elbows, and everywhere else, too, for that matter. When I find out how I'm going to fix them I will write you all about it, so you can imagine your "little black-eyed girl" in them.

I tried to find something today to send Charlie's Mother for her birthday, and finally selected a chair pillow. I hope she will like it. I enclose you a little chink to buy something with. Don't tell Mrs. Eaton what I send you, for it is a good deal more than I gave for her pillow. I hope you didn't think I intended that handkerchief for payment for those shams. That would have been a pretty cheeky performance. By and by I guess I'll send you a little more, and also send Abbie what I owe her, and Em the pay for the material she bought. By the way, tell Em I wear my knitted shirts all the time and I am going to wear something heavier when the rainy season begins, so I won't need any more. But tell her to knit them and send them along and I will sell them for her at the Exchange.

I wish, Mother, every time I look at Father's picture, that you could see it. It is lots of company for me and I prize it I tell you. Tell Grandma I haven't forgotten all she did and has done for me, and her turn will come before long.

Charlie is better, so that he works, but he doesn't feel well at all. I think he has a good deal of malaria hanging about him. I am sorry you and Father are not feeling well this fall, and hope you will be all right soon.

I must tell you that we are to decide today if we are to take up a homestead claim. Norval has taken one and ours will join his. Then the other two quarters of the section are taken by nice people from here, who are all going out to live on them next summer. You understand we have to live on them six months beginning in March. Charlie wants to take it and have either Em or Abbie come out and live on it with me while he stays in the city and comes out occasionally. They are timber claims and in a few years will be worth several thousands of dollars, while it only costs 22 dollars to file on them. I wouldn't like any better fun than going out with a party like this if it wasn't for just one thing, and that is that it would prevent my coming home until September. I can't bear to think of putting off my visit and seeing you all, and I imagine that you won't enjoy having me. But don't you worry about it, for we may not take it. I'd like the fun of it, but I want to see my Ma dreadfully.

I enclose you a little item that happened opposite here the other day, so you will see that we are not without a little excitement on J Street!

(Sunday a.m.) I could not finish this last eve so I will do so now. I've just put a couple of chickens in the oven for dinner, and when they are done, if you will come in, I will give you some. Will you? Doc is coming up to dinner I guess. Charlie sits here reading one of Dr. Bradford's prayers out of an old notebook, and I can't think of half I want to say. He gave me \$16 yesterday to do as I was a mind to with and I thought at first I'd send it home to you all, but I've got to have some clothes fixed, so will send you only a little this time. I must stop writing to attend to my dinner. I would like to give my dear old Mother an awful squeeze this minute, but guess I'll have to wait a little longer. I don't see why Charlie and Anna never write to me; it makes me feel badly.

Your loving daughter, Ida.

Tacoma,  
Nov. 1, 1889.

My Dear Sister;

I've no news to write you today, but nevertheless will try to send you some sort of a letter. It is a lovely sunshiny day, and warm, too, and after I finish this I shall try to go out somewhere. I have watched the mail very closely since Monday in hopes to hear something further in regards to Mother, but they say no news is good news so I hope she is getting better fast. I wish I could I could have her, Father and Grandmother all here through your cold weather. To be sure it is rainy when it does rain, but that is nothing compared to the cold there. Tell Father that he had better take Mother and come out and stay until spring. I would keep them gladly and willingly, and if he felt like work he could get it in a dozen places within a stone's throw of the house.

I think about their coming sometimes until-it almost seems as though they were on the way. I think I could make it quite pleasant for them here. The grass is as green here yet as in the summer, and the yards are bright with flowers. I cannot realize that the holidays are so near at hand. I want to have company for Thanksgiving if I feel as well as I do now, Just have George's folks, you know, for they have invited us to ride several times. I think Emma must have had as many as eight different hired girls since I came, and now she is doing her own work. Geo. told her one night when she was complaining about them that "there were some women he wouldn't work for at any price!" My girl is getting kind of slack and lazy and I have to poke her up considerably. I have one of the sweetest and most talented women for a neighbor you ever saw. Her name is Mrs. Savage; she plays a church organ, has a class in music and painting. She paints china and has some of the loveliest pieces I ever saw. As we were eating breakfast this morning she came in and wanted me to come over and see some that she had just been firing, and I went, and as a consequence breakfast dishes weren't done till 11 o'clock. What do you spic-and-span-up-in-the-morning housekeeper's think of that? I often laugh to think how it would worry Em. Tell Mother I have four hens and a rooster and I got two eggas this morning, the first I have had from them, so tomorrow we will have egg on toast or "golden buck" as my cookbook has it.

After Charlie read yours and Em's letters the other night he made all sorts of fun at my "bragging" to you about my cooking. He said he thought I was a pretty good cook, too, but he didn't think it looked well in me to brag about it so much.

We had a man here yesterday to see about putting in our sewer and they charge \$70 for connecting with the houses; isn't that abominable? But we have to connect or get fined \$100, so you see there's no getting out of it. Our water rent is \$2.30 a month, and every time we pay it I think of that nice spring water at home that you get so cheap comparatively. I am glad you have raised your price for sewing. The cheapest you can get work here is \$1.50 per day.

"Teddy" was out of town when I had my bachelor party, so you needn't think I slighted him. Everyone thinks he looks like John A. Logan, only he's much better looking.

Charlie is much worried about his mother yet, and hopes she is really getting better now. Well, little sister, this isn't much of a letter but is the best I can do today, so I hope you'll excuse all that is amiss and write often, if only a few lines. Take good care of Mother and give her a rousing kiss for me. It is so hard to have her sick and so far away. But I know you and Em are both better nurses than I and will do all you can for them all.

Your loving sister,

Ida.

P.S. You better not give away any more of your spare baby dresses, for "charity begins at home."

Tacoma, Nov. 4, 1889.

My Dear Grandmother;

I have just finished Em's letter of the 28th and now I will answer it and direct my letter to you, as I owe you one. You can't guess how pleased I was to get a letter from your own dear hand, and I have carried it in my pocket ever since and read it often. I think it remarkable that you can write, spell, and compose so well at your age and I've done some pretty tall bragging about my grandmother who is 80 years old. We don't have many smart or good looking old ladies out here, for they show the wear and tear of

pioneer life, and I often wish that I could show them some of my folks. I am glad that Mother is even some better, for I have worried over her a great deal. I dread the winter for you all and hope you will all be careful so that when I come home I will find you all well.

Our weather now is about like your pleasant October weather at home and is delightful. I caught a little cold last Saturday, but I guess I have knocked it out with quinine. Charlie gave me some big doses yesterday and some whiskey and I am going to be perfectly well when he is around so he won't give me any more of it, for I don't like it.

I think it is pretty cute their getting Father to do Bartlett's work over after him. I guess they would have found it cheaper to let him do it in the first place. What a shock it must have been to Anna to learn of Sarah's death. I am so sorry for her; Sarah leaves one or two children, doesn't she? What was the matter with her?

Charlie and I are invited to a party over on I Street Thursday night and I guess we will go if nothing happens. Yes, Grandma, if you will come and see me I will make you a cup of tea "as strong as lightening" as you used to say I made it, and have lots of other good things to eat. My appetite has been rather dainty (?) of late and I seem to want such things as cabbage, pork and beans etc. but I guess that will wear off along with the "blind staggers" that I have every morning.

Norval was up to dinner yesterday. He seems to like to come up here pretty well but I never have anything different for him than I do for ourselves. . Mr. Billings was walking down Pacific Ave. the other day and was accosted by a fellow that turned out to be Mike Coughlin, and he said, Charlie Hill was here, too, so Charlie Eaton says if he sees them he is going to bring them up to dinner. Won't that be quite an honor?

They are more severe with their criminals there than here, as Bracketts sentence shows, for we have had six murder trials this year with almost conclusive evidence of murder in the first degree and they have acquitted them all but one and he got 20 years.

Tell Mother my second door neighbor makes me think of her, for she is fleshy and turns up out in the dooryard fussing with plants most of the time. She brought me in two nice plants all rooted this morning. I think I have a good many warm friends here already and I find them just as social and friendly as in the east.

Well, Grandma, I guess I shall have to run down for this time. I send you lots of love and I don't want you to think you will ever get so old but what I will love you just the same as I always have. With lots of love, I am Your loving little Ida.

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North Yakima, W.T.,  
Nov. 8, 1889-

My Dear Mother;

You'll see by the date of this that I am away from home. Charlie and I both felt kind of "pimpin" and thought perhaps a change would do us good, so here we are! We left home yesterday at 7 a.m. and reached here at three in the afternoon and this afternoon we are going on to Walla Walla and do not expect to be home before next week. It seems good to be even 150 miles nearer to you all, and yesterday I tried to imagine that we were on our way home to see you all. Don't I wish we were though!

This is a queer place but quite interesting. It is in a valley of the Yakima canyon and there are great mountains of stone, without a living thing on them, on either side. The place is watered by irrigation and the ditches along the side of the sidewalks look quite funny. We have had breakfast and been out for a long walk, looking things over. It is colder and dryer here than in Tacoma. I made my second trip over the Cascades yesterday and through the big tunnel. When I came west I was asleep when we went through there, so I didn't get a very good idea of it, but yesterday I did. It takes about eight minutes to get through and if one is a little nervous it is quite "scarey."

George gave Charlie passes for us so it won't cost us any more than it would to stay home. And how is my dear Mother now? I think about you most of the time and was glad to get Em's letter saying you were feeling better before I left. Don't do anything, and don't let anything worry you, but just take things easy, for I want to find you well when I come home. I feel better most of the time now and am much better than when I was home.

We found we could not keep comfortable with the grate, at home, so we have a small new coal stove for the dining room. It is a little dandy and the name of it is Lunur Jewel No. 13. It would hardly warm one side of the big sitting room at home. I left my hens in

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Mrs. Clifford's care. We were invited to a party last eve, but concluded we would rather come over here.

C. had a letter from Emma and Amanda saying his mother was gaining some and we were very glad to hear it. How is Father now? Tell him I wanted to hear Gilmore's concert the other night, but the seats were so expensive I thought I couldn't afford it.

Well, I can't write more this time, for it is cold here in the room and time, too, to change my clothes for dinner. I will write soon again and this will assure you I am well and having a good time. I wish you were all here with me.

Be very careful that you don't get worse, and see, too, that Father and Grandma don't get sick. I shall think of you all on Thanksgiving and of the good times we had last year at Chubs. I am so sorry for Anna for her sister's death, must have been a great shock. Well, my dear Mother, I must really close now. I long sometimes to see you so that it seems I must start east right away. Why doesn't "Stepper" write to me any more? With lots of love and kisses to you all, Your loving daughter,

Ida.

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Tacoma, Nov. 30, 1889.

My Dear Mother;

It is a rainy dark afternoon and I can think of no pleasanter way of passing it than writing to you. C. had to go to Olympia yesterday, and has not yet returned, so it has been an awful long lonesome day for me. I expect him at 6:30 tonight, but if he can't come he will wire me, and I'm so afraid that he won't come that I don't know what to do.

How did you all spend Thanksgiving? I worked hard all day Wednesday, getting things ready, made a Minnehaha cake, pumpkin pies, and got my turkey all stuffed over night, but the next morning when we were eating breakfast George came and invited us there for dinner. Then C. went away the next day, and so my turkey isn't cooked yet. I've got it "on ice" and will have it tomorrow, and if you and father will come to dinner we'll make it look sick. "Doc" Billings and Hall were also at G's and we had a jolly good time. Emma's dinner was excellent and I enjoyed it. In the evening ~~xxxxx~~ went for a walk, and as Emma and I sat talking who should walk in on us but Will Hamilton. We were delighted to see him, but he could only stay an hour or so, so we had to talk fast. He took a hack as soon as he arrived here and hunted all over the city for C. and I and finally gave it up and thought he'd call on George, and there he found us. I think I have been quite fortunate in seeing Oxford folks out here; I didn't think when I came that I should see any of them.

Thursday was the loveliest Thanksgiving I ever saw, bright, warm and sunshiny, a perfect marvel of a day. I kept thinking of you all and wishing I was with you. I must tell you what Emma said about you. She said of all the people she saw in the east, she saw no one as "sweet and attractive" as my mother. What do you think of that? I felt like hugging her for that. She is really very kind to me and seems to want me to like her, and I do like her better the more I see of her, and I think she is plenty good enough for George. But don't tell anyone what I say.

I finished my tea gown today and will try and think to enclose a piece of it. I forgot it in my letter to Em. I hope you are a great deal better and that you went down to Fred's and had a good time. I don't think any of you are out of my mind for a moment during the day and the longer I stay here the more I want to see you all. What a good time we will have if I can get home in the spring! We'll sit there together in the bay windows and talk ourselves blind, won't we? I am feeling splendid and Will H. kept telling me how much better I looked than I did when he saw me last. But I feel worried about Charlie for he has the malaria hanging about him and some of the time looks so thin and blue that it frightens me now when he doesn't tell me when he feels badly for fear he will worry me. (Comment in Dad's handwriting "That's me!") He is awful good to me and waits on me so much that I am getting lazy fast. I must tell you of a joke on him. We took a walk one Sunday night down on Tacoma Ave. and passed a store where they had a display of baby clothes. He stopped there and began to talk and cut up. He says, "We'll have one of them long baby cloaks and some of those little booties, won't we?" Just then he looked up and a man and woman were standing right by him and had heard all he said! They began to snicker and C's face was a perfect blaze. He moved on quick I assure you. Mr. Billings will start home

about the time this reaches you--I wish I was going with him.

Charlie has been teaching me whist, and we sit here all by ourselves evenings and play and visit and have real good times. He is always home evenings and that makes it so nice for me. I begin to feel like I'd like to be "mothered" a little once more. It is so long since I've seen you, you dear mother, that it don't seem as if I could stand it much longer. It won't be long now, providing I can come home to be sick, before I see you. I shall not think of doing so unless you are all well, and of course I shall pay all of my expenses and have myself taken care of. On those terms and no other I'd like to come.

(Monday a.m.) Charlie came Sat. night when I'd written so far, and I had to stop and get dinner, and yesterday I found no time to write, for I cooked my turkey and had Mr. Huston here to dinner and Doc was up for the evening. My dinner was very good and Mr. H. seemed to enjoy it very much. He brought me a present of a magazine of nice engravings to "pay for his dinner", he said.

This morning I've been cleaning up my house and am just through and have sat down to finish this and watch for the postman. I don't think among all of you that I get as many letters as I ought and wish some of you would write often, particularly when any of you are not well. A messenger boy brought a note for C. from someone down town one day and I trembled all over for a half hour after he had gone, it frightened me so. I dreamed all of last night about Father and old Jim. I thought old Jim got his head in Mrs. Marden's hedge and Father and I were trying to get him out.

It has cleared off and is a beautiful day today. This afternoon I am going down on Pacific Avenue on some errands, and from there I'm going to take a Gurney and going way out on north 1st. and call on Mrs. Crosby. I'd like to have any of you that can go with me. How I do want to see you all again. It is almost an impossibility for me to realize that it is Dec. for the grass is green and a week ago I was in Mrs. Dr. Shaver's and she had a bed of tea roses in the dooryard that were all budded. What do you think of that? I must stop now and clean up. I have just rec'd your and Abbie's letter of the 25th and 30th and Em's of the 24th, and have laughed and cried over them all together. You are all so good to me that I don't know how to thank you and won't try. I shall be only too glad to come home in the spring and will see that you all get some due for being so good to me. Em's and Abbie's letters are both so characteristic that I will answer them separately after I have thought them over. They are awful good sister, ain't they? You don't know how glad I am that you are better and what relief it gives me. Be careful and keep well till I get there.

Your loving daughter, Ida.

Tacoma. W.T.,  
Dec. 16, 1889--

My Dear Mother;

It is Tuesday afternoon and I have had no letter from home this week, but I trust you are all well or you would have let me know. With this letter I send you all just a slight token for Xmas--I won't make any apologies for what I send, for I know you will all know the love I send with them, and how much I wish the gifts were more costly, so I add my mite hoping it will cause you all to send a loving thought towards the one so far away. When I come I want to bring you all something better and hope I can do so. I send the package for Fred's folks to Oxford in hopes that they will be with you, but if they are not have them forwarded.

I am feeling very well indeed now. Sat. I was laid up for the day with a bad headache but it is gone now and I am all right. I am counting the weeks now until I can see you and won't we have a good time when I do get there?

Charlie has changed Doctors and is picking up fast now and I feel quite encouraged about him. He looked so miserable for awhile that it worried me.

Tell Hattie I tried my best to get her a gift done like Em's and the other girls but would not. I hope she'll like the gloves just as well. It is so hard to get anything you can send so far. I don't know what we will do Xmas, but think we will stay home alone. I don't feel equal to getting up a dinner. By the way, I've rented my front room upstairs to a school teacher who takes possession the first of Jan. She is a great large maiden lady, about 40 I should say, and is bubbling over with good nature. She gives me \$10 per month and takes the whole care of her room. That isn't bad, is it? Her name is Jaulisbury and she says she will keep the room through the summer and take care of C's room while I am

east. I think that will be very nice. She reminds me of Aunt Sue Sherwood and I'm sure I shall like her.

Well mama, it is getting towards another mealtime and you know what that means. I like housekeeping and take lots of comfort in my home and I know you'll be glad to know that. I have everything made as easy and pleasant for me as can be, and if I could have you all run in and see and eat with me I should have nothing to wish for.

Now, Mother, do be careful and don't get sick again. Just let everything go and take care of yourself for my sake at least. Tell Grandma she will have to see my kid and when she sees it wish that she hadn't, for I don't imagine it will be a beauty. How is Father feeling now? Take good care of him and don't let him work too hard. With lots of love to you all and wishing you a Merry Xmas, I am,

Your loving daughter Ida.

Tacoma, W.T.,  
January 12, 1890--

My Dear Mother;

I have received letter from Em and Abbie this week, but as I've written to each of them since I have you, this letter shall be yours. It is raining here tonight and our snow is fast disappearing, and I am mighty glad to see it go. I am just getting over and attack of "La Grippe" which took me a week ago last night. I was pretty sick for a few days with a bad cough, but now it is all in my nose and I don't cough at all/ Charlie had to go to Olympia Tuesday a.m. and did not dare to leave me alone, so he bundled me up and took me over to Gillespie's, where I staid two nights, then I felt so much better that I came home and staid here alone until last eve when he returned. You see Miss Salisbury was in the house nights, so I didn't mind it at all. I am all right again now, so you needn't worry about me.

Chas. has been over to Olympia getting his "Stenographer's Bill" introduced. They have gotten it through the Senate, and hope this coming week to get it through the House. Some of the Legislature fought it like fun and they debated it all week, but he thinks now it is coming out all right for him. This bill will give him \$10 per day, he has been getting eight. besides assuring him of his pay in all other cases. He expects to be over there all of this week, so you can think of me sitting here alone day after day, and wishing you were all here with me.

I rec'd a letter from Miss DeLaney, the young lady who traveled out with me and is stopping in Portland, and she wants to come to see me this week, but I guess I'll put her off until I feel better. Aside from my cold I feel pretty well, and yesterday I went down town with Miss Salisbury and we went to the Cong. Church parlors and had lunch. They have had lunch there all of this week. We had a very pleasant time, but I feel a little tired today in consequence of it, for it is a hard walk up the hill on these icy sidewalks.

I think I will come home about the last of March, if that suits you and if everything goes right here at home. Charlie is much better now, and as we have both had La Grippe I don't know as we have anything further to fear in the way of disease. I didn't get the girls' New Year's letters until last night, for we have a new postman on this street and he don't seem to "ketch on" worth a cent. Tell Abbie she has laid me out a big job on that little dress but I think I'll go at it this week if I can find any cloth that is sheer enough so I can draw the threads.

Grace G. has made several of those handkercheifs like those I sent the girls and sold them at the Exchange for \$3 apiece. It takes a good while to work them.

How are you feeling now, Mother? The weeks go by so fast now that it won't be long until I will be with you once more and then what a good visit we shall have! I don't imagine that the long journey home will be hard on me for I shall take it very easy and calm. It looks like a longer ride to me than it did before I had been over the ground once. I may not let you know when I start, but wait till I get to St. Paul and telegraph. That would give you less time to worry about me, and then I'd be with you/ so soon after that you wouldn't have time to wink hardly. I don't want you to make any preparations for me or bake or cook anything more than you would for yourselves and for that reason I am tempted to not even telegraph until I get to Fred's. How would you like that? There's one thing I would like and that is to have father meet me at the station with old Jim. Do

you suppose he would? Write soon and tell me all the news. Nellie's letter was remarkably written, I think. With love and kisses to all,

Your ever loving, Ida.

Tacoma, Wash.

Feb. 23, 1890

Dear Sister Anne;

I've been trying for some time to find a chance to write to you, and at last it has come. I was awfully sorry you were so ill, and hope you are all right now. You know as well as I do that you work too hard and are too ambitious and I think it will pay you just as well, in the long run, if you take things easier and save your nerves for the old age that is so surely coming to all of us. I did receive your former letter and supposed that I had mentioned it in some of my letters home, and am sorry if I neglected to do so.

It was so kind of you to offer to do anything you could for me when I am sick and I thank you for it. I suppose my last letter home will create quite a disturbance as I wrote them what Dr. Smith said about my traveling east. But I am all right again now and don't expect any further trouble, so I begin to think I will get there after all. Dr. Smith carried the idea that it would be safer for me to travel in a month or so from now than just at present. I have banged around a good deal this past week and don't feel any the worse for it as I can see. Tuesday I walked down town and back. Wednesday I worked all day getting up a dinner for I was to have company. Friday I walked from here to 17th and Pacific, then back to 9th, taking the electric car from there home. Then in the evening I went with C. to the theater, walking both ways. Yesterday I helped Mrs. Clifford with a children's party of 27, and then walked down town again and ate dinner at a restaurant with Charlie, and then took a car home. Haven't I done well, and don't you think I am well enough to travel home?

Walking down town from here is like walking from Backus' house at home to the Park Hotel. I think I am pretty smart and I am as hearty and fat as can be. I went all over the city Friday trying to find me a wrap of some kind but could find nothing, and think I will have to have one made. Guess I'll get a peasant cloak, for there won't be any danger of me outgrowing that. My chief standby now is my green tea gown and the waist you sent me with my black silk skirt. My broadcloth dress and newmarket won't reach into several inches, so you see I am on the gain.

We have been having some lovely days, but today it is trying to rain. Its about liket the last of May at home and I guess our winter is over with. We heard Emma Juch of the English Opera Co. in "Carmen" Friday night, and it was pretty fair although not equal to Eerminie or Mikado. The new theater here is lovely and reminds one of the Casino only it is not so large. I couldn't help but wish that you and Chub and all the rest were with us. I'd give so much to have Chub see what a western city is like. The electric car started last week and runs within two blocks of us, so I won't have to climb those hills any more unless I like. It is going to make our place much more valuable, we think. We have the deed of it now and feel quite proud that we are landowners in the City of Destiny. I tell you, Anna, notwithstanding the fact that it was awfully hard to leave all you folks at home, I am glad that C. came back here, and that I came, too, it is so much better than grubbing along in the east as we would have had to. Don't you think so? I have missed you all more than you will ever know, but I could not have done anything for the folks there, as I hope to be able to do sometime by coming out here. I want to write to Nellie in this and will direct to her for I don't think you will care, so I will run down.

Now, Anna, do be careful and get thoroughly well before you try to work. I want you all to be well when I come so we can have good times together. Write often, for I enjoy your letters. I am sorry for Maud Gray. It must be a sore trial to her to be so disfigured, she was so vain. I'm looking for an answer to the letter I wrote Charlie any day now. I do hope he can meet me if I come, for the last of the journey will seem the longest. Who works for you now?

With lots of love to you all,

Ida.

Evening: Since writing the above Charlie came home from down town. He went up to see how George was, and found a new arrival in the shape of a baby girl there. It was a surprise to us as well as them for they were not looking for it until the middle of March. It was born in the night.

Tacoma, Wash,

March 17, 1890

Dear Little Sister;

I've just rec'd your short letter of the 9th, and as ever am glad to hear from you. Well! I'm still in Tacoma but I do hope to get started soon, for I am tired of thinking about it. I wanted to start by the 25th, but C. wanted to know last eve if that wasn't most too soon. He wanted to know, too, if he let me go and couldn't come after me if I would be ready to come back in July! I hate to leave him, of course, for I know he will miss me and his home, but I begin to feel that if I am coming at all it will have to be soon, for every day I get a little lazier and feel like making less exertion. On the whole, tho, I feel pretty well "considerin'" and have done quite a good deal of work this forenoon. Charlie reported Train's lecture Sat. night and it took him until 3:30 a.m. to get it transcribed, so he was pretty sleepy yesterday and we staid at home, alone, with the exception of a call from Willis Hall in the evening, all day. We had a nice dinner of roast beef, onions, peach fritters, cake, pie etc. and it seemed kind of good not to have company. Charlie helped me with the dinner and we worked together in the kitchen as happy as two old clams. He's awfully good to me and does everything he can to make things easy for me.

I'm getting so I can't walk without panting like a steam engine, but I go out a little ways every day. Tell Father Maggie Mitchell plays "Fanchon" here this week and I am going to hear her if I am able, because I've heard him tell so much about her. I send him some papers with this letter containing Train's lecture. His trip around the world is the one topic here now and is getting to be sort of a chestnut. Why doesn't Em write to me? I know I've written her several letters since I had one from her.

I'm sorry Grandma had one of her headaches and hope she fully recovered from it. Tell her to look out for me now for first thing you know I shall be there where you can all wait on me. How'll you like that? Tell Mother I can make jumbles that taste real kind of like hers and a batch lasts me two days. Charlie doesn't eat them. I hope to see you all soon and will save news until then.

With lots of love to you all, Your loving Ida.

Oxford, N.Y.,

May 13, 1890

My Dear Husband;

I've had my breakfast and been down town for a walk, and now I am going to try to answer the two nice letters I rec'd from you yesterday. You are such a good boy to write so often and such nice sweet letters! But I am afraid if you keep on praising me up so I shall get too proud to speak to you when you come, so you better look out "old feller"! I am feeling pretty well, and if I could sleep better, should be all right, but I am getting used to lying awake nights, and Colonel and I are getting so we rather enjoy it. He kicks and I think of you and we are a good deal of company for each other.

I thank you very much for the rent money, but I didn't expect to have it all and feel a little guilty over it. I have had the draught cashed and bought me some shoes. Is that right? I think I ought to make this last through my illness and will try to do so if possible.

I had strawberries for breakfast and they were so good I just wished you had 'em. They are only 15¢ a box here, quite reasonable, I think.

\*\*\*\*\* (part gone)

----it is really enjoyable to me to see how joyfully she anticipates your visit. We must do all we can to make the reality all she can wish. Will George bring Little Emma?

George Strattan and Addie spent Sunday here and we had a nice visit. George says he is going back with us if he can find anyone to visit for a few weeks while he is looking for a job. I didn't take the hint, for I thought I'd let you extend the hospitalities of your home if you cared to.

Addie told me the other day that some man had offered Geo. a thousand dollars to take out there and invest, but Amanda doesn't seem to credit the story. Of all the people looking forward to your coming Ed Tansey seems to be the most anxious (except me.) And I've been afraid he wouldn't live to see you. He gets out in the yard and around but looks awfully. He can't smoke, or eat anything but gruel, so I've not gotten him anything but reading matter.

I've gotten baby's wardrobe about completed and now I'm going to take things easy until he gets here. I haven't boughten anything expensive, but have made everything so pretty with the girls and mother's help that the things are much admired by those who have seen them.

But, dearest, I guess I'll close now for I want to write to Grace and Alida Wheeler who is in Oswego. I had a card from her the other day expressing much pleasure that I would be here when she was, and must answer it. Is your work panning out so you will be able to come---- (torn off) Give my love to all friends you see. What has Emma named the new baby and have you been to see them since I came away?

I am longing so for one of those embraces----- (Dad tore off the rest of this; I remember him saying it wasn't for our eyes!)

Oxford, N.Y.,  
May 13, 1890

Dear Little Gracie;

There are several reasons why I desire to answer your nice letter this evening; one is that it is raining like fun and reminds me of the many rainy evenings you and I have spent together so pleasantly; the other is that I've been eating rawonions and I remember that you like them so well you will enjoy a letter scented with that kind of perfume.

I did enjoy your letter so much and I thank you for your promptness in answering mine so soon. I also wish to thank Mrs. Gillespie for the photo which came through in good shape. She may think it is an insult when I tell her that mother says she and I resemble each other in looks. If you think she will not take it all right don't tell her of it.

My people thought I was a good western l--r when I told them that that little man at the right of the photo could eat a dozen fritters at one meal and other things accordingly, and I referred them to you to have my statement verified. I'm very much pleased with the picture indeed and do not see how it could be any better of any of them.

I am feeling fairly well and having as good a time as possible under the circumstances. The goods you were so kind to get for me were all right and I have a little drawn thread work dress all done that everyone admires very much. I wish you could see my pretty little things now, for I'm afraid they won't look so nicely when I get home if "Colonel" is as hard on his clothes as his mother. You cannot imagine, Grace, how much I think about my little house and the happy days I have spent there, and I am beginning to think of the time as not far distant when I shall be back there. The folks here are awfully good to me and won't let me do a thing in the way of work. So I've given my time to visiting and sewing. I shall not do anything to my own wardrobe until later, as there would be no use.

I am glad you went to the theater with my husband, for it was much plesanter for him than going alone. You can't imagine how good and kind he is, and has always been to me, and for that reason I like to have him get all the enjoyment he can. Has he told you that George is coming east when he does? His mother is so anxious to have the children all at home once more, and I am glad George can come on her account. If you have no use for the black hat of mine send it along by Charlie for I can use it here very conveniently.

I should be very much pleased to meet your sister in Jersey if I went there, but I don't see how I can possibly go this trip. You can tell her for me that I thank her for her kind invitation, and for little Grace's sake I hope sometime to meet her.

I'd like to see you tonight, Gracie, and hear you laugh; can't you take your gum out of your mouth long enough to laugh for me just once? Do you hear anything about Miss Gilbert's approaching marriage? Write me all the news you can. I can't write long at a time now.

With love and best wishes, Ida. S. Eaton 19

Oxford, N.Y.,  
June 24, 1890

My Dear;

I don't feel much like writing this morning, but feel as if I ought to send you a few words, to show you that I'm still right end up. I didn't write you yesterday because it was so hot; I couldn't. We just lay around and sweat all day and tried to keep comfortable. Today it is much cooler and I guess we can take more comfort. I haven't an idea in my head this morning and so I hope you won't expect anything of me.

I got your Tuesday letter yesterday morn, and it was sweet and good, as your letters always are! I thank you for it. I really hope you are not getting "too good", as you seem to think, for then you would not be any companion for me; I'm bad, you know! I shall be so glad if you can get here by the Fourth even if I am sick in bed, for I want to see you so much. George Stratton told Abbie there was a party going fishing on that day and they had counted you in. You would enjoy that, wouldn't you?

Manda and mother drove down last eve and brought me some Tacoma papers and I've been reading them this morning. Mother was anxious as ever to hear if you and George, or if George was coming with you and all about it. It seems too bad that he doesn't ever write to her.

Hannah Keeler has been in this morning and brought me some roses, and I've smelled of them until I've absorbed all their sweetness and smell real good. Ida Smithe was here last evening but I didn't go into the parlor to see her as I didn't feel equal. Dear! I do wish I might get sick and get well again! I'm getting so impatient to be around once more as I used to be "with the boys". I shall look anxiously for a telegram saying you have started and I hope you will not be delayed sending it as I have been with mine. I guess you and I want to see each other some these days and I rather think we'll have some fine visits when once we meet; what do you think?

Guess I won't write any more, I am so lazy. But I'll send you lots of love, hugs, and kisses with a hope to see you soon, and a prayer that you may reach your little wife safely and that all will be well with us. You are such a dear husband and I love you so!

Ever yours, Ida.

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From Chas. B. Eaton to his wife, Ida S. Eaton-

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Tacoma,  
April 7, 1890

My Dear Ida;

I fear you will think I am very neglectful of you because I don't write often-er, but I have been busy all the time in ct. and at night I don't feel much like writing. Then too a Mr. Simmons has been here from Norwish and I have been showing him around all day today.

I was very happy to get your telegram this morning saying that you got home all right. I am so glad you had a safe trip. Be careful and keep well, taking extra good care of yourself. I also got your letter from Glendive yesterday morning; it was an awfully good letter and I was very glad to hear from you. You must write often and tell me all the news. I will try to write better letters when I get more settled. I have been to a meeting of the Bar Assoc. tonight, and came down here to write you a little letter before going home. Its beastly weather, very cold, and this morning we had quite a snow storm. Hall has been sick but is better.

Well, my dea, I must kiss you good night and go home to bed. I hope you will keep well and be happy. Don't worry about anything and I will write as often as I can.

Your loving husband, CBE.

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Tacoma, April 10, 1890

My Dear Ida;

Just thought I'd write you a little letter. Doc came over from Ballard to-night and he has been sitting here in the office visiting until now--almost 9 o'clock. He wants to be remembered to all the folks. Says he's well, full of business, and hasn't heard from home in one long while and that his PO address is Ballard.

Well, how are you getting along? I miss you lots and lots and lots. Hope it won't be more than three days more that you will be away. I called on Gracie last night and they all said they missed you ever so much. Mrs. G. is going to send you a picture of Ralph and the kid. Grace and I are going to Gig Harbor on Sunday, and some other places on some other days. We visited about you, and how bad it was of you to go away and leave me and Grace. She said if she was me she would get a divorce. But I guess I won't just yet, because I think you are still pretty good people. I like you anyway and I think when you come back we will have some pretty good times and I'm glad you are not going to leave me some more at all. I think of you all the time these days and wonder what you are doing and imagine the good times you are having.

I want you to go up on the hill every day at least once. I got my birthday present all right and you must thank them for me. There is nothing new here. Court is dragging its slimy length slowly along. Mrs. N. enjoyed the proud distinction of reporting the first case tried in the ~~Wxxxx~~ State by the U.S. Courts, the Craigen case before Judge Handford. Me and Judge Allyn are convicting criminals and sending them over the road in our usual unanimous way. The jury in the case of Stowe tried for the murder of young Crosby couldn't agree, and its got to be tried over again. Stood five for conviction and seven for acquittal. City politics are getting warm, and that takes up much of my time----(deletion)

---if you want anything get it, and I will send you some money shortly. I haven't seen the kitten in the house for some time. It was beautiful yesterday, but today it is windy and cold; its the meanest weather I ever did see. ---

(remainder torn off.)

Tacoma,

April 14, 1890

Dear Little Ida;

I got your letter, the first from home, this morning, and was very much interested at the account of your reception. I hope you will write me all about things. I know you must be very happy there, and it makes me happy to know that you are so, altho of course I miss you very much. I am very thankful, however, that you arrived home all right. I wonder were the folks much stuck on your shape.

Write me often how you are getting along and all about what you do and see. Everything is the same as usual here. Business is very good. Collections, however, are slow. I am trying to get all the bills paid up and hope to do so soon. I called on Miss S. and one of the other girls last eve for a few minutes. They said they were getting along fine and enjoying themselves very much. I see Grace on the streets once in awhile. Hall and I took a long walk yesterday showing Simmons, the young lawyer from Norwich, around. I am writing this at the Fife because the fire in the office went out. Its the worst weather you ever saw. Last Friday morning the ground was covered with snow and it has been cold ever since, clear, but with a cold north wind.

Have as good time as you possibly can. I know the folks must be very glad to have you with them because you are such a busy little feller as well as such a sweet little feller, too. Sorry to hear Ed Tansey is so bad; if there is anything you can do for him be sure and do it. I should think such things are fruit and cigars would be acceptable to him. Tell Stratton he had better come along out here. His man Simmons is no good, however. He has the least appreciation of things I ever saw.

Well, I must close now. Will write you often, but don't worry about anything. I am very well and well looked after. Take good care of yourself, kiss all the folks for me and give them my love. Don't forget to say a good word for your adopted land, God's country.

With lots of love, Your Aff. husband, CBE.

Tacoma,  
April 15, 1890

Dear Ida;

I again take in hand my pencil to pen you a few lines, a few odoriferous lines relative to the state of the country. I hope you are well and happy and make no doubt you are. I have heard just once from you since you got home. I would like to know how you reconcile your neglect to write to me with your loud protestations of love and affection. I suppose, however, you are pretty tolerable busy and maybe the mail is to blame, so I won't censure you. I guess if you could have seen me walking down to the Central School with that fat schoolteacher this morning you would think you had better come home.

I got the Oxford Times all right with thanks. I have been in court every day since I got back from Spokane. Its raining again tonight, nice day yesterday, first one since you went away. I wish I could walk in on you this evening and see what you are up to. Have you seen Dr. Thorp yet and what does he say? I think you ought to take lots of exercise and a bath every day. Perhaps, however, your mother and my mother may know as much about them things as I do, altho I have my doubts. Take good care of yourself anyway. I am going to see O'Neill in Monte Cristo this week and take Grace, and maybe we will go to the lake on Sunday.

There is nothing new here now. I miss you lots, but am so busy it isn't as bad as it would otherwise be. Politics are lively now, ward meetings almost every night and there is one tonight which I shall attend. I don't think I shall run for Mayor this spring unless they raise the salary and reduce the hours of work.

Well, I will close. I send you lots of love and hugs and two kisses. Give my love to the folks and anything you want send for.

Your aff. husband, CBE.

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Tacoma,  
April 21, 1890

My Dear Ida;

I got your letter of a week ago yesterday morning. Am glad that you are having nice weather and enjoying yourself. I haven't written to you for the last few days; you see, I am in Court every day and then in the evening I don't feel like writing and I think if I write in the evening it will not go out until next day, and I can just as well wait till the next day, and so it goes. Yesterday I was out in the north end with Hall all day and in the evening we went up to their clubroom and played whist and so I didn't get a chance to write.

I took Grace to see O'Neill to see Monte Cristo Saturday night--ain't I good to own up? We had a nice time and talked about you all the while as we always do. We miss you so much, Grace and I does.

Of course you must get a nurse and you had better get one for at least a month. Don't run any chance at all, and don't impose on your folks. Get one nurse, or two if you want them and don't worry over it at all. I don't think you will have a hard time and you are such a brave little feller that I don't think you will mind it. It will be so nice to have a sweet little girl baby, or boy either, I suppose. Every child I see on the street that is pretty and sweet I look at and wonder if Colonel will look like that. I know he, she or it will be a sweet little feller because it will just have to be on account of its mother. You have been a splendid little wife to me all the days of our married life and there has never been the slightest disappointment in you on my part; you meet every requirement, and I want you to know that I appreciate it and love you for it and shall be very happy when you get back in our own home, especially if you are doubled up as it were. That is, if your sweetness is duplicated in a little one as I have no doubt it will be.

Well, it is most two o'clock and I must go to court. Will write you again tonight if I have time.

Your loving husband, CBE.

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Tacoma, April 27, 1890

My Dear Ida;

I suppose you think it is about time I was writing to you as I have not done so in two or three days. I have been very busy, the Stowe murder case being on trial again. Its through with now. I was waiting to get you some money to send, too, but have not done so as yet. Hope to send you some in my next.

I am awful glad to get your letters. Write very often even if you don't write very much so that I won't have a chance to worry about you. I don't think that I will get a divorce, and I am glad that you are not going to leave me any more. Grace wants me to get a divorce awfully, but I keep putting her off by promising to move to Salt Lake City and marry both of you. Won't that be nice? I don't think, however, that you can make our home any happier than it was before because I think that you have always done all that you could and I like what you have done bully. You're an awfully good little woman, I think.

You must not let folks tire you. If you can't get away from them at home (which you can do if you have a mind) then go up on the hill and go to bed and rest. I wouldn't let a passel of people tire me out if I was you. You must rest and take care of yourself and be very, very carefree. I have kept telling you to go and see Thorp and if you have not ~~max~~done so when you receive this send someone after him instanter. You ought to have a nurse for more than a week, at least two, and don't try to save expenses and thereby run a chance. Don't try to get up too soon. Remember that I depend on you to do just as you think I would want you to do and that I would rather have you and your baby all right than anything else on earth. So be very careful.

I think your wrap will be very pretty, only I don't know which is the wrap and which is the lining, but its pretty either way.

I will talk to Geo. about what you wrote and will use every endeavor to get him to make the trip east. I don't know when I can leave. In regard to what you wrote about that feller being appointed stenographer I don't know now it will turn out, but I have been doing all the work since and both judges here promise to stand by me so I guess it won't make any difference with my business and don't care much about it either way.

There is nothing new here. We are just having kind of spring like weather. I see Willis Hall nearly every day and told him what you wrote about your relationship in which he evinced profound interest. I haven't looked at your rose bush yet, but will tonight. The girls seem to be all right. Give my love to all the folks; its getting too dark to write. The fellow that came here with a letter from Bert Stratford has located in Olympia; that's more his size.

With much love, yours always, CBE.

Tacoma,

April 29, 1890

Dear Little Ida;

I haven't heard from you in free four days and am afraid you are not well. I wish you would write every day if only a line or a postal. If I don't hear from you in a couple of days I am afraid you are sick; I trust however that you are all right.

We are just getting into our nice weather now. It is warm and pleasant but very dry and dusty. Things are about the same. I didn't get up till ten o'clock this morning and have an invitation to eat dinner with my big 4 but don't think I will accept it. I have been trying for two nights now to kill the red rooster for them, but he is a perverse cuss and when the shades of evening fall he can't be found, don ever know. I spent one evening with the Gals and had a pleasant time. Things have been quite lively here for a day or two over the final location of the N.P. shops and property has been going up in great shape out there. Lots of people made sacks, but of course I didn't get anything out of it. I don't mind that, tho, because I won \$2.50 in the Louisiana State lottery. I bought half of a ticket from Billy and we won \$5. Billy says he will give you \$10 a week to come home, because he thinks he loses more than that in boarding me. I take almost all my meals there.

If you were here now we would go out and take one of our nice walks. I have found lots of nice places to go, but excuse me, I believe you are not in condition for long walks. It seems years and years since you went away and I miss you every minute and think of you all the time. I guess you are about the best girl of all, leastwise I don't know any better one. If you were here I would take you to Erminie, but as you are not I guess

I will have to take Willie Hall.

I didn't get any money yesterday until after the bank had closed, but will send you \$10 in this and some more this week. If you need money at any time draw a sight draft on me for what you want. Money is coming in pretty spunky, but there are a lot of bills to pay. I will send you the rent if you tenants pay it to me. I have a scheme in my head now that I may carry out and may not. It is to buy three or four lots in one of Mason's Additions at the north -----(torn off)-

---dyptheria, I think. I wish you would find out if there is a disease that can be communicated by kissing and let me know. I desire to be careful, but at the same time don't want to lose anything if there is no danger. It beats hell how hard times is.

Lovingly yours, CBE.

---

(These are only parts of letters, the dates gone, so do not know if they are in sequence.)

George didn't know when he would start east. Probably we won't come till latter part of June or in July anyway. I want to go when there is a vacation in the courts here, whenever that will be which the same I don't know. Bet your boots that I come as soon as I can. I don't want to come (that is I think I better not come) till after you are through with your confinement because we can have so much better time then. I got the hose yesterday and expect the grass to grow some now. Squire told me today that he had offered his house for sale for \$4500. The feller who moved out of Geo.'s house rented one of Doc and it ain't near as good as ours and he pays fifty for it. I think ours would rent for fifty unfurnished all right if we conclude to rent. Don't know yet what we'd better do.

Got a telegram from Bowman while ago wanting me to come to Seattle tomorrow night. Guess I'll go and will probably be over there the rest of the week. I believe I wrote you that he wanted me to come over and take his place while he went away for a week. I didn't know whether I would go or send Nunn, but guess I will go. I don't like to go on account of your letters, but will have my mail forwarded and it will make but a few hours difference.

Hope you are all well and happy, as you deserve to be. I will write again before I go away tomorrow; must go and telegraph to B. now. I see that Dr. Of Miss DeLaney's quite often. He has an office somewhere, says he is doing well and inquires very particularly about you.

Well, old sweetheart, good night. Been looking like rain all day, but guess she's gone by. Yesterday was the worst day ever I saw in Tacoma; wind blew, and dust--well by gosh you never saw such dust. At times I couldn't see Fife's Tavern for it. Write as often as you can, dear, even if only a little to let me know you are all right. I send love to all the folks and much to you. CBE.

---

-----Mother and Lizzie were better. I don't think George will give up coming; I don't see how he could think of doing so but still we can't tell what he may do. I think it would be decidedly selfish and thoughtless of him if he did. He can come much easier than I can of course. I ought to be here working for mine wife and baby, but he has money enough anyway.

The Oxford Times has not come to hand this week. I think probably the road agents fetch it; its most too valuable a document to go through the mails anyway. It ought at least to be registered.

Well, my little darling girl, I will have to stop. Its getting dark as usual. Its funny that it gets dark almost every night instead of in the morning; don't you think so? I wish I could take you up in my arms and give you a few kisses and visit with you for awhile. Wouldn't that be nice? Take good care of yourself, little one, and let me hear from you every day. Give my love to all the folks, and I send you lots of love my darling,  
Yours, CBE.

---

----know, my dea, that there is bread and butter to get as well as ham and eggs, and there is one coming who will eat lots of both I hope, and it won't do to miss baby strokes.

I feel it my duty to you and the Col. to keep up my licks all the time that I can now. It is quite probable that there will be a vacation in court here during July and I could be away then without losing much. Business is good now, but money is hard to come by. I know you want to see me, and I know that I want to see you, but a few weeks won't make so much difference that we can afford to sacrifice a great many dollars, especially when we need them fellers as we do now. So long as I am here and the courts are running and we are pegging away my time is worth about \$600 a month and we can afford to wait a little while. Of course I can get ready to start in a very little time and whenever I see an open space I will slide out.

It was very nice and thoughtful of you to make the cross of flowers. I thought of Mother all day that day. It has always been a day so full of meaning to her; of sad meaning, too. Of course everybody is good to you because you are good to them and they love you. If I love you (and I rather guess I do) that is the reason---or no, I don't believe there is any reason in it---its just because I can't help it, you know, and wouldn't if I could. I thought I loved you pretty well when I married you, but that wasn't a circumstance to the love I have for you now. You see we must love each other pretty well, because while neither of us are very angelic and neither are remarkable for getting along well with other people, and each of us has, perhaps, just a touch of temper and meanness, still we have never had any trouble in getting along together, have we?

Never since we have kept house and been married has there been one single time when we have come anywhere near having a quarrel. Sometimes of course I would have to go out and slam the door and you would exasperate me, or I would vex you, but we each knew well enough that the other wasn't really angry or that at just the slightest sign of a caress the other would be all right again. Now you know that is all so, and you needn't take the trouble to deny it because I won't believe you. I don't know how it is, but you seem to just fit in, to be exactly what I want and need.

I saw Grace and her running mate this afternoon all dressed up and going to a concert. I asked them to let me go but they wouldn't. When we went out to dinner the other evening Grace lost her umbrella and I'm glad of it. I didn't know she was that full.

Well, I guess I'll quit. I have worked pretty hard all the week and tomorrow I'm going to lay around and do nuthin'. Next week what are known as the "lower cases" will be tried here before Judge Irwin of Chehalis and I will have some hard work there. Got lots of work in the office for Nunn, too.

Morgan's band is playing its sweetest, and yes of course, here comes the Salvation Army; I wish you were here to enjoy all three of us. Won't we (just you and me) have one glorious old enjoyment time when we meet? I guess so.

The band and the army are at it now red hot, the band playing Johnny get your gun, with a full assortment of discords, and the army playing there may be flies on you, there may be flies on you-- Well, this stops right here. Let me hear from you pretty darned often old lady. here is all the love of my heart for you. Lovingly always yours, CBE.

Tacoma,

May 4, 1890

My Dear Ida;

I am just about to write you a letter and give you an awful scolding. You are such a bad girl; I just wish I had you here so I could show you what I think of you. I think you are so bad that you are just the sweetest, bestest, goodest girl that ever lived, and for that reason I love you better than anything, or even anybody, except liver and bacon for breakfast.

The old girls paid me the rent this morning and I will send it to you tomorrow, but 10% commission for collecting same. I hope this will be satisfactory to you and that you will promptly acknowledge receipt in full of all accounts to date.

I hope you are pretty well and pretty happy. I haven't heard from you for three, four days, but the trains have been clear off their jump for the past week on account of high water. I hope to get a letter from you tomorrow morning. It is beautiful weather here now and has been for some time. It is very warm for this country, but there is a nice fresh breeze most of the time and so comfortable. There is nothing new here and I know of. Gracie let me read your letter to her and I gave her the mon for the stuff. Grace and I haven't been to the lake yet, nor anywhere else, so you needn't get jealous of her. It made me laugh when I read in your last letter how jealous you were of Grace and think

how you were barking up the wrong tree. There is no grounds for it, but there is a little bird whispering up around J Street that there is a little excuse for your being jealous of Annie Hanford or Mattie Salisbury.

Its almost June now, or will be by the time you get this. When you begin to get sick I want you to have one of the girls write me every day, if you are not able to do so, and telegraph me every day how you are, because I shall be so anxious about my sweet little girl. Take every care of yourself, dearest, and don't run any possible chances. I don't anticipate that you will have any trouble; you ain't built that way, but do be very careful. Don't worry, but keep cool and calm and you will come out all right. I presume just as soon as I hear you are through with it all right and that there is a little bit of a wee stranger there, viz his papa's beautiful big ears and its mama's pretty nose, that I will want to start right out and see you both. I don't know which I shall love best, but I guess it will be you, because I have known you longer and better, having slept with you on several occasions. I miss you all the time very much, and the novelty of the thing that made it endurable at first is wearing off pretty fast, but still I am glad you are there all right because you are so much more comfortable than you could be here.

I am glad your folks are so good to you. I was afraid they wouldn't be, a mother in law is so bad, you know. Still I like mine pretty good, and I like my little wife, too, and I will be very, very glad when she is back with me once more. It won't be very long now until we will be together again; I would rather not go east until you are well and string again, so that we could get around and have some fun (with a big F), but I would like to go when George does for several reasons (some passive and others active) and presume I will do so. I can't stay a great while, and if he wants to go about the first of June, as he thought the other day, it would probably be better for you not to come back with me, especially as Ab is coming with you.

Be sure and have Ab come; she will be so nice to take care of the baby and do the housework and it will save the expense of a nurse girl. What a dandy nurse girl Ab would make! You must get her some big white aprons and some french caps and she must learn to call you "the Madam." The only thing that I dislike about it is that the master (that's me) always has to make love to the french nurse. But I suppose I must bear with such things and will try to submit with a good grace.

I wish I could be with you today; wouldn't we have a big nice visit, though? I imagine you are just about now sitting on the piazza in your mother's mother hubbard with Will Jacobs sitting at your feet (out of sight, of course, under your belly) sucking in the fresh air and the breezes that blow through the leafy trees! The Salvation Army is just going by the office, as usual, and of course that knocks the rest of the poetry. I was going to get off to blazes. They have added tin pans and fish horns to their other musical instruments, and their march is truly one of terror now, not only to the devil and the hordes of hell, but also to other good citizens.

First game of ball yesterday---Seattle against Tacoma. I didn't go, was in court, but Seattle won and I lost two dollars. There's a circus here tomorrow and next day and I ain't going to that nuther. I spent my money for this year's circus at last year's, you will remember.

Well, I guess I won't write any more now. It makes me kind of tired. Let me hear from you often and I will write whenever I can.

Your loving husband, CSE.

Tacoma,

May 12, 1890

My Dear Little Girl;

I got your letter of a week ago yesterday (Sunday) this morning. I was very glad to hear from you and to know that you are as well as can be expected. If you can't sleep nights why don't you sleep during the day? It don't make much difference when you get your snooze as long as you get it. I am glad you are contented and happy and hope you may remain so, and when you come back here I will try to make you feel the same way. You and your baby both. I think, too, that I will succeed, don't you? I know that you will be able to make me happy because you always have.

Doc was over yesterday and today; seemed unusually well for him, but quite tired. Saw Billings for a minute and said his folks are getting along quite well thank you.

I will consider the matter of Charlie's lot; I think he would do better to buy two lots in the North End for say about \$700 and pay half down and balance in a year or so. However, I will think it over and see what can be done. I don't believe I will buy anything out there, or anywhere else, just now--not until we get out of debt a little more.

Its nice weather now, no smoke, no dust, nice and balmy. Well, its too dark to write more all ready. My love to the folks, and lots to you, old precious,

CBE.

Tacoma,

May--- (part torn off)

----I didn't get any letter from you today and I am so mad. Wish I could take you up in my arms, 45 inches of belly and all, and hug and kiss you until you begged for mercy. But I wouldn't show you any even then. That is what you would get for not writing to me.

Oh well and a lack a day, and I guess you don't love me any more. Guess you think I'm too poky for you. Well, and what care I? I would you couldn't help but love me, I would just make you. I guess I don't want you to love me until you can get in such shape to reap the reward----(deleted)

---45 inches around the waist! Well, but you must look funny! I suppose you will never get back to your fairy lightness and slimness again and I don't care if you don't. I think you will look much better as you grow more matronly; but I don't know how the sweet little darling is going to look any better than she always has. If you get through with this baby all right, as you certainly will, and develop that you have a natural appetite for such work, as I doubt not you have, I guess I will keep you in that business pretty steadily for awhile; what do you say? Anyway, we will have just one more little puttsey baby just as quick as ever we can, won't us? Of course you can do as you like about it because you are "in it" more than I am and if you don't want to we won't---(shorthand)--

I have just got back from Billy's where I had some halibut and some strawberry shortcake, both of 'em very good. Met Hall on the way down and he wanted me to go with him but I shrieked no, I go to write to my dear, and shrieking, fled and left him all to his own alone self.

One of them girls had a feller last night. Now I just bet you two dollars and a half that will have to stop. I guess I'm feller enough for those girls and I don't propose to have my couch broken down. I'll see to that when I go home tonight. By the way, you had better begin to think up what you want to do with the house after 1st July. Do you want me to bring it east with me? I thought some of having a picture taken of it you hinted about it so much, but concluded it wasn't worth while. You can tell folks it is just exactly like Ward Vanderlyn's. I wish I had had a phonograph put up in your home when you got there; I would just like to have some of the big lies you have told repeated to me.

Wish I was with you tonight; would rather meet up with you than anyone I know; I can just taste how good it would seem to get hold of you. I hope it won't be very long now before I can have that pleasure; then we will just make up for all we have lost. I tell you, old lady, the more I think it over and look back on our life of a little over a year together as man and wife, the more firmly I am convinced that you fill the bill to a dot. I don't know of anything lacking in you as a perfect little wife and mistress. You would be just the same as you are if you had the privilege of making a wife to suit me. You are wonderfully nice, my darling, and I love you more than you can imagine. You fit into my life so perfectly and completely that you just round it out as it were and double all my pleasures without detracting from them as some women would.

Well, I must close. Write often---Great Scott! it will be the first of June by the time I get an answer to this and very close to your confinement. Keep up good heart and courage, little one; there is no doubt but what you will come through all right because you are well and strong and have taken good care of yourself. I just bet you'll come through it so slick and nice you'll just laugh at yourself for ever dreading it. You must know that I am with you every minute in thought and sympathizing with you and trying to help you. I guess when I hear that you and the little one are all right I will be just too happy to live, probably be just a simple case of plain drunk. Yours, CBE.

Tacoma, May 5, 90

Dear Little Ida: I got your letter of Saturday and Sunday this morning. I was very much pained to hear of your sickness and also to learn of Mary Farley's deplorable condition. I hope you are all right now, but I suppose, Mary, poor girl, is already across the river.

I send in this N.Y. draft for \$50 your rent money. I do not mean this for the expenses of your sickness and so on. I will send you money for that whenever you need it. A good way for you to do would be for you to notify me a few days before and then draw on me for what money you want. Make John Richard cash your draft or tell him to go to hell and do business somewhere else.

I am glad Dr. Thorp has been to see you. Hope you will have him come every few days. Do as he tells you too, because it is barely possible that he knows more about such things than I do. I am sorry that colonel is such a kicker and think he is meaner than dirt.

I wen to bed early last night and woke up early this morning and lay there awhile and tried to think of sometime when you were not good and true and sweet and everything that a good wife should be and do you know I couldn't think of one single time. You were always good I think and although sometimes you would get just a little wilful it was always the more charming when you got all right again. Ch, you're a good little woman and I love you so very much for it that I can't tell you ever, but in the years to come I will try and show you.

After dinner yesterday I went up and took a little walk with Grace out through the park and round on the bluff because she said that you said if we were walking together you would appear to us and we both wanted to see you so that we thought it worthwhile to try if you would. But you didn't and we came home pretty quick.

Its awfully warm weather now and I wish you were here to

enjoy it.

I guess I'll go ~~home~~ to lunch now. Either write yourself or have one of the girls every day. You can dictate to the girls you know--you used to to me. I never said anything about your "loud protestations" unless in fun and you better shut up about that..

With lots of love\*\*\*\*\* I don't\*\*\*\*\*  
Yours CBE

Tacoma,

Date unknown--

----- I hope to be able to start east next Saturday, but think it rather doubtful. I shall quit the office Thursday, but have a big reference on that may take several days in which case I may not be able to start until the middle of next week and possibly not till two weeks from yesterday. Of course I will start as soon as I can, but its uncertain when I can. I will telegraph you the day I start so you will have time to prepare. I don't know what road I will go over so can't answer your questions. I may have to stop a day or so on the way, but I think I can safely---(torn off)

I wish you would tell my folks when I expect to start. Also tell them that Doc is well and is writing a book, the title of which will be "Doc's Adventures or Notes of Travel in Distant Lands, being a strictly veracious account of the Life on the Frontier and the "ardships of Travel in a Pullman Car." I presume he would like 'mand's opinion on that point. . He has gone on a junketing trip up to the tunnel today, Sunday tho it be. You see he is conforming to the ways of the country pretty well.

I must stop now, my dear, and will try and write you in a very few days about my plans. Goodnight, sweetheart, With much love,

C.

---

Oxford, N?Y.,

May 11, 1890

My Dear Charles;

I had a wonderfully nice letter from you yesterday, and I'm going to try and answer it, but I don't believe I can do it justice for I feel like an old idiot this morning. I had one of my sleepless nights last night, and did not shut my eyes until daylight, so it makes me feel pretty mean.

It is a bright sunshiny morning but there is such a cold wind that a fire feels good. I went up on the hill yesterday and told mother about G.'s speaking favorably about coming out and she was very much pleased. According to "Moyle" I probably won't be sick much before the 22nd, but that need not prevent your coming at any time. Of course it would be pleasanter for me to be able to go around with you, but I will try and make the best of that if you come. I shouldn't even want to go up on the hill to visit if George was there, but that needn't prevent you from having a good time, and I assure you it would be a great comfort to me to have you here at any time and I could put up with any sacrifice to have you here.

Your folks want you and Geo. to come at the same time so as to have the children all together. But there is one thing that I want you to understand, once for all, and that is that I go back when you do, if I have to go on a bed. Do you hear me? I want to take the trip once at least with you and I mean to if it is at all possible. So that settles that part of it once for all.

I have my baby's outfit about done, for they have all helped. And I have some very pretty clothes for the "little stranger", too. I shall be so anxious for you to see it as soon as it comes, and if you are not here I hope you will lose no time, in coming. I don't anticipate a hard time and do not think of it more than I can help. At times I dread it, but most of the time can hardly wait for the event to take place. I am so anxious to see our baby. I am so glad you think you will like me as well as you do it, for I've thought sometimes that perhaps I would have to play "second fiddle", but I know I shall like you all the better for the love you show our children. The wonderful thing of bringing a little soul into the world and guiding and caring for it afterwards, seems to me like a great responsibility, and I shall need all the help and encouragement my dear good husband can give me. I've never found you lacking yet, and that knowledge encourages me greatly.

It gives me a great deal of satisfaction to know that you miss me, but as you write, it won't be for long now and we always have such good times when we meet after a separation. Do you remember the afternoon you came from Olympia and we lay on the couch together and visited and visited until we saw stars? The thought of such times always reconciles me to the separation from my dearest.

I was not jealous of Nunny or Grace, but I did want to hear what you were doing and

you only wrote about them. I don't think you better tackle Mattie for she looks to me like a person that would exhaust a weak back-acney sort of a man like you. Miss Manford is more your size.

I presume I will get the rent money tomorrow. Many thanks for it and I'll make it pay for my sickness. You charge pretty high commission, but I'd rather pay you a big price than any one else, you're so good, you know. I like you first rate, but I don't think it was nice of you to disfigure me as you have done. But I guess you are sorry and ashamed of it, so I won't scold you.

I want to write to Grace today, if I feel equal to it, so as I haven't any news for you I'll not write longer. Be sure and bring the big trunk when you come and if you are to stay until after the teachers leave the house make arrangements with them to leave my silverware and such things where it will be safe. And, too, bring the old clothes of yours that you can no longer wear for Emma Brown says she can make them over nicely for Rob.

And now I'll close after telling you the old, old story that I love you better and better all the time, and that I long to give you a good lot of hugs and kisses.

Ever yours, Ida.

Oxford,

June 8, 1890

My Dear Husband;

I haven't a thing that will interest you to write this morning, because I wrote so late yesterday. But I don't know where any day may bring me now, and so want to write when I can.

The folks have all gone to church this morning except Grandma and I. CWS just came and took me for a little drive around the square. I can't ride far, and I am aired out a little so I don't smell as badly as I did. Did you ever notice what a bad smell there is about me?

I had a pretty good night's rest, but not so good as it would have been if I could have kissed you good night and lain in my "snuggle place." I have hardly been able to keep from crying since I read your letter of yesterday, because you owed to being "homesick" the night you wrote it. It makes me want to be with you so!

I don't like to have you worry about me, and I don't think there is any reason for you to, and yet, "if you were me and I were you" I think I should worry too. I am all right and expect to go through my confinement all safe and as happily as can be, for the sickness doesn't last long, and the reward is so great that I cannot help but look forward to it, with some degree of pleasure.

Your letters and encouraging words are the greatest help I can have, and I'll tell you, old man, I appreciate them. I was thinking the other day about how hard it was for me to burn your old letters when I went, but I feel amply repaid now, for none of them could equal in sweetness these that I get from my beloved husband. I thought I knew you then, but our year of life together has proven to me what a treasure I really have in you. Now don't get "stuck up" and feel proud, you bad man, for it isn't becoming or nice. Save that until some other than just your plain little wife tells you so.

My heart would swell with pride and gratitude to you if I should receive a diamond ring as a token of your love on the occasion you mention. But really, my dear, it would swell up more if you got yourself the bosom pin you have long wanted; I could see it so much more plainly on you. I hope you'll get that instead of getting me the ring, or put it in something we can both enjoy together.

Will Norris' little boy is buried this afternoon; he has been ill a long time. Manda and I couldn't help but laugh at Sadie; she went in there one day and came home and said, "Bennie was just passing away, and they have got a blue cloth under him for him to pass away on."

The first question your mother asks me when I go up there is "Is George coming with Charlie?" I wish he'd write to her and tell her something about his coming, she is so anxious to know. Well, dearie, I guess I'll stop now. I send you lots of everything you like with the express wish that you will not worry but be of good cheer and keep right on thinking of the little wife who loves you so much she can hardly wait to see you.

Ever your own Ida

Seattle, Wash. May 20, 1890

My dear:

I have my stomach full of grub and will write you a little bit. Haven't had any letter from you since I have been over here and it seems lonesome. I think I will go home tomorrow night and then I will get some---letters.

Talk about your cold, why its just awful here. It is so cold here that a big brick building fell down this after luncheon. As I write this I am so chilly, that in addition to my other clothing I have just wrapped around me an air of impenetrable mystery. Still I am not warm.

Over on my left here and at the same desk is a man that I have not spoken to in over three years. You would conclude that there has been some difficulty between us, but there has not--I simply don't know him from Moses' yellow dog.

Well, how do you feel now? I write this so as to make a second G. William Nye outer Ccl. If he takes too much

after his mother I fear he won't know nothin. She .. don't know much & what she does know is mostly not ~~inner~~ sc.

To tell you the plain honest sober unvarnished truth, Idelia, I don't feel so blamed much like writing as I have before now--I guess I'm too full of lamb outlets and new potatoes to do justice to myself. I hope however that you will rather have this alleged letter than none at all. At least if it makes you mad you will answer all the quicker. I had rather hear from you when you are mad than from anybody else where the flowers nest again.

I have been into court all day, but haven't been very busy. I enjoy myself fairly well and feel first rate but would rather be home with my Hat.

I hope you are all right my little dear. Be careful of yourself because in that little bundle you call your body is tied up everything on earth that I prize very highly. So you will be careful not to fall down and break yourself for my sake, won't you dearie? Have a picture made for me, please do.

I send you lots of love and kisses as well as 2½ hugs.  
Yours always,

CBE

Mon. 7:52 PM May 20

Dear Ida:

I received your oftest letter this morning. Was awfully glad to hear from you and to know that you were well and happy.

I guess you can't be any more anxious to see that kid than I am. I expect twill be the most wonderful thing ever was- Don't see how it can help but be, do you?

I saw Grace for a minute today. She said she got a nice letter from you. Told her I got lots on em-- I don't get any too many tho you bet--

George Frantic Train is lecturing tonight but I guess there aint many people going. I know I ain't---- Didn't I work like a son of a gun on his other lecture and only got a paltry \$40 for it.

I have been having bill made for the stuff we have in the house. I have all but what we got of Hanson & Holmes and the little things we have bot. There is about \$600 in all I guess--more than I thot there was. Can you tell how much H.&Holmes bills were? I have paid up everything now but about \$40- and will pay that in a day or so- Business is pretty good but collections are awful slow. However I guess we will pull through somehow-

I don't feel much like writing tonight and guess I will go home Come don't you want to go along too? Show you  
\*\*\*\*\*

---with Mrs. Merden? Thought you were going to have her. I guess with all your friends you will get along pretty well. I hope and trust so my little dear for if anything

should happen to you I don't know what would become of me. But I don't think there will. You are a good staunch little feller, strong of heart and full of courage and you will be all right. I should think the Col. would be very much ashamed of himself to kick such a nice little mother as you will be to him and I have no doubt he would be if he knew what he is doing. You just ---\*\*\*\*\* been up to. I don't want Ab to wear him all out before I get there. I suppose he will get an awful lot of care taken of him for awhile.

Well, it is so dark, my dear, I can't see to write anymore and so will close. I send you lots and lots of love, enough so that you can spare some for the folks.

Yours,

C

30

May 22, 1890

My dear Ida:

You won't get much of a letter tonight because I don't feel much like writing. Brer Hall is here smcking one of your cigars. I returned from Seattle this eve having sent Mess over as I got kind of sick of it. I had a good time, however and it made a pleasant change.

I was glad to get a letter from you on my return also the cigars. Thanks for both. I am very happy to think you feel so well and get along so nicely. I too hope that Col. will kick his way into the world pretty soon. I am sure you can't be any more anxious to see him than I am. I hope he will be a girl and look just like his ma but I am awfully afraid she will be a boy and look like Willie Hall.

I want him to be just a little fairy girl with his mother's beautiful eyes and pretty ways, I ain't stuck on having him have her mother's nose- Suppose it should have your nose and my ears, would he be a dandy girl to look at!

Haven't been up to the house since I got back. Everything else seems to be the same. I'm homesick as I always am when I get home when you are not with me. In fact I liked Seattle lots better this time than I ever did before and am inclined to think it is the town. You needn't

be surprised to hear someday that I have sold our house and furniture and am living there. I am glad you scolded Grace because I think she needs it. I haven't seen her to speak to her since she refused to go on skurshons with me because that Gillispie woman thought twouldn't be proper.

Well, guess I won't write anymore--Don't feel like unto it. Guess I will send you a lot of love and kisses along with a promise to write more tomorrow-- How'll that do my dear?

Hall send you lots of his pure, warm virgin love--

Write often,  
With lots of love and kisses three times  
three,

Yours always

C.

Tacoma, Tuesday 24th of June

My dear Ida. I didn't get any letter from you today and I didn't write to you yesterday. I tell you I'm just a rustling now days trying to get in shape to start Saturday. I guess I will be able to make it.

there is nothing new here. I got Henry Truzy's letter and was very glad to hear from him and that it a very nice letter. I don't know whether I will get time to answer it or not before I start East. Just think of it, old girl, by the time you are reading these few desultory lines it will be only about three days till I will be with you! Don't that thought make you feel kinder funny? It does me. I want to see you awfully, worse than I ever wanted to go in swimming or anything. Dear, dear how I ache to get my arms around you. Hope you feel the same way. If you don't you are a bad girl and I know you aint that. Neither can you make me believe that if I was with you I would think you an angel. I don't believe you are half as cross or disagreeable as you say you are. You just don't know how to be.

now you know if I come home before you get well that you will be so jealous of me if I go around with those others that you spoke of that you won't know how to contain yourself. I guess I will want to stay with you mostly though, don't you?

Miss Jackson got out of her trouble in very fine shape--they were acquitted and the costs put upon the Dr. the prosecuting witness. She was feeling pretty good over it last night-- They thought I was awfully good to them and Miss Shumway said they didn't know how to pay me--whether to fill me full of chocolates or embrace me all around. I told them I preferred the latter if they wouldn't tell my wife and she said she guessed they hadn't better because they were all just like sewing machines which the same as I understands it tucks and frills. They is awful nice gals, I think.

Well, I have some little matters I want to see to before I go home and I'll have to stop. Besides I ain't going to write you much more letters--I am saving what I have to say to whisper to you yourself. How'll you like that my little darling of darlings? I love you so that I don't see how I can wait so long to see you. I send you all the kisses I have on hand and when I come you must show me where you put them and then I'll take them all back. Only a few ~~more~~ days more my little sweetheart and then we will be together once more and we won't part again in a hurry.

Your loving husband,

G.

38

Tacoma,  
June 3, 1890.

My Dear Idealia;

Your own Carlingia didn't get any letter from you this morning. I guess you've forgotten all about me, or else you don't love your husband any more. Either of which would be very bad. I come around to the office the first thing in the morning and the last at night, and have an eye on it all day, expecting I might get a telegram from you saying that unto us a child is born, one or more. Now I do want to get that message and to know you are all right; I would rather have such news than all the money and everything else going. I don't suppose it can be a great while now till I get it. When I get one of your letters I read it through and then think that I am glad you are well and nappy and getting along all right, but then thought comes to me, that was a week ago, and what may have happened in that time? So You see I can't be entirely nappy.

I took Grace and her friend Miss Wildong to dinner tonight and then walked up home with them. They said if they was in my place they would get a divorce and they knew two girls who wouldn't run away and leave a husband. Anyway, I shan't get any divorce from you on account of any such skinny gals as them. Them gals paid me your house rent this morning and I hold the same subject to your order. I won't send it until I hear from you, but will keep it to meet your draft. If you want it in addition to the draft money let me know and I will send it.

Golly, how I want to see you! Don't seem like as if I could wait much longer and I don't expect to a great while. Nine weeks yesterday since you went away! Nine long weeks they have been, too. I guess when I get you back you won't get away for nine weeks again in a hurry. You can just tell the people so and they can make the most of you this trip. Of course you understand that I am glad you can be there at this time, but you also understand that I want to see you pretty bad about now my own self. If you don't understand you don't feel the way you write, because I feel just like you do.

I hope you have Dr. Thorp come to see you once in awhile to see that you are getting along all right. Do you careful, old girl, because you are an awful precious commodity to me. Take good care of yourself until I get a hold of you, and then I will take care of you.

Well, I guess I won't write any more tonight. I could only tell you over and over again what I have told you so many times, that you are very dear to me and that I love you and all that. You can just bet that I feel all the sweet things in the world for you.

Lovingly yours, C.

Tacoma,  
June 14, 1890

My Dear Ida;

I didn't write to you yesterday because I went to the theater last evening; Grace was to go but she backed out; she was afraid, I guess, that someone would see her and tell you and you would lick her; anyway she didn't go.

I got a nice letter from you this morning; I was glad to hear that you are getting along all right. Seems to me you are staying well a long time, don't it to you? Here it is the middle of June and nothing done yet! Well, I guess there's time enough.

Oh, I don't want you to think I am so awful lonesome, you know. I get along pretty well. I work and read and roam around and go to restaurants and cuss the waiters and walk out mad and talk sarcastically to the boss and have a pretty good time. Of course I miss you awfully, but I am glad to have you there and wouldn't change it if I could under the circumstances. Of course, too, I will be happy when you are back here once more, but I feel thankful that you can be there and have a good rest and good care. Don't you worry about it at all, I'm all right. And right in this connection I will say that my health is very good and while I don't feel very skippy all the time I am better than when you were here and think that a change of air and scene will pick me up in good shape. I don't work very hard and feel better when I do work, so don't worry about that.

I don't suppose you will ever forgive me, but I feel it my duty to tell you that I don't believe I once thought on the 12th that it was our anniversary! I thought of it before and after, but I was so busy that particular day that I don't believe I thought of it at all. Of course I love you and of course I not only wouldn't have been happier, but

June 11/90

My dearest Little Woman(and Big One too for that matter)

I didn't get any letter from you today and consequently you owe me a letter and I owe you a spanking. I presume however it will be months and months after I see you before I can get up heart enough to spank you or even to kick you in the stomache,- I shall love you so. Still I mean to do my duty by you and when there are two of you to spank and lick I guess I will be tired out pretty near all the time.

I hope you are well and happy this evening my dear one. I get so anxious about you that I don't know what to do. Here it is the 11th and you may be at this very minute going through your trials and bringin a little one into the world for us to love. I look at every birth notice very closely and there are lots of them now-a-days, but they all come through all right. I haven't any doubt but you will although of course I can't help but be anxious about you and wish that I could help you in someway. I suppose I can only do so by sending you my love and sym pathy which I do in great abundance. If love and sympathy and good care can bring anyone through at such a time, I think, as you say, that you will be all right. I am very thankful to all the folks there for their kindness to, and care of, you. Em and Ab can both depend on me whenever they are so afflicted(or blessed, rather) to do all possible for them, in return for whatthey and the rest have done for the one I love best of all on earth.

We have had a fine rain-all last night and this forenoon and it has helped things wonderfully. If you were here we would go and take a walk and have some icecream and strawberries. How would that strike you? I do wish so that I could see you! It won't be long now, little one. I am getting things shaped around as well as I can so that I can get away. There is nothing definite about the time yet when I can start, one time about as well as another, I guess. Probably by the first anyway.

couldn't have been happy at all with somebody else. 'You're the feller for my money.

I haven't seen Miss Gilbert since you went away. I would do anything for you, Ida, but I rather think you are taking an unfair advantage of your knowledge of that pest to ask me to go and call on her; but maybe I will at that.

I hope I can start east by two weeks from this morning anyway, and will do so if possible. If I come to Oxford I-----(torn off). ----I feel kind of thick headed and stupid tonight; et too much supper, I guess, so I don't think I will write you any more. Give my love to our infant, and I send you any quantity for yourself. Yours, C.

Tacoma,  
June 21, 1890

My Dear Girl;

Here is one more day that I get no letter from you. That makes two days this week; I think you're a pretty bad girl for neglecting me like this. I guess, though, you weren't feeling very good and thought you would be a little wilful and not write. Well, you know when you don't write to me I don't have nothin to write to you about. A week from tonight I hope to be on my way to your arms, and two weeks from tonight I hope to be with you! Just think of it---with you!!!! That will be the best of anything I know of on earth. I don't know now of any reason why I can't as well start next Saturday as any time. Of course I may be delayed a day or so, but that will be very near the time of my starting unless something unexpected should turn up,

Golly, I want to see you so it seems as if I should fly. I want you to telegraph me along the road how you are getting along after I start and will let you know where to send one by wire. I don't know what on earth to do with the house. Can't sell it seemingly and Miss Salisbury is going to Portland. Miss Hanford will stay there part of the time she thinks perhaps, and probably that is the best that can be done. I don't want to rent it for so short a time even if I could, which is doubtful. I guess perhaps I'd better bring it with me.

Miss Jackson's trial is put off till Monday. I went down with her this afternoon to plead and get a change of venue to the other justice; Pritchard will try it for her. She don't seem to like that kind of thing first rate, but I keep telling her its nicer when she gets used to it.

I guess I'll go to the theater tonight Its said to be a pretty good show. Won't take Grace though; hain't seen her since she backed out on going to the last show. Guess I've soured on her. I guess I won't write any more to you tonight. Will try and write tomorrow. I worry myself nearly to death over you. Your loving husband,

C.

Tacoma,  
June 20, 1890

My Dear Ida;

I have just received your letter of a week ago upon my return from the court house. I don't like your feeling so bad a bit and it worries me so I don't know what to do. I don't see, though, as I can do anything but wait and hope and pray. It seems as if you never would be sick to me and I presume the time seems much longer to you. However, we hope you will be all over it in a short time now and then, as you say, the reward will be so grand as to make up for all your trouble. I wish there was something I could do to help you, and and if it does you any good as you say to know that you have my love and sympathy I assure you that you have it all, and lots of it, too. I would very, very gladly take your pain and uncomfortable feelin if it were possible for me to do so, but as it is not you will have to bear everything as patiently as you can, my little dear, and Colonel and I will try and make it up to you in the future by our love and devotion. I think you the sweetest, best, and loveliest little woman on earth and I know we will be of the same mind. I spect it will be a great rivalry between us to see which can love you the hardest and make you love him the most. I think I have a great advantage over him though.

There has been blood on the moon since 1 o'clock when I went home and found the

house in an uproar over Miss Jackson's licking of a boy. She licked a boy yesterday, and outsiders came in and interfered and then had a warrant sworn out for her and the reporters were up there trying to interview her. She wanted me to have it kept out of the papers and I spent an hour or two on the matter last night but couldn't succeed in doing it. I put in an appearance for her before the justice this morning, so she wasn't really arrested. The case is set for 5 tomorrow and unless it is settled will be tried out. She was perfectly justified in the matter; I send you the papers which contain a fairly correct statement of the facts. She is awfully wild over it, worked up and mortified. It has made quite a lot of talk around town.

Well, I must be going to dinner; wish I could take you along with me----

(ends in shorthand)

Tacoma,

June 17, 1890 (got a little out of sequence here it seems.)

My Dear Little Girl;

It is now nine o'clock and I have just finished up a lot of work that I wanted to get done tonight, so you must not expect much of a letter, sweetheart. I don't want my dear girl to go a day, though, without getting at least a short letter from her lover; hence these presents.

I got your letter of last Tuesday this morning, and was sorry to hear that you are not feeling so well, and hope you are better by the time this reaches you. Worse, you know, and now much better and going huckleberrying every day with your baby the Colonel. I think it will be the prettiest picture in the world to see you march around with him on your shoulder. Anyway, I would rather see it than any picture that was ever painted. Of course if you don't want to you needn't go until the 4th of July, but I thought it would be better for you and I'll just bet any old sox that you will. You are awfully sharp about seeing through my games, but if you want your baby to look like its papa---I mean like Willis Hall, it will have to have gray hair. His head is almost white now; its changing very fast and I think its because you are away. I am very thankful to the girls for being so good to you and when I come home I will rub them down in olive oil and beer for a week to pay 'em. As for your mother I don't mind her, because all she cares about you is for what work she can get out of you. I guess she don't care much for you this trip. But when I come I'll work for her and make up. I'll just take right off my coat and help her get rid of all the strawberry shortcake and things she can concoct.

I am very glad you like your husband and think he's sane. It makes it kind of pleasant for him; I've been thinking today that I was most too darn good; I don't believe I've done a single thing since you went away that you wouldn't like. Ain't that pretty good? Every time a messenger boy comes in the office it scares me most to death. And yet I'm very anxious to get that message, so hurry up and send it.

I was talking to Judge Allyn today and he said (of course that ain't half as important as what I said) that he thought the court would be taking avacation for a couple of months about the onset of July; that he was going away about that time himself and he thought I could get away all right then. I will try everything I know to be with you by the 4th.

Well my eyes are tired; you will have to let me go for tonight, old peaches and cream.

Yours lovingly, C.

----So far as I can judge the girls seem to be taking splendid care of things. You had better ask your father how is the best way to fix that window in the dining room. I was looking at it this morning. The ell will make quite a nice little bedroom and I guess we had better have it fixed either before you come or after. Ab can save the little hall bedroom; of course she will have to sleep with her feet out in the hall because there wouldn't be room enough for them inside. Then you can rent the other three rooms for fifty, forty, thirty dollars a month. If Ab don't like that arrangement she can sleep on the couch or in the crib with the baby, or in the refrigerator, or the sink or on the mantlepiece or in the woodshed or the bathtub or on the roof or anywhere she please so long as its not with me.

Well, I guess this is enough of this. If you like this kind of a letter then this is the kind of a letter you should like. Love to all the folks, and plenty for yourself, C.

Tacoma, Tuesday 24th of June

My dear Ida. I didn't get any letter from you today and I didn't write to you yesterday. I tell you I'm just a rustling now days trying to get in shape to start Saturday. I guess I will be able to make it.

There is nothing new here. I got Henry Truzy's letter and was very glad to hear from him and that it a very nice letter. I don't know whether I will get time to answer it or not before I start East. Just think of it, old girl, by the time you are reading these few desultory lines it will be only about three days till I will be with you! Don't that thought make you feel kinder funny? It does me. I want to see you awfully, worse than I ever wanted to go in swimming or anything. Dear, dear how I ache to get my arms around you. Hope you feel the same way. If you don't you are a bad girl and I know you aint that. Neither can you make me believe that if I was with you I would think you an angel. I don't believe you are half as cross or disagreeable as you say you are. You just don't know how to be.

Now you know if I come home before you get well that you will be so jealous of me if I go around with those others that you spoke of that you won't know how to contain yourself. I guess I will want to stay with you mostly though, don't you?

Miss Jackson got out of her trouble in very fine shape--they were acquitted and the costs put upon the Dr. the prosecuting witness. She was feeling pretty good over it last night-- They thought I was awfully good to them and Miss Shumway said they didn't know how to pay me--whether to fill me full of chocolates or embrace me all around. I told them I preferred the latter if they wouldn't tell my wife and she said she guessed they hadn't better because they were all just like sewing machines which the same as I understands it tucks and frills. They is awful nice gals, I think.

Well, I have some little matters I want to see to before I go home and I'll have to stop. Besides I ain't going to write you much more letters--I am saving what I have to say to whisper to you yourself. How'll you like that my little darling of darlings? I love you so that I don't see how I can wait so long to see you. I send you all the kisses I have on hand and when I come you must show me where you put them and then I'll take them all back. Only a few ~~more~~ days more my little sweetheart and then we will be together once more and we won't part again in a hurry.

Your loving husband,

U.

35

There is nothing new here. Same durnition grind. I didn't get any money today and didn't have enough in my pocket to send, but will surely send you some tomorrow. I hope you won't need it till it comes.

Well, dear, I guess I will stop. I hope this letter will find you safe and well, you and the Col. and I hope he will be out of his confinement by that time and breathing heaven's pure air along with his happy little mother, the sweetest and best little woman that ever lived and that you can take him into your arms and kiss him for me. I hope after you are confined you won't see anybody but the family until you are able to be up and around, so as not to get tired out visiting.

I send you a gear deal of love and best wishes for a safe and easy time.

Your affectionate husband

C

Top torn off....

I would rather be separated from you a little longer and have you well when we do meet and I presume you feel about the same way. We will have some good times you may be sure and I long for the time to come. It won't be long now anyway- I expect that when I get a telegram that our baby is born and that you are all right that it won't be very long before I will start east. I shall certainly be very anxious to go and when I think that when you read this that that event may have taken place it makes me almost wild to do something to help you. Seems as if you had too much for your share--both in making and bringing forth. Well, I ~~xxxxxxxx~~more left out, torn away, guess he that we were too young, the precious darling~~xxxxxx~~

You are the sweetest little feller and I would like to kiss you on your little mouth. I will pretty soon and don't you forget that and I will give you just the sweetest old kisses that ever you got.

I send you in this a copy of one of Jim Whitcomb Kiley's poems. Don't you think it is pretty cute?

Well, take good care of yourself little girl. Be brave and strong as you always are and ~~xxxxxx~~ pretty soon I will try to compensate you for all your pain and inconvenience. I will write to you often and be sure and not let a day go by without sending me word of how you are getting along. Be patient and don't take any chances by trying to get up too soon or anything of that kind. Have every comfort and convenience that you want and don't mind the matter of expenses. I send you lots of love and kisses and all the strength and sympathy of my heart. When you are lying on your bed of pain you can think at least that my heart is lying right against yours beating beat for beat with yours, and that all the hope and love or it are yours. I will have to kiss you goodnight now, ~~sweetheart~~, as it is getting late. With lots of love, all I have and that is heaps,

Yours

C

Fri. June 27/90

My dearest Little Girl (also my dearest big girl);

I didn't get any letter from you today and didn't write to you yesterday. I am old busy himself now days I can tell you. I found it would be impossible for me to start tomorrow and so wired you this afternoon that I would start Sunday, which I will do if nothing unexpected happens.

I shant bring your trunk, so there! You can lick me if you want to but I won't bring it. I'll be hanged if I am going to be bothered in that way. I won't bring your wedding dress nor your old straw hat neither. Now, what are you going to do about it?

I went up to George's to supper tonight and had a nice time. They are all very well and wanted me to go to the lake with them tomorrow but I won't have time as I've got an engagement with a little black eyed girl and I want to be with her and I've got to get there, you know.

Well, old woman, when you're reading these lines I shall be pretty close to you and don't you forget it-- Then I'll make things so lively for you you won't know which end you are standing on--

I won't write anymore yonight as I have some things to do and will be with you so soon--

You dear darling how I do want to see you--

Yours with lots and lots of love and more a-comin'

C

~~XXXXXX~~ Before July 2, 1890

when I know that you are well over with your confinement. I hunted up my diary of last year and as well as I can make out it was the 22nd of September when we were both sick on that Sunday. I don't think you got it on that day if I correctly remember the way both of us were feeling but probably within a day or two after (I can distinctly remember your teasing me for some when I was sick and unable to respond in my usually vigorous style) and so I wouldn't be surprised if you went until pretty near the 4th of July. I hope you won't but I wouldn't be surprised if you did. Frank Crosly says they are a long time coming after they are most here and he ought to know.

I guess we have had as mean weather as you have had there.  
.....

wishes for her good health and happiness.

Heed the things I say to you in my letters about taking care of yourself. I should think it would be fun to get a nice book and go up home and have a hammock swung on the front porch and lie there and read, bundling up warm if the weather is cold. I should think that would be about as nice as a little girl like you could want. Take all the comfort you possibly can and remember that you are entitled to do exactly as you want to in everything. Don't let the fear of offending anyone stand in your way. If you don't want to see people that come to call on you tell them so and stay by yourself. I hope your mother doesn't make you work too hard. I can imagine how she makes you wash and iron and fly around when Em and Ab are gone. A'int she a bad one tho! Love to all the folks.  
Your devoted husband

(The letters go now to August 1890; I presume after Dad had returned from Oxford.)  
and apparently she did not return with him.)

Oxford,

August 28, 1890

Dearest Charles:

I've just finished dressing the baby, given him his breakfast and stowed him away for his long nap, and now I can write you a little to tell you how we have fared through the long day and night since you went away.

I think I have been a pretty good girl, for I haven't cried a drop since you left, but I tell you I swell up awfully big with tears sometimes, and then I go off in the bedroom with my sweet baby and think of the many things I have to be thankful for until I am ashamed to be blue over this short separation. When I know that you are safely there I shall be all right, I guess.

The bussman went off and left me yesterday morning and I had to walk home in the rain. I wouldn't have minded it if I had felt usually well, but while you were up home I was taken unwell, I didn't tell you for I thought it would worry you. Mind you it isn't flowing, but my "courses" that have started in again and that is what makes my back ache so I presume. I feel pretty good this morning and had a good night's rest.

Baby went to sleep at half past seven last eve and did not wake up until twelve and then again at five. He grows sweeter every minute now and is a great comfort for his mother these days. Yesterday he lay on the cot cooing and smiling and I told him how his dear papa had gone off to "make dollars" for him, and he threw up his hands and giggled right out.

I drove up to Fletcher's with CWS yesterday morn to get his rifle. The folks were pretty lonely, but trying to make the best of it. I am glad there is one day of the long journey over for you and I hope you enjoyed it with Rob's folks. Take good care of yourself for mine and the baby's sake, for we both love you lots. My feeling a little sick yesterday made the baby worry some, but this morning he is as happy as can be.

It is quite cool and windy this morning and a fire is not uncomfortable. Ed Tansey was disappointed at not seeing you again, and was here at the door when the buss started to bid you goodbys. I am going down to mail this and get a little air. How I'd like to give you a good hug just now and tell you how dear you are to me and necessary to my happiness, but I guess you know it, don't you, dear?

I'll take the best care I can of our baby and myself and write every day if I can, but don't you worry if I should happen to miss a day now and then. With love and kisses,  
Your little wife, Ida.

Oxford,

Aug. 29, 1890

My Dear Husband:

Em and I have been out this afternoon giving the baby a long ride, way over the river, and have just got back for supper. While they are getting it ready I'll write you a few lines. I am all right again, and was only unwell a day and a half, so I'm in hopes it has not come to stay.

Baby is happy as can be and is ten times sweeter than he was yesterday; he improves so fast now. I was in hopes to get some word from you today and have been to the office twice for that purpose, but was disappointed. I can't help but feel that you are all right and I shall hear soon. I shall rejoice for you when the long journey is over.

I tell you, dear, I am homesick to come to you, and although it will be hard leaving the dear ones here, yet I long to get settled down once more in my own dear home with my baby and dearest. You understand how I feel about it, don't you? It seems as though I saw so little of you while you were here, but if you had a good time I don't regret it now, and wish you had gone more. I assure you, Charles, I know of nothing dearer than to have you with me and feel your arms about me, and after a separation it is sweeter than ever. We'll have some good times this winter with our baby, and I can imagine myself now, standing in the bay window with him watching for you. I guess you'll like to have us there, too, won't you?

Em and I went up to Amanda's last eve about five o'clock. Mother was sitting up, but looked pale and had to go to bed while we were there; I guess she was tired more than anything else.

Write me how you find everything and how you dispose of the house. If you paper shall you paper the kitchen and pantry? Give my love to all friends. Willis Hall's girl, Miss Sweetland, has gone out west, to Portland I believe. Ain't you sorry now you scolded me about his old valise?

I kiss baby for you every few minutes and sometimes I cry a little. I thought at first I wouldn't, but I can't help it, you know. Supper is ready and baby wants his little mother, so, I must bid his papa goodnight. You old darling, how I miss you, and how I need you. Here's a big bunch of kisses for you from your two dears and a prayer for your safety and future happiness.

With lots of love, Ida.

Oxford, N.Y.;

Aug. 31, 1890

My Dear Charlie;

I rec'd your first card yesterday morning, and was right glad to get it, but sorry to know that you couldn't have Rob's company further on the way. Ever since you went we have had very lonesome weather, rainy and cold and disagreeable. I was wondering before breakfast what I should do to pass this long day without you when CWS came and invited us to go up to Mr. Gates this afternoon with them in a double rig, so I seized the opportunity you may be sure.

I am feeling good and baby is happy as he can be; I just wish you could see him this morning. I've just given him his bath, dressed him all up, and put him to sleep in his carriage, and he is a sight that would make his dear papa's eyes shine, I think if he could see him. I bet you would like to, too. I felt so sorry for you to go and leave him for it would be so hard for me to do so.

I went up on the hill yesterday and found mother feeling better and sewing; all the rest were usually well. I got some Tacoma papers to read and I see by them that they have already had a nice rain there, so I am in hopes you will let me come soon, but of course I want to take every precaution on the baby's account. Abbie has nearly finished the dress you gave me and it is going to be lovely; I shall keep it fresh and new for you to see. Father, Mother and I are going to Binghamton next Friday to stay over Sunday, at least we expect to. Then I am going to Norwich for one day and then all of my out of town visits will be made. I don't see how I can go down to Em Brown's, and as I have visited with her up here, I don't believe I will try. I might stop over there on my way west, but when I get started I want to come straight through, and I think it will be easier for me to do so.

I went to choir practise last night at Will Miller's with Em; his wife says they have both got the Tacoma fever, and she thinks they will go there sometime. Oh dear, now I wish I had you here today, my dearie; I am just aching for you, and it isn't as easy to be separated from you as it was before. I was sick. I think of you all the time, and wish I was with you. It was awfully hard. Charlie, to let you go alone, and I'd never have consented to it if it had not been your wish. But I think we have been too gently dealt with this past year, and have too many blessings to repine at a few weeks more separation, so let us try to make the best of it and it will soon be over. Don't you think that is the better way? I must clean up now to go to Mr. Gates', so will kiss you goodbye for today. I love you best of all and think of you constantly and your patience with me when I am bad. Please forgive those times if you can.

Ever your loving Ida.

Oxford,

Sept. 2, 1890

My Dearest;

We had company yesterday and so I did not find an opportunity to write you.

75-

I rec'd your card from St. Paul and was glad to know you were as far as that without mishap. I think you must have reached Tacoma by this morning and I have sort of looked for a telegram to that effect, but as nothing was said about it, I presume you do not intend to send one.

Baby and I are both quite well, and I am doing my best to keep us both so at least until we get home. He is two months old, today; had you thought of that? I am getting very proud of him, he grows so sweet all the time, and I do wish you could see him every hour. I miss you lots, my dear, and I can hardly keep the tears back when I think how far away you are. It was an awful disappointment to have you go without me, did you know it?

I enclose Allie's letter in reply to mine (I'll bet you read it before you do mine, now own up, Charlie). I wrote her as nicely as I knew how and told her who and what our party would consist of; you can see how she replies. I feel that I am a pretty good woman to do this and I hope you'll appreciate it and that if she goes we will never regret it, or rather that I never will, for of course you wouldn't. Not that I ever expect to get jealous, or have any occasion, but we have had a pleasant happy home and we both should be careful and thoughtful over the foreign element we introduce there for fear it may not prove congenial.

As I said before, I wrote her a nice warm invitation, not a bit like your lame little muttered one to Will Hamilton (ahem!!!) for when I try to be good I usually overdo the matter. I have not yet heard from Della.

Em and I are going to make some calls this afternoon; don't you want to go, too? It doesn't seem as if you and I went anywhere together, does it? I hope you see Grace and thank her for the ring and letters she sent me. We go to Binghamton Friday. Write often, my dearest, for I love you more than anyone.

Your loving wife, Ida.

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Binghamton, N.Y.,  
Sept. 6, 1890

My Dear Husband;

We came down here yesterday afternoon, as I wrote you we would, and am having a good time here at Fred's. We are both usually well and have just come in from a long walk. Fred has kept his baby carriage, and that makes it very convenient for me. I was quite anxious to see how the baby would enjoy car riding. When we got in the buss and all the time we were at the Oxford depot he fretted and cried, but as soon as we were fairly started he seemed delighted and didn't stir and was soon fast asleep and staid so until we got here. The experiment was quite successful and if he does as well on the long journey home I shall have no trouble with him, and you will have no cause to worry. I wish every minute that you could see our little darling, he improves so fast. Just now he lies flat on his back in the boy's crib kicking and laughing and sucking his fist. He has done that a good deal for two days now and I presume if you were here you would want to slap him. I've told him all about that affair, but he seems to treat it like a joke.

I want to see you so much, my dear, and I need you every minute of my life, and I am thinking about you all the time and wondering if you are well and what you are doing. Take good care of yourself, old sweetheart, and almost before you know it I shall be with you. Will you be glad to see me and to begin once more with the worry and care you experienced while I was out there before? I always think when I am away from you that I will be good when next we are together, but you know that "bad Ida 3." sets me up so.

I've visited several jewelry stores today trying to find you one of those ribbon watch chains, but I couldn't get anything less than \$8 and thought I couldn't afford that just now. I've also been to Mann's bakery and paid for the cream.

Well, I'd give three cents to have you here this minute, to love a little, just a little, you understand. Tomorrow we go up to Ross Park to see Uncle Gene and I will have no opportunity to write you again until I get home Monday eve. Then I expect to have a letter from you to answer. I'm sorry you did not see Fred's boys, for I haven't seen as fine a pair in all my travels. Baby is worrying and I must stop. With lots of love from both of us to our dearest,

Your loving Ida.

Sept/22/90  
Tacoma, Wash.

My dear wife:

I send you in this pass St. Paul to Tacoma, No.43,275. I just got it this afternoon and will not register it for fear it will take a few days longer for it to reach you and oh Lord how I do want to see you.

I hope you will get it all right and start as soon as possible after its receipt. Telegraph me when you start and from St. Paul.

I couldn't get one for Ab- Would have done so if possible but hard work to get this. I wrote you what to do about her--Take good care of yourself and the Col- on the way out. Better buy a ticket in the Traveller's Ins. Co. from St. Paul here if they sell them to women. You can find out at ticket office.

I wish you every comfort and happiness on your journey and can assure you that I shall be so anxious to get you and my baby into my arms that every hour from now till you are here will seem like a week. Don't spare any expense to make yourself comfortable and I could slap you for even hinting at coming in a tourist sleeper. Don't think it.

I can't write you anymore tonight because I am going with George to see Dixey in Adonis. I will write you tomorrow but hope you will be on your way to me, love and home before it reaches you. I shall be with you in spirit every minute of your long journey-

I send lots of love to you and our baby- Come quick to your  
Affectionate husband

G

Oxford, Monday Eve.,  
Sept. 22, 1890

My Dearest;

It is 9:30 now, but I am going to write you a few lines before I retire for the night. I don't have anyone to make me go to bed early now, so I can sit up as long as I choose. I've just come down from your folks and left them all well as usual.

I am feeling good, and so is baby; we've been out nearly all of the afternoon for it has been a lovely day and we called on Dr Thorp according to your directions, and I went to see Geo. Meade about my route etc. He says the D.L. & N. have made new arrangements, so we can leave Binghamton at 3:23 in the afternoon and reach Chicago the next forenoon without change of cars. So I think I will go that way, for if I have to come alone I don't want to change oftener than necessary. I don't anticipate a very easy trip with the baby, good as he is, and that darned puppy "works like madness in my brain." Everyone says I'll have such a time with him.

How did you spend Sunday? We went to CWS's to dinner and after that had calls from Gates' people; in the evening I heard Willard Thorp preach.

I didn't get any letter from you Saturday, so this morning I was just hungering and thirsting for a good long one and I rec'd yours of last Tuesday. It was short and not so very sweet. I guess I'll get along out there pretty soon now. If you see the train form of a little woman, clasping in her arms a babe and in the other a pug, coming up Pacific avenue, some day----that's me!

I ain't afraid of getting a licking, for I know too well what kind of a reception you'll give me, and what kind of a one I shall give you. Why, I'll almost squeeze you to death (your forehead, I mean). Honest, I do want to see you, but I can't start until Oct. 5th; that seems a good while, doesn't it? But it will soon pass.

Baby grows sweeter and sweeter every day and has every appearance of teething, altho it may be a false alarm. He begins to notice the dog and knows me from the rest of the family. I enjoy him more every day and I shall be glad when you can watch him improve and enjoy him too.

Be a good boy and soon the "winter of our discontent" will all be changed and we will be together around our own fireside; won't it be nice?

With best love, Ida.

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Tacoma,  
Sept. 3, 1890

My Dear Wife;

I arrived home about 9:30 yesterday a.m., having been delayed at Hot Springs all night by an accident to the train going west. I had rather a hard trip, but got thru in fairly good shape; caught a little cold is all.

I found the house and everything all right; the people have moved out. I don't see that anything is injured any. I stayed there last night and slept in the front room; do you care? Things seem the same here as ever; I was up to Geo.'s to tea last night; they are all well. Edith only weighs about a pound and a half more than Colonel. I haven't seen many folks yet; I was around with your cousin Will Hall some yesterday. I wish you was here. I want to see you and the Col. awfully and think of you all the time. I think you had better make your arrangements to start about the 1st of Oct. They have had rain here and it is very pleasant here now. When you start you had better stay at Fred's a day or so, then take Erie right through to Chicago. You can make quick time that way and only have one change. If you could stop over a day or so in Chicago it would be better. I dread the trip for you some as it is so long, but I guess you will get along all right. Its kinda lonesome up at the house and I guess I'll have your cousin Will Hall stay with me till you come.

How I do want to see you and the beautiful sweet baby. Take good care of yourself and him. I won't write any more this morning. I send you draft for \$25 in this and will send you more soon. Your aff. husband, CBE

Tacoma,  
Sept. 6, 1890

My Dear Wife;

I didn't write to you yesterday, although I received a letter from you. You cawn't imagine, you know, how kinda lonesome it is here without you and the Col. I am so sorry I didn't bring you along a day at a time until I got you here. However, it won't be long now.

Everybody inquires about you and the baby Grace is down to Victoria this week with her running mate, the girl that works in the office with her; they are taking their vacation and have gone down there on a toot, I guess. Mrs. G. said Grace was homesick for you (and me) and the baby. Mrs. Clifford says to give you her love and that she intended to answer your letter, but thought you were coming home before this. As I came out of the house this morning a lady gentleman came up and inquired for Mrs. Eaton. I told her you were in the east and then she introduced herself as Mrs. William Gaston of McDonough St., and her husband. They had come through Yellowstone Park and around and were going to leave at eleven o'clock for Portland and the east. She said she was very sorry not to see you, but tickled in her stomach to see me; so I walked down town with them and had a nice visit.

Your cousin Will Hall stayed all night with me night before last. I am trying to get him to move in until you come as it nigh on to lonesome and close on to grewsome being there alone. However, it will be better when Grace gets back. She stayed with you when I was away, and of course she will stay with me while you are away.

I don't think I will have anything done to the house till you return as I can't be there during the day and wouldn't want to let folks in without anyone there. Besides would like you to have things as you want them, then no kick permissible. However, I have gone so far as to fix a nice bed in the woods with Bunco for Abigail.

I hope you and the Col. are well; how I do want to see the little feller! If you haven't had that picture made be sure and do so as I need it every hour. I have matched him for a fight to the finish with Frank Crosby's babe, so keep him in good trim.

The weather is fine here; things are about as usual only more lonesome. I have done nothing at all this week, but Nunn goes away Monday and I start in. I guess I will feel more contented to get to work. Well, will close and go and get something to eat. I spend my evenings at the house; ain't I good? Get me a picture of the Col. and yourself and write me often. And come about the 1st and I will be happy.

You aff. husband, CBE.

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Tacoma,  
Sept. 7, 1890

My Dear Ida;

Got two letters from you today; haven't any time to write, though, as I have been trying to earn \$30 for the Col. today. I have worked hard, but I made the mon and four bits over--that's for you.

I am glad you are well; I am first rate and want to see you awfully. Love and kisses to you and Col.; how I do want to see him.

In haste, Your aff. husband, CBE.

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Tacoma,  
Sept. 12, 1890

My Dear Ida;

I hope you are all well and happy, you and the Col. I have not heard from you since day before yesterday, but I suppose you were at Bing. and couldn't very well write, so I am not worrying about you.

I wish I could see you about now. I hunger and ache for you and the Col. and I think you had better make your preparations so as to be here by the 1st anyway, if not before. The weather is lovely here now and things seem to be all right and I guess you might as well start now as any time. It's so lonesome here that I don't know what to do with myself. Be very careful in coming through not to get tired out or anything.

Come over the Wisconsin Central from Chicago and then you won't have to change in St. Paul. If you start from Bing. or Waverly you would only have one change to make, and that at Chi. Perhaps it would be well to stay in Chicago one day or night and rest up. If you do that you might find it more convenient to take some other road to St. Paul. I guess, though, you will know how to manage it all right.

There is nothing new here. Don't have much work to do and am glad of that. If you and the Col. were here we could have lots of fun and nice times. As I said, the weather is very nice. Not too warm, just about right. I may write more today but will send this along anyhow to let you know I am all right and that you are wanted soon.

You aff. hus., CBE.

Tacoma,

Sept. 12, 1890. At Home (?)

My Dear Wife;

It is not quite time to go to bed, and I have nothing to do, so I will write a little to you. I am writing this in the front room of your house and I would give most anything if you and the Col. were sitting over on the other side of the table. You can't imagine how I do want to see you both, and I hope it will not be long now until I can do so. I will try to send you a pass tomorrow and then you can start when you are ready, drawing for what money you want, of course. When you draw this time do it through the Tacoma Trust and Savings Association Bank.

I have an invitation to eat breakfast, broiled grouse, with GPE tomorrow morning at eight. Do you think I'll be there? I heard the sad news today of Grace Countiss' death in child birth, about two months ago. It was very sad, she was so young, just a little over eighteen. The baby still lives. I feel more and more every day how much I have to be thankful for that you came through such a time so nicely and that we have such a beautiful boy. It seems so much more than I deserve; I am indeed thankful, but I fear not as much as I should be.

If you start before you (or we) expected you would it make some difference about Dell and Allie's coming? I am not particularly anxious they should come, and would rather you would come along even if they can't come then. (You needn't tell them so, however.) I feel about as you do in regard to it, I guess, that we would be just as comfortable and happy with just ourselves, the baby and Abbie. I doubt very much if either of them would come anyway. I think you had better arrange to get here Saturday and you could so that by starting on Monday, I suppose.

I see by the papers that they had snow in Minnesota and Montana yesterday, so I guess it won't be very warm traveling. Be careful and not let Abbie get to flirting with drummers and other trash on the road and don't go for walks with any strangers, as you did before.

I would like to see the sweet Col. so much that it seems as if I can't wait till he gets here. Miss Hanford called on me last night; she gave me a full history of her summer with my tenant, I guess they didn't get along first rate. She said it must be awful sweet to see you with your baby. Grace is mad at you for weighing so much; she only weighs 92 and she thinks its a shame that you should weigh more.

You had better see Thorp before you start and get some advice on what to eat and what to do with baby if he gets sick on the road, which God forbid. I don't think you will have any trouble at all, you are such a competent little feller and then you will have Ab with you. Your people have been very kind and good to you and we will have to try and repay them sometime. I feel sorry for Em and your mother that they must part with you and the baby, but there seems to be no other way for it. I need you more than they do, you know. I don't know that you need to mind about getting here on Saturday, I suppose you would hardly want to start the Monday after receiving this, and it don't seem as if I could wait three weeks for you, so any day that you are ready will be just as well and it will be a blessed day, too. Start as soon as you can, that's all.

Well, I guess I'll go to my lonely old bed. I send love to all the folks and lots of love and kisses to you and the baby.

Your aff. husband, CBE.

Sat. a.m. I have just received your letter of last Sat. from Bing.; was glad to hear from you and to know you and both so well and that the baby doesn't mind the cars. I didn't get up in time to go to Geo's to breakfast!!!!!!

-39-

Tacoma,  
Sept. 12, 1890

My Dear Wife;

I got two letters from you yesterday and one today; one of them so bad and such an one that I couldn't find it possible to write to you.

I haven't yet been able to see Geo. about your pass, but will do so if possible tomorrow and will write you so you can be ready to start by the time it reaches you. I would not have you start without Abbie anyway. I couldn't send her the money to come with now without borrowing it and I do not like to do that. If she can borrow it there I will see that it is repaid and I should think she would have no trouble in doing so, but if she cannot we will have to arrange to get it here. I suppose you and she had been quarreling over something that you write as you do. You wrote me once that she could get the money there and so I didn't make any arrangements in regard to it. I consider it of the utmost importance that you should have her with you on that trip and after you get here. You will have to have her or someone else and it would be pleasanter and better for all concerned to have her.

I want you to start as soon as you can, for I am longing very much to see you and the baby. It is very lonesome here for me, and I need you every minute. I think of the baby almost all the time and wonder how he looks and acts. Be sure and bring him when you come. I have got to go home now and do some chores. Will write tomorrow; if I get the pass I will register it way, and probably will, take a few days longer for it to reach you than the ordinary letter.

When you start write me, and again at St. Paul. Goodnight, my darling; I send lots of love to you and the baby,

Your aff. hus., CBE.

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Tacoma,  
Friday Eve, Sept. 19, 1890.

My Dear Wife;

I got your letter of the 13th today in which you say you will start the 2nd "which will be Monday." Maybe it will be Monday there, but here it will be Thursday. Better get hold of a this year's almanac if you can find one there and get your dates straightened out. I think you had better start Monday or Tuesday, the 29th or 30th, although it won't make much difference whether you get here Sat. or not. I saw Geo. today and he said he guessed he could get you the pass, but would have to wait a day or two. I will send it as soon as I get it and wire you when I do so that you will have the time it is on the way in which to prepare yourself. You had better draw on me for probably about \$225 before you start. I figure that you will not need but about \$75 on your trip, but it is well to have enough and it won't do any harm if you have some left when you get here and I presume you will have some bills to pay there. If \$125 isn't enough draw for what more you want.

^ don't think you will have any trouble with the dog. If they don't want you to carry him in the car car and go and see her once or twice a day. Of course when you change cars you will have to take her with you. Abbie must certainly come with you; I wouldn't have you make the trip alone for a hundred million dollars. If she can't possibly get the money there, you will have to draw on me for the money to bring her, but if you draw for more than \$150 wire me how much. Her ticket, which will be about \$85, and her meals would be all there is extra, the one pullman fare paying for both, of course. I have heard that nurses go for half fare; in any event if that is so it would be well for her to put her pride under a cap and come that way. Don't start alone anyway; should die while you were enroute of worry and anxiety and you would be quite likely to of fatigue.

Am sorry Dell isn't coming; I didn't much expect she would, however, they all so approved of it. I suppose you have heard nothing more from Allie or you would have mentioned it. I am so glad Geo. Stratton is coming with you; that will be nice for you. It will be real cheap for you, too, as the four of you ought to be able to occupy one berth, and after you are here he can sleep with Ab.

(One hour later) I laughed at my wit until I became so weak I was unable to proceed till just now. I can imagine how you are roaring as you read this; tell the Col. about it.

I hope the Col. will take good care of his little mother on the long trip out here. I know he will if he can. Do you take good care of him and of yourself, my dear, and if you get tired stop over somewhere. Your pass will say (IF you get one) that you cantstop, but you can where they change conductors at the end of a division. Don't run any chances at all.

How I do wish you were here tonight! But you're not, and I suppose I will have to wait for two weeks longer. I will try to be as patient as I can, but its hard work. Well, I have to go to a meetin' tonight, so will close. I send much love to you all, and you and the baby all the hugs and kisses I've got.

Yours aff. C.

I meant to tell you in my last that Mrs. Wm. Edgton was Maud Hill thought I'd let you puzzle on it awhile first. C.

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Tacoma,

Sept. 24, '90.

My Dear Wife and Mistress;

I received your letter of last Tuesday this morning. I intended to write you yesterday as I said in the letter enclosing pass that I would do, but I was at the County Convention all day and evening and so did not get a chance to do so. I hope you will not receive this until after you get here. I hope you------(torn off) but it seems as if I can't get along without you much longer.

I guess you won't have any trouble with the dog if you follow directions; don't fire her outen the window anyway, and be sure and get the Col. here all right. I want to see him almost, perhaps quite, as bad as I do you. I think you had better come by the Erie to Chicago. That will give you a through train from Bing, to Chicago and there you will take the Wisconsin Central right through to here. Telegraph ahead for your berth, and then you can get a lower one, and if you find it crowded for the three of you--Abbie, George Stratton and yourself---after the first night you had better take a section. You will probably need another valise and of course can buy anything you want either at home or in Bing. Have Brad or Charlie figure out your time table so as to make as good connections as possible, but I think the best you can figure you will have to wait some hours in Chicago. If you do go to a hotel and stay and don't hang around the depot and flirt with drummers. Be careful of your diet etc. Take some quinine with you and such things, and medicine for the baby. Be regular in all your habits, cheerful in mind and take all the comfort you can. Don't worry about anything and have just as good a time as you know how. If you want to stop over do so, and if baby or you should get sick you had (the rest of this seems to be gone.)

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Tacoma,

Saturday, Sept. 27, 1890

My Dear Ida;

I got your letter of last Saturday enclosing the negative of the beautiful Colonel's picture this morning. I think its a splendid picture of him and I guess I've looked at it fifty times today and showed it to everyone I saw. Why on earth did you cut your picture off? I think that was mean in you.

I am disappointed to think you are not going to start until the 5th. I have been counting off the days for a week when you would start. I expected you would be here a week from today, but now I suppose it will be two weeks, and it doesn't seem as if I could wait that long to see you. Still I suppose you know best and will start when you are ready. Don't draw the money till the day you start if you have not already done so when you get this.

You can't take anybody to board. You will have a great plenty to do, you will find, without that. Besides we won't have any room, and besides that I don't want anybody in the house. You will have to tell George that I don't consent to you taking boarders.

I think I have written you full directions in regard to your trip in former letters. If you will observe them you will have no trouble. I hope you will have a pleasant and

same trip and it comes at the same time you do I have no doubt he will take a Pullman  
so as to be with you. If he don't (and I shouldn't if I were in his place) you will see a  
good deal of each other of course.

I should think the Col.'s hair was coming out good. I am glad he has eyes like yours  
although I should be very sorry if he had "your eyes" as you say. You would look pretty  
rocky without your eyes I should say. I do want to see him so much that I can't wait two  
weeks I don't believe. I thought this would be the last Saturday that I would be alone, but  
there'll be one more anyway and like enough you will make up your mind to wait till after  
Xmas before you start. I don't know as you will get this letter as they are changing the  
location of the postoffice today and will probably let things go for a day or so.

Well, do start as soon as you can and wire me when you do. I send lots of love to  
you and baby and assure you that jussy ache to see you both.

Your aff. husband, C.

Tacoma,

October 13, 1890.

My Dear Ones;

Well, here I am once more safe and sound in my own home, as you'll know long  
before you get this, as Charlie sent you a telegram yesterday. We had a very pleasant trip  
and were not very tired. The baby was good as he could be and did not cry at all. A gentle-  
man said he was the champion baby for behavior. We were quite surprised to have C. walk in  
on us at Spokane Falls, and quite pleased, too.

We found the house pretty dusty and mussy, but nothing to speak of was injured, so we  
think we are quite fortunate. Abbie and I have been working hard all day long trying to  
get things straightened out. She has washed and I have just "puttered." Of course we had  
nothing to eat or cook in the house yesterday, so C. had our meals sent up from a restau-  
rant. We had several calls and everyone admires the baby even all that Em could wish.  
I'll let Abbie write you about how things seem to be here. She says she likes it very much,  
although she hasn't been out at all yet. George S. called this morning; says he likes the  
outlook first rate.

The pug was about the happiest pug you ever saw to get out of that box; it cost us  
just \$5.75 to get him through. We got Em's letter today and was awful glad to hear from  
her, and that you are all well. I know it must be lonely for you all there, and I felt  
guilty in bringing Abbie and the baby away, but I could see no other way. I mean to have  
you all here sometime. I'm so tired tonight I don't know what I'm writing about, so I  
guess I will stop. This will let you know that we are all well and safe.

Tuesday eve:

I was too tired to finish my letter last night and so will do so tonight,  
but I am just as tired as I was then, for we've worked hard all day long. It is now al-  
most nine o'clock and I've just stopped. Abbie was invited over to Gillespie's tonight  
with some young folks and this is the first time she has been out. C. bought baby a  
nice crib today and tomorrow is going to get a carriage for him. He has fretted a good  
deal today and I guess he misses all the good care you gave him back there. He tells us  
long stories about Em and Grandma and how he wants to see them.

Everyone here thinks he is pretty and very bright and of course we agree with them.  
I am going to write as often as I can, but my letters, I'm afraid, won't be very interest-  
ing until we get more straightened around. I've had lots of calls already from old friends  
and all seem glad to see me. Well, dear ones, I must go to bed + am so tired. George S.  
seems delighted with Tacoma. Tell CMS that I'll write him in a day or two relative to some  
things Charlie wants me to.

How I wish I could see you all, and how I wish you were all here. Write often  
and I'll do the best I can; Abbie will write soon.

With lots of love from all to all,

Your loving daughter, Ida.

Tacoma,

Oct. 27, 1890.

Tacoma,  
Oct. 27, 1890

Dear Father, Mother and Em;

It is now most 9 o'clock, but I'm determined to write you a little letter tonight if possible. George S. was up here to dinner and has only just gone; I think he is pretty homesick and shouldn't be surprised if he started back east pretty soon.

We received Mother's letter this morning and was right glad to get it. I am so thankful that you all keep well. I was sick last week with a hard cold and Charlie got worried and had Dr. Hicks come to see me. He says my trouble is in the throat and I have tonsillitis, laryngitis and I don't know what all. I think Em said Dr. Thorp told her the same thing about herself, so I'll tell her that Dr. Hicks told me to gargle my throat often, in either alum and water or vinegar and water. Have used the latter and it has done me lots of good and I am all right now. Hicks also gave me a tonic, Syrup of Hypophosphates, and so I guess I shan't need anything more.

Abbie has washed today and I have taken care of baby, done the housework and made a kitchen apron. We have only been out once together and you can tell Em that it is most all work for us as well as for her. I wish you could see my baby now. He grows good looking fast, and is getting now so he can make his hands go where he likes. This morning he stuck his fist in my coffee and tipped it all over everything. He sits alone in Charlie's big chair and gnaws his rubber rattle and talks at a great rate. He seems to require a good deal of entertainment and this time in the day is about the only time I have to myself. Therefore you mustn't think I don't think of you if I don't write very often, for when this time comes I am usually too tired and sleepy to do anything but crawl off to bed.

I have you all in my mind most of the time and I miss you more than you can ever imagine. Em can think herself lucky that she can be there when she can see father and mother all of the time. That would be a picnic for me.

We lost the pug yesterday morning; he followed someone off and we hunted him all day and C. finally went down and advertised him. This morning we got on his track and found him down on 9th St. I am getting quite attached to him for the baby notices him, and the dog runs to see what is the matter every time he cries. The neighbors all pet him and like him.

Emma is very kind, and took Abbie and I each a ride, last week, and yesterday she took Abbie out to Oldtown to church. I tell you we have had a hard time getting this house in order. Nothing was really injured, but everything out of order and all the sheets and such things were dirty.

I sleep in a room by myself, with baby. We haven't had anything done to the house yet in the way of papering, but will if we ever get at it. C. is in court all the time now. I think often of how kind you all were to me this summer and how little I can do to repay you all now, but maybe some time I can; I think about it all the time.

We are going to make short clothes for baby as soon as we can, and then I'll send you a picture of him. He kicks holes right through his flannel skirts and I have got tired of mending them. I am too sleepy to write more tonight, so I know you'll take the will for the deed. Abbie has had several applications for work, and has a little dress here to make for Daisy Clifford. After she helps gets me straightened out she will go to sewing.

I send you all lots of love and kisses. Write often to us and tell us all the news. With lots of love, Your loving Ida.

Tacoma,  
Nov. 16, 1890

My Dear Mother;

I think I addressed my last letter to Em, so this shall be to you. Baby and I are all alone, for C. has to go to the office to work and Abbie has gone with some girls to a meeting of the Guild up at Trinity Church. I have this minute finished my dinner work and it is 8 o'clock, so you see my day's work is a long one.

We have washed today and all been down town this afternoon to select paper for my kitchen and pantry and there's a man coming in the morning to hang it. Won't I feel fine, though, when I get it all papered overhead and on the sides?

It looks horribly now, for my mother was very particular about keeping the flies out. Next week or the week after I may have parlor and dining room papered, but can't tell yet.

Everything has dragged since I came back and I guess we never will get caught up. But we've got baby in his snort clothes and that is something. You can't imagine now he enjoys them. He grows good all the time and sits for hours on Charlie's big chair and watches us at work. Everyone admires him, and really I think he grows good looking all the time. He is much whiter than when you saw him and has red cheeks, and with his big black eyes he looks about as well as the average. Huston and Hall both came up to tend him on Sunday eve, and they got to quarreling over who did it best. Hall was holding him and he was quiet as a mouse. Huston says "he must be an awful good baby if he can sit with Hall so long and be decent." and so they went on for a long time and it was quite amusing to hear them.

We were much pleased, Mother, to get a letter from you yesterday, and hope you will do so some more. I wish we could be there to help eat the turkey; I haven't made any preparations for Thanksgiving and don't know yet what we will have. You shall certainly have the baby's picture in the dress you are making for him, but you needn't hurry to get it done, for I'm going to save it for his best summer dress.

I'm so glad Em is going to have a new wrap, for I have worried over it a great deal and tried to think up some way to help her get one. I mean to do something for her as soon as I can to partly pay her for all she did for me this summer. I feel so indebted to you all and so grateful.

I am feeling first rate now with the exception of a little rheumatism in my hand and arm. My left hand has been considerably swollen, but is better now. I am so glad you all keep well as usual; that is the best news you can send me and I want you all to be good to yourselves.

Did Grandma have a good time in B? Tell her we send love and will write to her when we have a spare minute. I don't know as you will believe me, but there has been days and days, since I came back, that I have only sat down to nurse the baby from the time I got up until bed time. But we are getting cleared up now, and by New Year's hope to be through the hurry. The first of Jan. Charlie and Bowman, of Seattle, expect to open an office at Olympia and continue it through the meeting of the Legislature. So he will be away, excepting Sundays, for two months. Abbie, I guess, won't sew much until after that for I don't want to stay alone. She has had lots of applications from my friends and their acquaintances, so she'll have no difficulty in finding all she wants to do in that line.

Minnie Crozier had quite a "blowout", didn't she? Do you know what kind of a man she has got? We were invited to tea at George's last Thursday and had a good time. When we got home we found Em's letter about Pearne's coming to see her when she was sick, and we sat around the fire, up in my room, and all had a good laugh over it. I saw which way the wind blew when I was there, but I hope Em won't take him.

What is Father doing to Milan's house? Don't you let him work too hard. Does he drink the hot water yet and does it benefit him? I think washing windows and taking up carpets is too hard work for you, and don't you do any more of it. How are Charlie, Anna, and dear little Nell? I hope I'll find time to write to them all soon. I hear pretty good reports from Nell and it makes me pretty happy.

Well, you dear mother, I'm too sleepy to write more this time; I do wish I could see you and all the rest tonight; I get hungry for the dear home faces among so many strangers. I send you, father and all, more love than you know what to do with.

Your loving Ida.

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Christmas Night, '90.  
Tacoma.

My Dear Father, Mother and All;

Abbie and Charlie have just gone down to the office and baby has gone to sleep, so I have a few minutes to give to you. Now plainly I can see you all there tonight in the dear old home, and how I'd like to come in and put my sweet baby in your arms and let you all enjoy him with me. We have had a very quiet Xmas, and not even a big dinner. Charlie has not been out of the house before today and we have all lounged around and taken things easy and the rest has seemed very acceptable to me.

I had just gotten my work done yesterday, and Abbie was all ready to go down in the city on errands when George Stratton came up with his lunch basket for me to fill for him

to take east this morning. It was then three o'clock in the afternoon and I had to send out and get meat, make a fire, and boil it and make quick biscuits for him. That with some celery was all I had time to do, and he said he didn't care for cake. Then in the eve we took it down to G's to him, and ran around town in the rain looking up some odds and ends to send home to the children. I want all of you who did not get any remembrance from me to remember that your turn will come and not to think I didn't think of you.

There hasn't been a minute of this holiday time but what I've thought of you and what I'd like to send you. We only knew the night before that George S. was going, and the boys think he is very foolish. He did not even dispose of his stock of cigars, but left them stored here in some paint store, although Charlie told him of a man who was to start a big cigar store and he thought he would take them all if G. should ask him. G. said, "If he (the man) wanted those cigars he would have to come after them, for he had no time to run after him." I am sorry on Addie's account that he didn't stay, for we all think it is about his last chance. He said Moll told him he was a "d--d fool" for going back.

He didn't have any presents here this year to speak of--baby had several, for Sarah Squires, the little girl next door, brought him a crocheted silk ball. I got him a very pretty ivory rattle and George's wife sent him some of those gold buttons and chains for fastening his little dresses, and Grace brought him another set but is to change it for something else since he has one.

He has two little teeth just coming through but he is as good natured as can be over it. Charlie says he is the best baby he ever saw. George S. said he'd tell you all about us here, and I expect he'll set us off in great shape. You must write me what he says. I guess Em has forgotten us, for we haven't heard from her in a long, long time. I presume, though, she has been too busy this busy time of the year.

I am sorry that Father has those spells now; I thought he was a good deal better when I came away. Tell him to be careful and let the work go when he doesn't feel well. I should think Grandma would feel poorly after that tramp up to Sue's. Write me all about how you all are, and mother, I am sorry your hands are so badly chapped. Try putting vaseline on them right with the soap every time you wash them; that does mine more good than anything else. Have I written you that my hair was all coming out? I have not nearly as much as when I was home.

About the time you are reasing this I shall be getting my New Year's dinner. I'll write you all about it later; now I wish you could all come! I am getting sleepy and I guess I'll let Abbie tell you the rest of the news, as she wants to write some in this. I send you all a merry Xmas; I may come again next summer, and how would you like that? Goodnight, and God bless and keep you all,

Your loving Ida.

Friday A.M.

Abbie was too tired to write last eve and we had a call, so she says she will wait until Sunday. I don't see into our not getting any letters from you, but suppose it is owing to the snow blockade. It is a delightful day, bright and sunny. I've been standing out in the back yard buzzing my neighbors, bareheaded, so you can judge how cold it is. I wish you were all herre and out of that cold country. Abbie has just gone over to Squire's to do a little stitching on their machine; baby is asleep in his cradle and looks too sweet for anything. "Gyp" has outgrown his collar, and is the liveliest dog in Tacoma. Write soon and often, and ask Anna if she isn't going to write to us sometime. Ida.

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- 1891-

Tacoma,

Feb. 8, 1891

My Dear Mother and All;

I guess it is about time you had a letter from your little girl's, is it not? We have not written you for a week or more, and are very much ashamed of it, but Abbie has been hard at work finishing Ollie Squires wedding clothes, and it has taken all my time to do the housework and tend the baby, so I hope you will forgive us.

It is over a week since we got Em's letter and that was the last we have heard from you, but I trust none of you are sick or you would have written anyway and I shall watch anxiously for the postman tomorrow to hear from you all. Charlie started for Port Town-

send at six o'clock this evening with another transportation committee. It is about 170 miles down the Sound and will take him until midnight to get there on the steamer. He will probably be back Wednesday sometime. We have had a beautiful day today and I guess our spring is coming along now. I walked down town with C. on his way to the boat, and then came back on the car. I am glad you liked baby's photos, but he doesn't bear his mouth open only on special occasions like that one. Em didn't write what father thought of them. He has lots of admirers around here and only this afternoon Squire's people sent in and "borrowed" him to show off to company. He can "pat-a-cake" and when he sits in his high chair and I give him anything to eat, he leans way over and feeds it to "Gip." He grows cute every day and laughs as heartily as a grown person.

We felt badly to hear that Uncle W. was so sick, but hope he is all right again now. Abbie had a nice long letter from Aunt Lucy last week but it must have been written before he was taken.

I cooked chicken for dinner today, ma, and I tried to get Abbie to go over and invite you and father in to eat with us, but she thought it was most too far I guess. My! I wish you could run in any time.

I wrote to Chicago yesterday for a carriage for James; a friend of mine got one there for \$25 that would cost \$40 here, and didn't have to pay the express charges either. If I can do as well I'm going to send there for one, and if I get it I will send you the picture in the catalog so you can see what it is.

Every time I read of "more snow" in New York I wish I had you all out here away from it all. Do you want us to urge Charlie to come out here? It is only on your account that we do not. I don't want to make it any lonelier for you than it is now. How is father, and how are you? Write me just how you both feel and how Granma stands the cold weather.

Nell must have had a fine time with her sleighride party; does she practise music any now? I want to see you all so I don't know what to do, and just think it is almost a year now since I started east. It doesn't seem possible, does it? Tell Em that the name she called George S. in her last letter Charlie says was "just what he is", and no mistake. We don't care anything about what he says, only to laugh over it, and don't you, for it is of no consequence. Tell Em, too, that the blue throw has been borrowed to copy already. I've put the one Nell sent on Father's picture, and the other scrim one on the mantle and I look pretty fine now.

Well, this isn't much of a letter, but I'm so sleepy I guess I'll have to stop. This will let you know that we are all well and will write you again in a day or two. Abbie has the "stomache ache" tonight or she would write in this----

(decided to leave off the long endings, love and admonitions to take care of themselves etc.)

Tacoma,

Feb. 23, 1891

My Dear Mother and All;

We have just received Em's letter of the 14th, also letters from Fred, Hattie and Louis. We were glad to hear from you all, as we heard nothing last week, but I always pacify myself with the thought that you have written but the mails are uncertain when there is so much snow. What do you think---the sleighs are running this morning in our "glorious town of balmy air and rosebushes!" It began snowing yesterday a.m. and kept it up until this morning, about six inches of "the beautiful" fell, and that is quite enough, I think. But it is thawing already, so I guess it won't stay on long.

We are all usually well; Charlie spends his time traveling back and forth to Olympia, and if George Stratton thinks he is lazy I would liked to have had him see him last week and the week before that. He was getting out testimoney that had to be rushed, and he got up at 7 in the morning, took his dinner down town to save time, and worked until 2 o'clock every morning. He had two typewriters helping him. This week he is in court. They had a hard time over to Olympia trying to kill a "stenographer's bill" that had passed one house, and they finally succeeded. If that bill had passed it would have hurt his business badly, for it cut the transcribing rates down from 20¢ a folio to five cents. So where he makes \$4000 now he would have made only one at that rate. In order to watch the bill he and Bowman opened an office over there for the purpose of paying expenses while they staid there, but it has turned out much better than they expected, for C. has had two \$500 jobs already out of it.

In the meantime Mrs. Munroe, the woman in the office, has been running court here, so he has lost nothing here. Now that the anxiety about the bill is over he feels pretty well encouraged, and I think has reason to.

The baby has been sitting on the floor for a long time and I've just put him up in C.'s big chair, where he lays flat on his back kicking up his heels to a great rate. I just ache for you to see him, for while his photo looks like him, everyone says it doesn't do him justice. His eyes are so big and dark and his cheeks are red and he is much whiter than I thought he'd be. He was asleep this morning, and we all came downstairs and left him. About an hour after I went up and he lay there playing and having a good time in general. He is awfully sweet, we think, and I would give a good deal if I could come in and put him in your arms. I would write you oftener in the evening, but he makes me tend him all the time then.

I wish you could see your daughter Abigail; Em isn't anywhere in the way of flesh now, for Abbie has gained 14 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. since she came and now weighs 136. I don't think she has ever been really homesick, but she gets an awful lonesome look on her face when the postman goes right by us. I ought to go out with her more, I suppose, but the days have been so short that we have filled up all of the spare time with work so far, although I can work and get along with the baby much easier than when I first came. It was hard then, but grows easier all the time now. I went down in the city last Friday and bought baby a stool chair and am going to break him in on that now. I also bought at the greenhouse a vine all rooted like the one Em got last summer for the bay window, and when it gets warmer I am going to put this out by mine; that will seem quite like home, won't it?

I wished so that you could have been with me in the greenhouse and seen the azaleas; did you ever see one? They have them in all colors at \$3.50 a jar and are the loveliest things I about ever saw. I prized a palm for my brass jar, but when they said "six dollars" I backed out.

I send you with this a package of books I hope you will like and enjoy. I want you to take all the comfort you can, all of you. Em seems to get pretty blue and I know it must be lonesome for her, but at the same time we have much to be thankful for in that we are all alive and well. There has been a good deal of suffering here among the poor this winter; Miss Salisbury came in the other day to interest me in a family of six, man, wife and four children who were all sick with typhoid and were absolutely destitute of clothes and food. I picked up a bundle of things for them, and am saving my cold bits. There are tramps without number at the back door every day; Gyp is getting so he interviews them now, and last week kept hold of the calf of a man's leg way to the alley gate. So you see he is good for something.

Tell Graniza I will be so choiced of that dishtowel I will probably use it for a tiday. I think she must be right smart to knit so much. Abbie and I had quite a laugh at father's brining out that cigar box full of silver dollars to pay Lee Randall for the wood. Someone was looking at father's picture and admiring it, and I heard Charlie tell them that he was "one man in a thousand for smartness and good looks." I thought that quite a compliment. Tell Em to read Mrs. Eaton the part of this letter about C's work.

I must stop-----

Tacoma,

March 6, 1891

My Dear Mother and All;

We had just the nicest letter from you last Monday, and I have intended to answer it every hour since, but one thing and another has prevented me until tonight, and here it is the last of the week. Tonight "Jim" and I are all alone for Abbie has gone to a hop with Grace and a gentleman; Charlie went to Olympia a week ago last Tuesday and has not been home since. I had a telegram yesterday saying he hoped to be home tomorrow night. They have been trying a member of the Legislature for gambling, and he is reporting the case.

Jim sits here by me in his new carriage banging the table with an old china doll that Daisy Clifford gave him. I tried my best to get him to sleep before I began this, but he didn't seem to go worth a cent. The fact of the matter is he is cruck full tonight and is bound to have some fun. You don't know how fast he improves now, and ask Em what she thinks of an eight months baby that can sing. He sits on the floor, rocks himself back and forth and hums the sweetest little noise you ever heard. George and his wife were up here Sunday, and G. saw the baby's photo for the first time. He said it didn't begin to

be as handsome as the baby. Emma feels kind of sore because Jackson, the photographer, has mounted one of Jim's pictures on a celluloid card for the gallery. Yes, I sent Fred a photo and Uncle Gene one of each kind. Yesterday we got a card saying the baby's carriage was at the freight depot and I hurried right down and had an expressman go for it. When it got here it was boxed and had to be set up besides. We were so anxious to see it that we borrowed a wrench and screwdriver of Mr. Squires and put it up ourselves and took James out for a ride. It is a lovely carriage, large and strong and would have cost \$40 here, but by sending to the manufactory at Chicago we got it for \$25 all told. There is none in Oxford that can compare with it.

Abbie has had some seven or eight dresses come in this week and is hard at work at them. So I peg away at the housework and tending baby, and it takes about all my time. We are having our spring weather now and although it has rained some today, yet it has been quite warm. Yesterday I raked off my lawn; it looked like an old boneyard, Gyp had brought so many bones around. You'd laugh to see her go for the strange men that come with fish etc. I've been thinking of tying her up because I'm afraid she'll bite someone and we will have to pay damages.

I wish father could come in here tonight and smell boiled cabbage; we had it and corned beef for dinner and it looks up pretty strong. I dreamed about Jim and Deal last night; I hope they are well and all right. Tell CWS that "Little Corinne" is booked for the Tacoma theater soon and Charlie is going to take us. Tell Em the picture of the carriage is just like it, and it is upholstered with red crushed plush. I'd give a good deal if she'd come and push it a little. I wish you could see, Mother, how my hands look. They are so chapped that there are deep cracks on the balls of my fingers that bleed, and I can hardly hold a pen they feel so mean. Did yours get well all right?

James has succumbed at last and gone off to sleep, and he looks good enough to eat. That young lady in Dansville that corresponded with me when I was east sent him two of the loveliest crocheted sacks, last week, that I ever saw. Till Grandma I'm trying to make my old dishcloth last until her new one gets here, but it is getting pretty stringy. Well, I'm really too tired to write any more, and so I guess I'll crawl into bed. I'm thinking of weaning baby next month; do you think it is too soon? If I don't I shall either have to wean him in hot weather or nurse him until another fall, and I don't like to do either. Write and tell me what you think, and also how I should go to work to wean him. It is almost a year since I started east; does it seem that long? With best love-----

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Tacoma,

April ?, 1891

My Dear Mother;

It is half past three and is the first time I have sat down since half past six this morning, so you see I have had a busy day.

(Note: I recall Dad saying, as he read these letters over after Aunt Ab had given them to us, that he couldn't quite understand why she wrote about working so hard all the time, and then he concluded that it was mostly for "EM's" benefit, since she seemed to carry the idea that Ida and Abbie had so much easier time than she.)

I just went in the front room and found your letter to Abbie where the postman had thrown it in the window. I heard him ring the bell, but thought it was a caller and wouldn't go to the door because I looked so. Abbie has gone to a children's entertainment with Mrs. Clifford, so I took the liberty of opening the letter and reading it. I hope you won't care. I am awful sorry Ez, Charlie and you all are so miserable and would give anything if I could come in and see you all and do something for you. But it was a week ago that you were all sick and I hope for the best now and that you are all right again. I can't tell you how much I want to see you all; you can judge of that by your own feelings for us. It isn't from choice that we live way out here away from you, but from necessity, for you know how hard it would be for us to get bread and butter in Oxford. I think Em ought to be ashamed for even thinking that we forget her. I'm sure we never have done so yet. I'd write oftener if I could and the only reason I do not is because I don't find the chance. We get through with dinner about seven every night and by the time I get the baby to bed I am so sleepy and tired I can't keep my eyes open to write or do anything else, and through the day I have more than I can get done I feel so dragged out after

nursing James all night.

But I think of you all constantly, and nights when I lie awake nursing the baby I think of you all in turn, and how I would like to see each and all of you. Sometime I hope to have more time to write, but I do think you ought to make allowances for me now.

James sits here in his high chair with that calico dress trimmed in blue Hamburg on, eating a graham cracker. He doesn't look very awful clean, nor very dirty either, just passable, you know. He doesn't creep yet, but rolls all over the house. He is developing quite a little of the "old Adam" and if anything doesn't go to suit him he straightens out stiff and screams, but most of the time he is pretty good and I'm glad he has some temper. Tell Em I just ache sometime to come and put him in her bed, for he won't let me get an inch away from him, but sleeps on my arm all night and his head sweats so it wets my sleeve all soaking, in fact it isn't very comfortable. Charlie thinks there never was anything quite like him.

(Monday morning) I was interrupted Sat. by Mrs. Kilpatrick coming in and this is the very first chance I've had to finish since, for as soon as dinner was out of the way yesterday George came with little Emma, two Kinnear children and a Mr. Kinnear, and they left the children here and went off to a ball play. In the meantime it began to rain and Mrs. Kinnear got awfully worried about her children for the little boy has asthma very badly, so she started George's wife after them and she came up one street just as they came down another. He didn't want them to know he'd been to a ball play on Sunday and tried to get us to say we wouldn't tell her, but we didn't promise.

As soon as they had gone Hall came bringing some eastern maple sugar and I knew he wanted me to sugar off for him, but the fire was out in the kitchen and I was too tired, so I got out of it by asking him up to dinner tonight and promising him warm biscuits.

This is a lovely morning and I've been doing the work down stairs while Abbie is sweeping the chambers. You say you'd like to see all of my new "fixins", but I haven't anything but my curtains and my papering, but I have my house in pretty good shape now and feel quite proud of it. Tell Em Abbie was very much pleased with the gloves, and they were a perfect fit. She says she will settle with her for them, for they are as good as new to her. Charlie says, and we all think the same, that if CMS can get a pass out here and back that he is foolish not to come, for it won't cost him anything after he gets here but what little he wants to run around with. We would be delighted to have him make us the visit, and C. says there isn't a doubt but what he could get something to do after he got here, that he would like. If he should come and get settled here, then I think it would be easy to get the rest of you, don't you? But that would leave Fred all alone, for I don't suppose you could hire him to come.

Well, I've got some marketing to do and will have to stop. Tell Grandma I think of her all the while I wash dishes and use that dishcloth she sent. Jim sends you all a good sweet kiss and hug. Take good care-----

---

Tacoma,

May 25, 1891

My Dear Father, Mother and Ali;

I guess it is about time I wrote to all of my dear ones once more, isn't it? I don't feel much like writing or anything else tonight, I am so tired, But I don't dare put it off till tomorrow for fear something will hinder me. We have been having some quite warm weather for a few days past, but tonight the wind has changed and it is so much cooler that we are glad to sit in the house. Charlie has just rocked James to sleep and carried him upstairs to bed, and now he sits here reading on one side of the table, and Abbie is on the other.

Abbie has finished me a cool five cent wrapper today and I have it on this evening and I guess that is the reason the weather has changed. Yesterday Charlie got a tear and took us out to Lake Steilacoom Park; we took along a luncheon and a blanket to sit on and staid all day. We ran across George's folks out there, and so had a very pleasant time. James was the happiest baby you ever saw; we took his sunbonnet and gingham apron, put them on him, sat him down on the blanket, and he rolled, crept and kicked to his heart's content. We just ached to have you all with us; the prairie was lovely and the lake, too, and we enjoyed it so much.

We had such nice letters from you and Em lately, Mother, and it makes me want to see you dreadfully. I was sorry to hear first that father had been so poorly, and then Grandma

and you, but I hope you are all well again now. Do be careful about working so hard; don't try to keep everything so fine, but just let things go through the hot weather and take things easy; that's the way I am going to do. It seems as if I must fly to you when any of you are sic, it worries me so.

Tell Em I think her new dress is very pretty indeed, also the blazer. I expect to go down in the morning and get me something and will send you a sample next time I write. I haven't had anything new yet; it takes all of my spare time to put gores in Charlie's pants and vests he grows fleshy so fast. The suit he wore back from the east last summer he could scarcely get into before I fixed them.

We have been having a lot of fun today seeing the baby try to push a chair. He can stand up nicely, but when he starts off he tumbles down and that makes him so angry he can scarcely contain himself. But he perseveres and I think will walk before long. You never saw a baby improve as fast as he has since I weaned him. He has a better color and his cheeks are as red as can be; he is a great big healthy boy and I hope will always be so.

Just opposite, on I St., there is a Judge Sherwood living with his family; I think they must be nabobs for they have a lovely place, and live in fine style. They have a boy by the name of Eddie. It makes it seem kind of homelike to hear that name way out here.

You must look very nice now you are through cleaning; I am all done, too, and dirty enough to begin over again. Charlie gave me a new sewing machine last week and I am awfully proud of it; it was impossible for me to get along now without one. I forgot to tell you that James can find all of your pictures on the wall; I ask him, for instance, where Grandpa Sherwood is and he points right at him; he seems to learn very quickly.

We are already planning to all come and see you again next summer; will you be glad to see us? I rather reckon I shall be to see you. My anniversary is almost here and James is nearly a year old. Just think of it! I can't realize that both events happened so long ago. I am thinking some of having my married friends in for the evening of our anniversary. Just eight or ten of them, but it will depend a good deal on how ambitious I feel when the time comes. I dreamed last night that the bell rang and I went to the door and found CWS---golly! wasn't I glad to see him. Charlie thinks he is an old goose for not coming out here. I am sorry old Jim is so bad off; when I think how long we have had him and how much he has carried us I think he has earned a rest and I'm glad Charlie has got a new one.

Well, dear ones, I have no news to write and so I guess I'll stop. I want to find you all well when I come home next spring; my great medicine now is syrup of Figs and I take it for everything; it will knock a sick headache out the first round and is good for anything else under the sun. I hope to see you all again before many months have gone by-----

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Tacoma,

May 30, 1891

Dear Mother, Father and All;

Have just got around with our Saturdays work--3 p.m.--and as I am too tired to sew will visit with you a little while. Ida and I have been having a thorough cleaning up time; I have swept the whole house, washed windows, and Ida has dusted, mopped, and washed diapers, and we look awful prim.

James has just awoke from a three hours nap and is streiving his playthings around and trying to make it look natural. He almost stands alone now and is plenty strong, too, but he gets to giggling and cutting up and spoils it all. I ask him where each of your pictures are and he looks at the right ones every time. Also Grandma and Grandpa Eatons pictures. Charlie keeps asking me if I think he is ordinarily bright. I am not afraid to compare him with any child that I have seen yet six months older. He grows very affectionate and has to love and kiss us every few minutes; how I long to have you see him now while he is so sweet. But the time has gone by so fast since we left home that I expect next spring will be here before we know it.

I have worried a great deal about you all feeling so poorly, and hope you have got your work arranged now so it will be easier for you. Grandmas feeling so bad must have made it very hard for you; I wished when I read your letter that I was there to help you. But the next thought was that if I was there I would probably be to work all the time and would make one more for you to work for, and that wouldn't be much help, would it?

Ida and I went to town the other day and bought her a new dress and hat to go with it. I am going to commence it Monday so will send you a piece next time we write. It was

a pattern and before when I priced it it was \$16.50 and we got it for \$10. The hat was a \$6 one and we got it for \$3.75. She also has a new black jacket that is very pretty that was \$13.50. I've got a new pair of 50¢ stockings---ahem!

We had such a lovely time last Sunday at the lake. I da wrote you about that I suppose. Charlie fished with his usual good luck (not a bite). The next day I was sprinkling the street and Charlie wanted me to sprinkle enough to make a brook to fish in; said he could catch as many there as anywhere.

The prairie out that way is grand; as level as a floor and looks as though the grass had been mowed with a lawn mower, then in so many places there would be clumps of trees that would look like they had been set out for a park. I don't think I ever enjoyed a day's outing more. And Frank Crosby's house; how I did count it the loveliest place, right on the bank of the lake with woods all around it and just opposite the depot about three minutes walk and five trains each way to and from Tacoma every day. I coveted that place for you and Father, Mother, to spend the rest of your days in, free from all cares and worries. Father could fish and make garden and you could raise flowers and best of all where we could come out anytime and see you.

Mr. Crosby keeps a cow and says it doesn't cost him a dollar a month to keep her. For he turns her out the year round and makes eight pound of butter a week. And he had lots of chicken and geese that you and father would enjoy tending. Still we don't need hen lice in this country, for the fleas keep one busy. I da and I talked it all over, how it would be to have you there. I had the greatest treat since I came to Tacoma that day, and that was a drink of spring water. I shut my eyes and imagined I was in our old back kitchen when I drank it, for it tasted just the same. The spring is right back of Mr. C.'s and flows a stream large around as my body.

Charlie and Ida are very good to me and do a great deal to make it pleasant for me. I tell Charlie he is the best brother in law I ever had, but I don't know as I will be able to say that when Benj. Pearne gets in the family, and I try to do everything I can for them.

(Dad has underscored the above paragraph heavily!)

I have taken up every carpet in the house (except one) and put every one down, washed all the paint, windows and floors, so you see I have had a tease of housecleaning. When they brought the brussels carpet back from the steam works they wanted to put them down. I told them I could do it, and they laughed at me, but I did it just the same and the next day they came to see if I needed any help and I had them all down; they said I did a good job and they thought they were pretty heavy carpets for a girl to put down. But I thought \$3 was a big price to pay. Charlie said he would have to pay \$6 to get the windows washed, and a woman to help clean would cost about \$10, so I feel as if I had helped a little.

Today is Decoration day and I have been trying to think what I did last year. I think I sewed at Dr. Miller's in the forenoon and Dallie and I went over to see Mrs. Cook about Louise Smith's sewing-in the afternoon. I think Charlie and Anna might squeeze out time enough to write to us if they tried real hard; suppose Nellie keeps her father airing that horse all the time. Write soon to

Your loving daughter, Abigail.

Tacoma,

June 29, 1891

Dear Father and All;

James and I have just got home from doing our marketing and before I do anything else I'm going to write to you all. We are having some quite warm weather now, but there is a nice cool breeze all the time from the north, so if we stay in the house we do not notice the heat. We had a nice letter from Em last Saturday; I think Nellie and old Jim must have fine times. How I'd like to see her ride him. Horseback riding is very tony here, but I have never tried it. Charlie goes out once in a while.

Well, father, how do you get along with your work during the hot weather? I have worried over you a good deal, for Mother wrote you were not feeling well, but I hope you will be careful and not get too ambitious. Last Thursday night Charlie and I went to see the Boston Lyceum Co. in "The Wife", the most accomplished troupe that has ever been here,

and it was just fine. Abbie expects to go out to American Lake the fourth with a party of young people, but I am going to stay quietly at home, for I think that is the easiest way. Do you celebrate in Oxford? We shall have the Times tonight and then we shall know all about it.

I have an addition to the family in the shape of a hired girl. There was someone after Abbie to do sewing all of the time and she couldn't accomplish anything and help no housework, too, and I couldn't do it alone, so last Friday I had a girl come. Her name is Josie DeKek and she takes hold first rate and I think I am going to like her. I never dreaded anything so as I did having her come, but Charlie said he had got sick of having me all tired out all the time and he thought if I took care of James that would keep me pretty busy. Help is much cheaper now than it was a year ago, so it will not be such expense as it otherwise would.

James pushes a chair now and creeps, so he manages to get into most everything he ought not to, but he is a dear little fellow, and I'd give anything if you could see him. He points to your picture and tries to say "Grandpa"; he knows Grandpa Snorwood's picture from Grandpa Eaton's, and will point to whichever one we ask him to. If he gets mad about anything he lays down on the floor flat on his face and cries. Charlie and I went out to take a walk last eve and draw James, but we only went a little ways for the mosquitos were so thick. I thought they would eat us up; I never saw anything like it before.

Charlie has bought him something that I think will please you all and that is an amateur photographic outfit. We are going to take pictures of the house, outside and in and send to you as soon as possible. I think you will all enjoy seeing them.

Abbie and I went to the Presbyterian Church yesterday; I have not presented my letter yet and don't know when I will; possibly I may a week from Sunday. I am holding back to see how they run things. Mr. Patterson is quite pleasant, but I am not much in love with his style of preaching. He has only been converted a few years, and his sermons are too much like a revivalist. But I want to get started in somewhere, so I don't know what I will do.

Well, I have got a great stack of mending to do and guess I had better be about it. Be careful, Father, and don't work too hard and don't worry about the future, for you will always have enough to eat and a home as long as I have one. Just take all the comfort you can, you and Mother together, be thankful that you have each other yet and everything will come out right I feel sure. I expect to write often now that I don't have to work every minute and hope you will do the same-----

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Tuesday Afternoon,  
August 11, 1891

My Dear Mother;

I began you a letter yesterday, but my pens all acted so, and it was so warm I gave it up. I'll try again this afternoon and hope I succeed in writing a good long letter for I know you must be anxious to hear from us. Abbie and I took James this morning and went down to the office to see the circus parade. We got home about 2 o'clock and have had our lunch and put the baby to sleep and I guess I will have a nice quiet time to talk with my own dear mother. I planned yesterday to do a big day's work, mending and sewing. Well, I had two or three calls, and when night came I had hemmed three dish towels; don't you think I will accomplish a good deal at that rate?

James is a perfect nuisance where there is sewing going on, for he carries off my thread and things, and keeps me hunting for them all the time. He has been walking for two or three days and is the proudest little fellow over it that you ever saw. He isn't bow legged and doesn't toe in, so I am pleased and proud of him, too; I've always worried for fear he might do one or the other.

We enjoyed your letter, I tell you, the other day, and I want to say right here that I had sent the money order before I heard from you or I would have sent you more. I hope you got it all right. I am so anxious to know if the pictures are good and how you like them. I am awful sorry Em has such sick spells, and wish something could be done for her. Isn't there anything that can be done? Charlie says she ought to go to Danville water cure for six months and now I wish she could.

I haven't any girl yet, so we per away at the housework. Abbie is perfectly willing to do it, but she can't do that and sew, too, and it would cost more to hire the sewing

done than hire a girl. We have had lovely weather since the rain. Sunday Mr. Hall came up just as we were finishing dinner and wanted us to go to Steilacoom, so we all went. It is nine or ten miles out there, and you go on an electric car through the woods and on the beach and it is very nice. Mr. Hall is very kind and thinks there is no one quite like James. While we were down town today he invited us to come down tomorrow and go through one of the big tea ships with him, but I hardly think I'll go for it is too much like work with the baby. I've just had a call from a girl looking for a place; I didn't take her, for she said she couldn't cook, but was "willing to learn." Our next neighbor is quite sick, Mr. Squires, Mrs. Kilpatrick's father; a blood vessel burst in his brain and he is in bad shape. I don't think he will live, and if he doesn't it will leave his wife and children in bad shape, for they have put all they have in land and they can't sell any of it.

Charlie and I had a nice time up at hot springs drinking hot sulphur water and loafing around. It is a little basin all surrounded by great mountains, nothing there but two hotels but they were crowded to overflowing. I had such a nice rest up there.

Did you notice by the picture I sent how fat I am getting? Abbie says she has hinted to you of my condition, so I may as well tell you, but I didn't want you to know anything about it until it was all over, for I wanted to spare you all the worry I could this time, you had so much before. I don't know anything about myself, but I don't think I will be sick before the last of November, or the first of Dec. That is why I am so lazy and can't do my own work. I feel as well as I did before, only have a backache after being on my feet for a time. Charlie is just as pleased as he was before, and I am perfectly willing, so you needn't feel sorry for me. I have never made up the black work dress you sent James for he had enough and I thought grandma would like to have it saved for this one-- wouldn't you?

I haven't got to make anything but some dresses and skirts and I won't make a great many of those. So you see if we have good luck there will be quite a family of us to travel east next summer; then won't we have fun?

If it hadn't been as it is I should have wanted Abbie to come home when you miss her so, but I think you'll all be glad that she is here with me now. I don't want you to worry about me a bit, for I will have the best care I can get and yet I know it won't be like the loving care you all gave me last summer. Still I don't think there will be any cause for worry.

Has father gotten through with Burchard's house, and how does he stand the hot weather. I send you lots of love-----

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Tacoma,

Sept. 2, 1891

My Dear Mother;

I had such a nice letter from you last week, and I've been trying ever since to answer it. It seems as if it takes me so long to do nothing these days, but this morning I'm going to make a desperate effort to do something in this line. Right after breakfast I went down on Tacoma Ave. and got something to stop up a rat hole and did some marketing. Since then Abbie, James and I have been up in the front room, Abbie sewing, James stirring things up generally, and I have written to Fred.

My girl has had a bad eye this week; the doctor said it was rheumatism of the nerve, and she hasn't gotten around as lively as usual. Still she is a pretty good girl and I let her do everything in the way of housework. She isn't as particular about the corners and little things as I could wish; but if I keep at her she does things quite well.

You needn't worry about me one bit for I am just as well and healthy as I can be and eat like a pig. For a time I had the backache considerably, but now I don't have even that, and the only inconvenience I experience is being short of breath when I walk far. I'd give anything if I could tumble into your bed and I think it will be rather lonesome not to see your dear faces looking over the footboard, but I'm going to make the best of it all, for when I come home again I want to have a good time with you all without any worry or sickness. I can't bear to think of you all working so hard for me again as you did last summer and for that reason I am glad I am out here.

Abbie said she write Anna about James being sick last week, so I know you will forgive us for not writing for we were very anxious about him for a few days. He seems all

right again now. I must tell you what Dr. Smithner ordered for him to eat, for I know you can never guess. It was fried bacon and cooked tomatoes. Wasn't that a queer dish for a sick baby? But James wouldn't have anything to do with it, and I think he showed his good sense. I wish you could see him trotting around and near him try to talk. He says a good many words now but the one he says most is "hello."

I am glad father's pictures were so good, and you can tell him that if he wants yours I will give the same as I did towards his, and more if I can. I think it is so queer that you can't get a good one of Nellie.

Charlie took out more life insurance about three weeks ago, and had to be vaccinated but I never saw anyone get along nicer with it, for his arm is nearly well now and hasn't been sore or lame to speak of, although it has worked well. He is carrying \$12500 insurance now for "Jim and me" as he says. His great scheme now is to get enough money invested here, so we can come back to Oxford and live with you all. Would you like to have us? He talks about it lots lately and of the kind of a home he is going to have back there. Wouldn't it be lovely, though, if we could?

I am glad father is through at Burchard's and hope he will take a rest now. Tell Em we enjoyed her letter and I will write her in a few days. Tell her, too, that Doc Fletcher is over at Seattle and that he hasn't been here since last winter. Emma said he called at her house just a few minutes the other day; we don't know what to make of it, but suspect that George Stratton is at the bottom of it all. We don't care enough about it to make inquiries. Abbie says she thinks he thinks she is after him, but she isn't.

Charlie has come home to lunch, so I will have to stop now. Write as often as you can, all of you, for it does me more good than medicine. Lots of love-----

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Tacoma,

Oct. 12, 1891

My Dear Mother and All;

I am going to sit right down and write you the very first thing this morning so that I will be sure to get through without any hindrance. We are all usually well now, although we all had colds last week.

We have only had one letter from Em in a week, and it seems like a long time, but I shall certainly expect one today. The girl had a vacation of three days last week and I had to buckle in again and it was all the harder for me after my rest from it, but I managed to get along and now she is back again. Abbie would have done all the work for me, but she had a hard cold and it was her sick time so I didn't like to have her.

Charlie and I took James yesterday and went out to the concert at the Exposition and had a very nice time. James was delighted with the music until they played the Anvil Chorus with eight anvils, and that frightened him. He liked the art gallery, too, and you would have laughed to see him stand with his hands behind him and look at the pictures. Charlie wants to take him everywhere and is so different in that respect than what I thought he would be. He carried him four blocks each way to and from the street car in order to get him there, but I guess he felt repaid for he said he heard a lady say "what a sweet baby!"

George and Mr. Preston of Waitsburg were here all of the evening. Mr. P. is a state Senator and was a good friend of Charlie's in the Legislature in helping him get the shorthand bill through, and so I was glad to make his acquaintance.

We are getting our sewing pretty well along now and feel quite encouraged. It makes me feel awfully to think Em has such sick spells, and I wish something could be done for her. Does she take any kind of care of herself? I was glad to hear that you and father went up to Louise's to see Aunt Eliza, for such little visits will do you lots of good.

The postman has just brought yours and Em's letters of the 5th and I want to say right here that we got the lace all right that you sent and I was very much pleased with it and am going to put it on some hemstitched ruffles for a little dress. It was a great mistake our not mentioning it before, but Abbie wrote the next letter and I told her to thank you and she said she supposed that she had. I have just finished a new dresser cover and put the white lace on it you gave me when I was married and it is very handsome we think.

I don't think Em should act so blue all of the time and make you feel that way, too. If she should see the hard times that some of the girls have out here making their own way she would think she was quite fortunate in having a home and a father and mother. Em Miller had quite a time, didn't she? I guess if she had loosened her corset she would have

gotten along better. Tell Em to ask her what she took, for maybe I'd like to try it.

You and Em can tend baby next summer and I will do the housework; I think I'd like the change. I think James will keep you busy, to say nothing about the other one.

Everyone is complaining of how hard it is to get money here now, and Charlie says he never had such a time collecting bills as he has this fall. Tell Em that Emma did invite us out to the lake to camp on their land, but it cost us \$60, nevertheless, for nine days and that would keep us a month at home. George said he'd put up a tent for us if we'd come out. But when we got back to the city he came around to Charlie to pay his half of the lumber bill and I think he expects C. to leave the lumber for him to work up in his house out there next summer. But I tell C. he is foolish if he does.

Amanda and Em Brown don't write to me at all lately although they all owe me letters, but I guess I can stand it as long as they can. Anyway I don't let it fret me very much. You mustn't think Abbie is having much of a picnic here now, for I can't get out with her much and I am not very good natured this trip, but I try to control myself all I can and hope it will all be over soon. Abbie wants me to ask Em if she don't think she had better give up Hall and take this new man. Hall is no good at all; he doesn't do anything and sleeps until eleven o'clock every morning. Then he borrows money of Charlie and George to live on. Only a week or so ago C. signed a note for him for \$50 and he is getting kind of sick of it. But don't say anything about it. C. has lots of fun with Abbie about buying tickets for she and Hall to go to the "Ex" on while he and "Ma" stay at home.

Well, I must stop and go to market. Tell father not to get blue but to take things easy, for with all his children he has he ought to be taken care of all his life long, and as far as I am concerned I will try to do my part.

(The latter has all been underscored by Dad and this added on the margin: "The little dear didn't realize that children are a liability, not an asset." CBE.)

You nurse each other up good and take this easy this winter, and before you know it we'll all be back to look after you and stay a good long time. To all of you we send all the love of our hearts-----

Tacoma,  
Oct. 29, 1891

My Dear Mother;

It is Abbie's turn to write home, but she is busy making me a tea gown, so I will write to you. I think you must be better by this time or Em would have written again, anyway I console myself with that thought and trust and hope you are well again, for it makes me pretty blue to know that any of you are sick when we are so far away.

I am feeling first rate myself, although I don't sleep very well nights and that makes me dumpyish through the day. Charlie is still at home with us although his shoulder is considerably better and he can now get on his coat. Dr. Allen, the insurance man, told him yesterday that he wouldn't be able to use that arm in two weeks yet anyway. The Insurance Co. telegraphed to see if he would take three weeks pay and call it square, but Dr. Allen told him not to do it. You see he draws \$25 a week and that isn't so very bad; he goes to the office every day and keeps things running there all the time.

James has four more teeth through this morning, making fourteen in all. He is cutting them quite easily, I think, has a good appetite all the time and a three hours nap every day and sleeps well all night long. Isn't that doing well? Abbie is well as usual and a great help to me these days, for it would be pretty hard for me to attend James and do for Charlie, but I guess we'll all get straightened out after awhile and feel better.

I will send you pieces of my new teagown in this. I got down pretty low and didn't have anything to wear since it got too cool to wear my calico wrappers. I thought once I'd have to send for Em's blue dress skirt and that white waist of yours that I wore last summer. Do you remember how I looked in them?

I couldn't keep from crying when I read of old Jim's death (Dad's notation-"the family nurse, an old timer.") but I'm glad he died a natural death after all. It will be considerably less for father to do this winter, not to have him to take care of, and on that account I am glad. I wish

Grandpa washere to show James his picture books as she used to Nellie, for he keeps me at it most of the time. He had a nice letter from Amanda last week.

I have enough left from my tea gown to make James a dress, so I'm going to put him in thick dresses and white aprons for the winter. He looks so cold in his little white dresses and they are getting too small for him. He is learning to say "Grandpa" now and kisses all of your pictures when I show them to him. He is a very sweet baby and Charlie says he wishes he had four just like him.

Well, mother, I get sweaty if I write too long and I guess now I had better stop. If there is anything I can contribute towards making you or any of the rest, comfortable, don't hesitate to tell me. It won't be long now before we will be with you again and that thought ought to cheer us all up, don't you think, and keep us from getting blue? Don't you worry about me at all. Tell Em Abbie will write again Sunday and when I am sick we will telegraph, so don't be frightened if you get a telegram-----

Tacoma,

Nov. 9, 1891

My Dearest Mother and All;

Abbie has been writing you a long letter, but I feel that I must add a few words if no more. The telegram came last night, but I had a miserable night Saturday and all day yesterday I could hardly sit up, so Charlie thought it best not to show me the message until this morning. I wish I could say some words that would comfort you all, as well as Abbie and I, but it is so hard just now to think of anything but our great loss. I can only say that we are mourning with you and it seems as if I must fly to you and give you what comfort I could by being with you.

I can't realize that the father I loved so well I will never see again, but his dear face is before me all of the time just as he looked in life, and perhaps it is better so. But my heart aches for you all in the dear old home and I will come to you as soon as I can, in a few months anyway, if there is any comfort in that thought for you.

The waiting before we know the particulars seems so hard, but I know some one will write as soon as they possibly can. If I could only have been there to do something for him to show him how I loved him it would have been such a comfort.

I think, my dear mother, that to you it will be the hardest blow, but I know what a brave, true soul you are and that this trying time you will bear up for the sake of those who are left to you. Tell Em to be brave, too, for your sake and we can all help each other in that way. I know Charlie and Fred will do all they can for you and take all the care of these sad days from your shoulders, and that is such a comfort to me now. They are dear good brothers and men and in a certain measure can fill the place of the dear one that has gone from us.

This is the saddest day I ever knew, and yet I am trying to be brave because I think it is best. Write just what we can do for you in every way and know that our hearts and love are all with you. I can't write more now but I will write very often and more at length after I've gotten used to this first awful shock. With all the love of my heart to you all. Your own Ida.

Telegram: 8:15 A.M. November 17, 1891-

To Imogene Sherwood, Oxford, N.Y.

ITS A BEAUTIFUL GIRL. MOTHER AND CHILD BOTH DOING FINE.

C.B.Eaton.

Tacoma,

Nov. 30, 1891

My Dear Mother;

This is my second day out of bed and my baby, Alice, isn't two weeks old

until tomorrow night. Don't you think I am quite smart? The first thing I want to do is to write to you all. It has been pretty hard lying in bed reading your letters and knowing I must keep calm and quiet, not for my own sake entirely, but for the sake of the little one.

After Charlie told me about the telegram and that my dear father had gone from us, I seemed to lose all the strength I had and trembled so I could hardly walk, and I began to fear I wouldn't have strength enough for my confinement, but I was sick such a short time and got through so nicely in every way, that I can't help but feel that I have much to be thankful for, notwithstanding the fact that the greatest sorrow of my life has come to me this past month.

You don't know how constantly you are all in my mind, but it always seems as if father was there with you and I can't even imagine what the old home is without him. It is an awful feeling to be so far away and to know that outsiders are doing more for you than your own daughters. I did think of telegraphing for some flowers, but you know we didn't hear anything from the first telegram until Anna's letter the next week, and too, the wires were all down between here and east of the mountains, so they would not have gotten there in time anyway.

But I am going to do my share toward helping you and paying Charlie and Anna for what they have done. C. says I can come east early and pay you a good sum for my board while I am there and I will help do the work, too, for I am not coming home for you to wait on me as you did before, but to help. I think it will be nice for Charlie's folks to take their meals with you but I don't think it will be nice for her to do all the washing for she isn't able and besides it won't be good for you to have it around in cold weather. So I hope she will think better of that.

You don't know, Mother, how consoling it is to think that father died at home and in Charlie's arms. It would have been dreadful if he had been at the shop and all alone. I am thankful, too, that he did not have any long sickness to make him suffer. You know how hard it was for him to be confined to the house or bed. What a comfort your picture of him must be now! I wouldn't take any amount for mine, but if you hadn't any I would bring it back to you when I came.

Abbie and I talk about father and you all most of the time and we will come home just as soon as we can. What a dear brave girl Em has been through it all; she will surely get her reward. How is Grandma now? Tell her that my nurse has a hand just like hers when she rubs me and has reminded me so much of her in other ways. She is with me yet but will go tomorrow night. The way I have consoled myself because I can't show you my baby girl right away is in thinking how much better she will look when you do see her. She is a nice big baby and her hair curls in little rings all over her head, I think she will have blue eyes, but can't tell yet of course.

Everyone speaks of James' eyes. Abbie took him down town the other day and C. carried him up the office stairs; they met a man and C. said "we seem to take up most of the room",

Well, the man says, "if I had as fine a looking boy as that I'd take up the whole stairway!" Charlie is very proud of him, and I guess I am a little bit, too.

I was down stairs to dinner yesterday; I walked down and Charlie carried me back. We had quite a severe shock of earthquake at 3:15 in the afternoon. I lay on the couch and it shook me up pretty well, but I wasn't afraid for I didn't realize what it was until it was over with. My little baby is crying for her dinner, so I must stop. Just as quick as I can get my nurse and girl paid off then I'm going to send you all something. Don't feel hard towards me because I haven't done so before this. Take good care of yourselves and don't get sick. Try to be as comfortable and contented as you know father would like to have you if he knew, and I think he does. It seems more than we can bear now, dear ones, but "in the morning" we will all be with him again. I believe this and the thought comforts me. Dr. Bradford never spoke truer words than when he said father was the "truest and tenderest of fathers", and we have left one of the most faithful and tender of mothers--God bless them both. With love-----

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-1892-

Thursday A.M.,  
Jan 6, 1892-

My Dear Mother;

I have a little time to myself this morning and will spend it writing to you.

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-30-

We are all well as usual. I thought last week that James was coming down with the whooping cough, but as he has stopped coughing and is good natured once more I guess it was nothing but a hard cold. The baby is growing very fast, and grows pretty, too. Miss Billings was here Monday and she said she thought it was the prettiest baby of its age she ever saw. Her eyes are large and sort of a blue gray color, very much like father's and Ed's and her hair is growing light colored. I took her out in the carriage yesterday for an airing for the first time and she seemed to enjoy it.

I want to show you my babies so I can hardly wait, but when I think of taking that long journey with two babies it seems like a big thing to do. But I shall surely come if I can and as soon as possible. I know, mother, just how lonely you are without father, and how you miss his loving care of you, and my heart aches for you all the time, but don't brood and grieve over your sorrow; you know that would make father feel worse than anything else if he were living, to know that you were sad. Go out all you possibly can and be as cheerful as you can for the sake of the children you have left to you. It will make us feel so when we come home if you are not well and looking well.

Jan. 12th-

I began this nearly a week ago, as you will see, and have only just got around to finish it. There is nothing in it but what will keep, so I will send it along. We got a nice letter from Ed yesterday and one from Nellie this morning. There is nothing we enjoy so much as a letter from home, and we watch for the postman very anxiously when it is time for him. Mrs. Kilpatrick has been over and taken James home with her, and I am rocking the baby with one hand while I write with the other. James knows all of your pictures now and calls you "nanna" for grandma. He grows so fast and looks so big since the baby came!

Charlie and I went Sunday night to hear Frances Murphy at the Cong. Church. We got there a half hour before time and the church was packed solid way through the vestibule and they were sending them down in the church parlors, and they were packed too. We had to go down there, but Murphy came down there and spoke as long as he had up stairs, so we didn't lose anything. There were 200 signed the pledge that time. Charlie wanted to go again last night, so we went. There were not so many there as the night before, but every seat was full. That great crowd sang "Joy to the World", and it seemed to me, mother, that father stood right beside of me singing I could hear him so plainly as he used to sing that hymn.

Dear old father, how he did enjoy anything of that kind (and how his grandchildren have backslid!). He is constantly in my thoughts and I have so many, many pleasant things to remember of him. If I come home, mother, you and I will go up to the place where he is sleeping and plant some of the nicest flowers we can find. I don't know what condition the yard is in, but we will have it all fixed nice, and I know you will like helping me do this, and everything shall be fixed just as you want it.

Sometimes Charlie talks as if he couldn't bear to think of my taking the babies and going away for the whole summer. But I will come if I can, you may rest assured, and if we can raise the money for the trip. (How history repeats itself!) I want to see you all so much.

Abbie has fixed over my black silk and is now fixing my broadcloth and they both look about as good as new. And I got me a new one the other day that I am going to have made next. It is a black cazelette; do you know what that is? So you see I am getting things in shape once more, and there was need enough for it, for I hadn't anything but my teagown that was fit to wear.

It is afternoon now and I've been all day trying to finish this letter. Both the babies are asleep now and Abbie has gone downtown and it seems very quiet here. You may think I don't do much as I keep a girl, but I tell you, mother, I trot all day long and it keeps me busy tending two babies. I am trying hard to teach James to use a chair, but he doesn't teach very fast. Well, I must comb my hair and mend some before they wake up, so will have to stop.

Write as often as you can, mother, and I will do the same. I send you lots of love--

Friday A.M.,

Feb. 12, 1892

My Dear Mother; I intended to answer your nice letter yesterday, but got up with such a

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snapping headache I couldn't eat any breakfast and had to go back to bed. I slept until noon and am all right again today, although I've had a queerly feeling head ever since I had that chill, but I guess I'll come out all right when I get rested up.

Abbie is hurrying as fast as she can to finish a couple of dresses this week so I know you'll forgive her for not writing just at present. I am sorry, mother, that you have to work at all, and it worries me all the time. I wish I could come in and give you a lift. I trust and hope that if it is not so I can come home this summer the good Lord will spare you and dear old grandma until I can come. Things may work around so I can come after all. I could come alone, but I don't believe I would live to get there with the two babies. It was a hard journey out for two of us with just James, and you who have never taken the journey can't imagine what it would be for me with two of them, to look after. I will be willing, though, to work pretty hard to come and see you and won't begrudge the money it takes to do so, provided we can raise it, and I think you know that.

I think it is all right for you to do what you can for Charlie and Anna, they have done so much, but don't overdo the matter and look out for yourself first of all. I think the shop would make them a nice home and I think it would be nice to have them there so near you, but it is yours and Grandma's and they ought to allow you something for it, and I presume they will. I don't think you can afford to give it away, do you?

Don't let them see this letter, mother, for they might take offense, although I mean none whatever. I just thought I would like to talk things over with you, and they might not think it any of my business, seeing I've done nothing for you yet. I think we all ought to consult together as to the best means of making you and grandma the most comfortable and when you two are satisfied then I shall be. How much do you owe Charlie now towards expenses?

I wish I could have you, Em, and Grandma all come and live with me and maybe I will be able to some day. But I don't think you'd really be contented away out here. When I think of how I want to see you all it seems as if I could fly to you, I think of you all the time and wonder how you are and what you are doing.

The babies are well as can be and growing like weeds, and they keep us busy looking after them. James can get down the steps now, and everytime the door is open he starts. I chased him about two blocks the other afternoon before I caught him.

I suppose Em has begun playing for the Catholics by this time; I hope she will like them and they her. Tell her to keep up a good heart and her sister will come to her if it is a possible thing. ~~((I am sure she will, and I am sure she will come to her if it is a possible thing.))~~ Write often and keep us posted as to how you are; don't want for anything necessary, but get it and send the bill to us and we'll see that it is paid. ~~((I am sure we will, and I am sure we will come to her if it is a possible thing.))~~ We're going to send you some money as soon as we can, but don't want for anything in the meantime. I've lots of mending to do and must close now. I lady told Abbie the other day she thought we kept our children "beautifully clean" and that James always looked like a little "snow drop"; just think of it! With lots of love, my dear mother-----

Tacoma,

March 6, 1892

My Dear ones;

Abbie has gone to church and Charlie has gone to the office, so I'm alone tonight with the babies, and while they are good I'll try and write you a little letter. We haven't heard from you in almost two weeks and I've worried about you constantly, but yet I can't help but think that if any of you were very sick there is enough others there to write and let us know.

I've been in the house for a day or two with a swollen jaw, it being ulcerated under my plate. It doesn't pain me any but it doesn't look very pretty. I'm wondering now what I'll have next. The baby keeps well and good natured through it all and that is quite a help. She was rather of a cross baby at first ((and still is)) but she grows good all of the time and isn't any care at all. I put her to bed at half past five every night and that is all we hear of her until morning. Abbie and I took them down Thursday and had their photos taken and we can have some of them next Saturday so you'll probably get some of them about a week from this letter. I think the baby's will be good and I wanted all of your presents to show, but we forgot to unbutton her cloak so your little pin doesn't show, but she had it on and the little dress you made for her. I didn't have any large ones taken of James for he is all out of clothes, but his little winter cap looked nice on him so I

had it taken with that and his cloak--the one he wore from the east that he is still wearing with the addition of a little fur. He cut up so that he could only get him laughing but it looks just like him when we catch him in mischief.

Abbie and I were as tired when we got home as if we had done a washing. You don't know how I ache to bring them in to see you all, and every day I get more homesick to see you, my dear ones, and be with you all. I would insist on coming if Charlie wasn't so good to me. He does everything he can for me, and so I know he'd let me come if it was so he could. I shall set my heart on coming after the hot weather anyway, and if I do come then shall expect to stay all through the lonesome winter with you. I know you are a good sensible mother and will approve of my doing what I think is for the best; that is all we can do, you know, and trust it is for the best.

Charlie sent Lizzie a little birthday present the other day; I feel kind of bad about it for fear you folks would feel slighted, but you needn't, for your turn will come soon now. (~~What be where we get the dresses, from the Sherwood side?~~)

Abbie has said every day this week that she bet Em was sick, but I hope she isn't and that we will hear tomorrow that you are all right. I wish Em could look in here and see my room. It was as neat as wax an hour ago, but now James has everything he can reach thrown into the middle of the floor. He keeps things stirred up all of the time; I shall be glad when I can let him out of doors and let him run. Charlie thinks he grows to look like Nellie. I think we will probably call the baby Alice, although we really haven't decided yet.

Abbie took her red teagown down yesterday to have colored for a dress and it will make her a nice one. We are beginning to be troubled with moths and find it won't pay us to keep much ahead. I wish you would ask Anna if she can do anything with the waist she gave me; I've only worn it twice and its a good as new. I hate to have it lay around and be eaten up by moths. Tell her that the style here is to look as thin as a rail and a society lady was criticized in the papers the other day because she only wore tights under her ball dress to give her that effect.

How are Charlie and all or them, and have you heard from Mattie lately? Tell Grandma that I want her to see my babies dreadfully. I know she would love them. I wish you, she, and Em were out here this summer; can't you sell the house and come along? If I had money enough I would come after you quick I tell you. I think of something for you to tell father every time I write; I never shall realize until I come back that he is not there with you all. It must be so lonesome there without him.

The baby is worrying for her dinner, so I will close. With best love-----

Thursday Eve,

April 7, 1892.

My Dear Ones;

It is 9 p.m. and I've just gotten the baby in bed. She usually is tucked away before 7, but tonight seemed very wide awake for some reason or other. I think maybe her teeth are coming, for she acts like it, but at last I am at liberty for a little while and will start a letter to you. We have very busy days now, for we are both out of the notion of doing housework and it comes rather hard and we are pretty slow, but we manage to get through after a fashion. Today we got around so nicely that we had time to go out for a couple of hours (~~and we talk about being busy!~~) and give the babies an airing. It did them lots of good, but it made their ma feel rather weary to say the least.

C. comes home to luncheon now and we cook meat victuals three times a day, so you see we are not rolling in idleness. We have had miserable weather for a week or so and last night it snowed a little and hailed some, but I guess it won't compare with the hard storms in the east that have made such dreadful work. I am glad for you that summer is on the way, and when I think of how Oxford looks in the spring, when the trees are beginning to leaf out, it give me an awful "I-want-to-go-home" feeling.

I am glad you were pleased with baby's looks; everyone here says the photos do not do her justice. By the way, Em, I wish you would send me Lida Wheeler's address, and I will write to her and send her some photos. And another thing, you ask if I will accept of your chair for Alice, to which I reply that I should be only too glad of it if you can spare it, but I'd like to have you wait and give it to her when she is old enough so she can remember who gave it to her. But you can do just as you please about that, I merely suggest it. I wish you'd send me that baby picture of mine that was in your locket; I will return it

if you want me to. I like the bust picture of Nellie very much, only I don't think it does her justice, but the other one I can't see the first bit of likeness to her and should not have known it. Her hair has grown very fast and is lovely I think. Abbie and I take turns holding it and looking at it and talking about her. Tell her we are very proud of our little niece.

I wish some of you would write us something about Mattie, and when she expects to be sick. She owes me a letter, but I am going to write to her as soon as I can get the chance.

Mother, you don't know how much I think of you, and of the load of sorrow and loneliness you bear so bravely. Father's death has been harder for you than any of us, and yet you have been so brave and patient through it all. It seems as if I couldn't have it so, on your account, for I can't bear to think there is any sorrow for you to bear, and yet "earth hath no sorrows that heaven cannot heal" and I pray that the healing may come to you and to us all. I cannot realize that it is five months tomorrow since father died; Time passes so swiftly when we are so busy. There is scarcely an hour when I do not think of him and the many kind things he did for me when I was home.

I will finish this tomorrow, I am so sleepy-----

It is evening again and another day's work done and I can finish my letter. It seems as if James had been unusually mischievous today, but he is so cute one can't get vexed at him. He is learning to talk quite fast and tries to say everything that we do. How I wish you could all see him and enjoy his cunning ways with us. I've baked pies and cake today and had fairly good luck. This is my "poor day" and I don't feel much like writing, so will close. Every lovingly yours, Ida.

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Tacoma,

May 28, 1892.

My Dear Grandmother;

This afternoon while James is asleep I am going to try and write you a letter, all by yourself. You don't know how much I think of the pictures of you all taken in the sitting room at home. It is so natural of you and mother that it seems almost as if I was with you. James points you all out and calls you by name and he thinks that Nellie with her lamb in her lap is very funny.

Both of my babies have been sick this week with hard colic and the baby is teething besides. Night before last we got quite alarmed about her and sent for the doctor; he said she had symptoms of spasms. We doctored her pretty lively for awhile and now she is about well again. James coughs hard and cannot keep anything on his stomach at all and doesn't have any appetite to speak of. I wish you could see my babies, grandma. Everyone says the baby is "too sweet to live" (~~can't you see it?~~) and it makes me mad to have them say it. James has more characteristics developed, but he is just as cute and sweet as he can be. He talks everything most and makes some very queer speeches. Everytime Charlie starts downtown he runs to the door and tells him to bring "strawberry shortcake".

I have a good girl now, only she thinks she knows it all and you can't tell her anything, but she likes babies and is good to them, so that is a good deal. I get awfully lonesome since Abbie went to sewing, but she was so anxious to that I didn't want to hinder her. Charlie and I are invited to a swell wedding next Wednesday of one of the biggest men in Tacoma. It is James Ashton the lawyer for the N.P. railroad and is worth several hundred thousand. The big men here don't put on half as many airs as some of those upstarts back east like J.R. Van Wagoner with his little salary of a thousand a year; that is what I like about this country.

I got pretty well run down when I was doing my own work, but I am feeling better now. C. takes me a ride every day now when it is pleasant and it is doing me lots of good. Well, it is time for James to wake up, and the baby is fretting for her dinner, so I guess I will have to stop. James makes me rub his back just as you used to mine, and it makes me think of you every time I do it. How good you used to be to us children, you dear old soul; I have nothing but goodness to remember of you, All my love-----

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Tacoma,

June 29, 1892.

My Dear Sister;

Charlie and I are just in from a call on the Gillespie's and it is ten o'clock, but he has sat down to read awhile, so I am going to at least begin a letter to you all. We are pretty lonely here tonight, for Abbie took James this morning and went with Mrs. Squires and Sarah over to their summer home at Wollotchet, and they will not be home until Friday noon. I never was away from James but one night before, and you can't guess how I miss him. He went off so happily talking about the "steamboat" he was going to ride on. They started at eight o'clock, and just after they went Charlie and I drove out to Park Lodge and didn't get back until noon.

The cottage is still empty out there and the real estate man told C. last eve that there were three or four families that wanted it and the ones who got there first could have it. So we went right out and then came home and this afternoon have packed a load of furniture and sent, but we may not go until after the Fourth. It has been as hot here for the past week as it ever gets in Tacoma and the city water is so bad we are afraid we will all get sick. Out there we will have spring water and it will be such a luxury.

Abbie has been busy all the time, but now the work is slacking up for the dull season, so I think she will go with us. She may come in through the day and come out there nights.

Just as I was starting this morning the postman brought yours and mother's letters and Abbie got one from you Monday, so we have had a treat. Abbie cried all of the forenoon, Em, after getting your letter, to think you and mother were working for those who appreciated it so little. It made me so mad I could hardly contain myself. The most welcome news I have heard in a long time is that you have stopped doing Anna's washing. I have worried so about that; we won't let you lose anything by it. It looked so good to see some of mother's handwriting. Bless her sweet soul, it seems as if I could not wait any longer to see her.

Tell her James has not cried in the night for over a week now and we feel quite encouraged. We doctored him for worms, but it didn't do any good. I am just keeping him more quiet through the days and giving him a long nap, and it works like a charm. When I get him to sleep in the afternoon I have to tell him a long story about taking the steamer and going way back to grandma's house next summer, and he has got it all by heart and says "namba" (grandma) will give him "cookies and milk". He has something for each of you to do for him; he is awfully cute and sweet.

The baby has been sort of peevish, for her, lately, and I made up my mind that I didn't have milk enough for her, so I am feeding her Mellins food now and she is happy as can be. I have been quite a little, for me, lately. Last week Emma took me to the Matinee of the June Musical Festival and yesterday Mr. Hall took us on board the man of war, the Baltimore. The Commercial Club had a special invite and he is a member. It is the same ship they came near opening fire on at Valparaiso during the Chilean trouble; do you remember? The cannon throw a 240 lb. ball nine miles; how is that?

I tell you, Em, you'd appreciate Abbie if you could hear her make plans for you and her. She is trying her best to get to be where she can be a real help to you all, and I think she will succeed, for all that she has done work for have come the second time, and of that class of people that think nothing of paying a big price for work. She says she is going to have you come and help her; how would you like that?

I'd give anything in the wide world, if I possessed it, to have you, Mother and Grandma out here with us where you could enjoy our horse and home. I can see now that it is best, financially, that we waited before coming east for they say that during the World's Fair we will be able to get round trip tickets for \$60, and that is quite a little cheaper than \$125. I think Charlie is about as homesick to go east as I am for he talks about it a great deal and is all the while telling James what they will do back there.

I think the Catholics must like you pretty well and I am glad they do, for I know you are capable. I heard their big Professor Salmon play here the other day and I couldn't see as he played any better than you and he has \$2.50 for lessons. Charlie says "when Em comes" he is going to get a piano.

I think mother is very kind to let me have something of father's and I have thought of two things, either of which I'd like to have some time. Those things are one of his clarionets or that picture of me and his brother; am I asking too much? I can see him just as he looked playing the clarionet, and on how it made me feel to see him trying to play, the summer I was east, and not be able to get his breath! I can see him, too, just as he used to look mornings when he came in the bedroom and took James and started for the dining room where mother was. Dear old father, can it be I will never see him there again?

Tell mother I will write her as soon as I get settled at the lake and tell her not to feel hurt at anything Abbie wrote the other day, for she was very much wrought up.

I'd like to see one of my children talk to you as they allow Nellie to. But she isn't to blame; did she do well at the Academy?

My love to you all-----

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Big jump here (maybe you have some of them) to:

Oct. 17, 1892

My Dear Ones;

I finished just now a letter to Deak, and now I'm going to begin one to you, but I'm afraid I'm so sleepy I won't be able to finish it tonight. We didn't get any letter from you today, but we had a nice one from Em the last of last week, so I think you must all be well. I was not surprised to hear of Mrs. Judson's death after I heard of her fall for it didn't seem possible that a lady of her age could survive that. How Deak will miss her, won't she?

(Tuesday a.m.) I couldn't keep my eyes open to write any more last night and this morning I don't feel much better, for the baby kept us awake a good share of the night. There didn't seem to be much the matter with her, only restlessness, but it is so seldom that we hear anything from her after she is put to bed that I thought she must be sick.

We got your letter this morning, mother, and was glad as we always are to hear from you. You don't know how gladly I would come home for the winter if I could, but we couldn't raise the necessary money to come with now, even if everything else was favorable. It is a slack time now while they are changing judges and probably won't be any better until after the first of January. C. has some \$4000 owing him, but it is hard to collect anything just before election, so you see I'll have to wait. But I long to wrap you up in my arms, just as you do us, and I will hope the time will not be far distant when I can.

I am feeling pretty good now with the exception of my lame leg. I've had two rides in the last two weeks and that is the only time I've been out during that time, but it was not wholly because I don't feel well, but because I haven't anything to wear. Abbie is not sewing today, and she has gone down in the city to see what she can find me for a cloak and get me something to fix my dress. I sit here alone with my babies day after day, and try to imagine what it would be like to have you all here with me. Wouldn't it be nice, though? Abbie is very much better and I think she is coming out all right. I was worried about her at first, but now I think she is all right again. We have worries about C's rheumatism, but I think he must be better, or you would have said so.

Abbie and I laugh and say we wish Em could see this girl of mine work. She is certainly the slowest mortal I ever saw and she is just as particular. Everything has to be just so, and she tries to get James to go out in the back yard to eat so he won't muss up anything. She irons diapers just like napkins and piles them all up with the edges even, then I go and pull them out of the middle and muss them all up just to bother her. She is very pious, and she asked James the other day if he didn't want to be a good boy so he could go and live with the angels and he said, "haw!" I'm sure you'd think he was 4 years old instead of two; he appears so old.

I cannot realize that it is nearly a year since father was taken away; the time goes so fast! I know you must miss him more and more all of the time and I can't imagine what it will be like without his dear face in the old home. Does Grandma keep well all of the time? Tell her that James will sit on her lap and look at pictures just as Nellie used to. I will write Em soon, the dear old girl, how I want to see her. I'll have to stop now for it is lunch time. With best love-----

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Tacoma,

Nov. 28, 1892

My Dear mother;

We received your loving motherly letter this morning and I was very much grieved to know that you were feeling so poorly. I wish you would be more careful of yourself; if you are not I shall give up all hopes of ever seeing your dear face again. (how cheerful!)

I don't expect anything else than that you'll work yourself to death before we see

you again, but I do hope you will be careful for our sakes, for we long for you as much as you can possibly long for us. Ida says what makes you feel so bad about mother working as she wants things as they are and likes the work or else she wouldn't do it. And I guess that's about the way to look at it, isn't it?

I suppose you have got them paid once for what they did for you and now you are commencing and paying them over again. But I am forgetting myself; I made up my mind when Er wrote you were still boarding them that I wouldn't say another word in any way, and this is the last. Dear mother, do as you like and wish to, and in days to come I will bear the consequences and try to feel it is all right.

((You certainly got your disposition from Sherry, didn't you?))

We are so glad that Nellie is getting better. We worried a great deal about her. Make them be careful with her and not send her to school any more until another fall. Poor dear grandma, we were sorely grieved to hear she was so poorly. Tell her we talk about her very often and would give a good deal to see her dear face tonight. We think of all the kind and loving things she has done for us all and think she would enjoy little James and Alice if she was where they are. James would keep her busy telling him stories, I'm sure.

Ida and I are alone tonight; Charlie went to North Yakima Friday and we expected him home last night, but he telegraphed he wouldn't be home until sometime Wednesday. Ida's girl left yesterday; she was taken sick Saturday and thought she had better stop work for the winter and stay with her sister, as she was sick this same way all last winter. She was one of the se old growlers, and Ida said if there was any growling done she wanted to do it. So we have got to break in another girl; it makes it very bad for me for I was going to commence the wedding clothes today, and if I don't find a girl right away I shall have to give the work up, for the time is short that I have to do the work in. It will be a disappointment to me, for I need the money badly. I haven't anything to wear, and besides that I wanted some money to spend for Xmas, but it seems as though I always have less then than at any other time of the year.

We had a nice letter from Aunt Sue last week; we thought she had forgotten us, but am glad to find we are mistaken. I think I wrote you about our Thanksgiving; am glad you had someone with you, but suppose it was all work and not much pleasure for you.

You ask when Ida expects to be confined; she says not until February, but I don't think it will be long after New Year's day, and I wouldn't be surprised to have her taken sick any minute, for she looks as big as she ever did before. She said a few minutes ago how would you like to have me sick tonight, and what would you do? I think I could get the guests here in a hurry and get along all right, so I don't worry much, but still would be glad if it was all over with.

The regular passenger train on the Northern Pacific was held up and robbed the other night; over thirteen hundred dollars taken from the passengers, besides watches and other jewelry. How would you like to have been on the train?

We have had several cases of smallpox here; I went by the block where it was several times, but thought nothing of it. I have not any fear of it whatever; suppose if the health officer knew I had never been vaccinated he would be after me, but I never will be if I can avoid it. Olive Squires has had running sores ever since she was vaccinated and I'd just as soon have smallpox as that.

Well, I must say goodnight for this time; with an abundance of love for each and all. Your loving daughter,

Abigail.

Tacoma,

Dec. 23, 1892

My Dear Ones;

I haven't written you in some time because I've been so busy getting ready for Xmas, but this morning we have come to a standstill for want of materials, so I'll devote the time to you. We're having a great time here, for us, for Tuesday night about 18 inches of snow fell and we are having a genuine winter. It is raining this morning and the snow is melting and that is the best thing about it in this country, that is, that it doesn't stay long. It has made great work, for it has stopped all the electric and cable cars and they are only just getting started again.

I want to go down town, but it is so slippery Charlie won't let me. We have been getting ready for our Xmas tree, and have wished so often you could all be here to enjoy it with us. Although we grown people don't expect to get anything. I've made candy bars, strung popcorn, and such light work as I could do sitting down. We are going to have it before daylight Sunday, for the children are awake every morning at that time, and I thought it would be better than keeping them up at night, for James doesn't sleep good after any excitement. ((That's probably where our Xmas morning tree custom started))

We sent you all, and Fred's folks, just a little token that I hope will reach you safely, and mother, I sent you the first one or a year's subscription to the home Journal and wills end the next number with this.

I can't begin to tell you how badly we felt to hear that grandma had had such a bad spell, but I think she must be better or you would have written again. I wish I could be there to do something for her, and to help you all, and I hope to be before long, but of course I can't tell. I am feeling pretty well now, but don't rest good nights and it makes me lazy through the day. I took care of Alice up to a week ago, nights, but had to give it up. I hope you'll like her pictures; they look just like her, only larger and older than she does, and then she has pretty red cheeks, that don't show, of course. It was Charlie's idea sending Em the picture and frame and I hope she'll like it. I thought maybe she'd like something else better, but thought I wouldn't say anything.

Tell grandma, for me, that I want to see her awfully and I think of her all of the time. I was sorry to hear of Mrs. Hamilton's death, and can't help but think what a lonesome Xmas it will be for Addie. Did Will postpone his marriage?

I'm glad, mother, that you enjoyed your visit at Fred's and that he has such nice boys. I want to see them all so much. How nice and thoughtful it was of Nellie to take such good care of grandma the day she was sick; it makes me want to hug her.

Charlie is to move his office Jan. 1st into a much better block, a new, fireproof one, right on the cable line home. I told him if he'd go to the World's Fair and bring you all back with him that I wouldn't ask to go. Would you come? I haven't time to write more, for I have some odd jobs to do and some mending. I wish Em was here to help fuss with our tree, for I enjoy it and I know she would.

With best love and a Merry Xmas----

Tacoma,  
March 21, 1893-

My Dear Ones;

Abbie got a nice letter from mother last night and I think we have had a nice one from Em since we have written you. This morning while Abbie is washing the baby I'll see what I can do toward answering them.

Charlie bought James an express cart, last week, and I've fixed him and sent him out to play with that, and we have tied Alice in a chair in the window to watch him and keep her out of mischief, so I guess I can write undisturbed for a few minutes. I am feeling pretty well now; that is I have no aches or pains, but I am not so very strong and a very little tires me all out.

I don't have enough milk for the baby, so we are feeding her condensed milk, too, and she is as happy as can be. If she thrives on it I shall wean her altogether for I want to get strong enough to do my own work and save that little \$20 we have to pay a girl every month.

I must tell you what a time I had Sunday. Abbie went to church and Charlie went down town, and I had the babies all up here in the front room. After awhile the baby needed some milk and I hurried down in the kitchen and fixed it, and when I got back upstairs I wish you could have been with me and seen James and Alice. One of them had climbed up and gotten a bottle of castor oil that I bought the day before, and James had soaked Alice's head and his own, and it was running all over their faces and mouths; the floor was covered, too. Such a time as I had cleaning them up, and they both took colds having their heads washed, and they got enough of it down so it physicked them good. That is one of the times that "try zen's souls", but I couldn't help but laugh when I saw them. James put his arms around my neck and kissed me with this greasy face and said, "I won't do so any more, Mama" in such a forlorn way that I couldn't scold them. I guess they got enough of it, and they

Tacoma, Wash-  
January 9-1893.

My dear Mother and All:- Abbie is going downtown with James and the baby is asleep so I am going to seize the few moments of quiet to write you a little letter. I wonder what you will think of the last letter I sent you! The next day after I sent it, I found the last page here in my writing pad and I think it must have ended rather abruptly. I often wonder though how I do as well as I do, for James and Alice always help(?) me every time I write a letter. I will send the "last page" with this and the next time I will try and keep my wits about me. Charlie is out again but is not at all well and looks quite miserably. He has medecine of the doctor and I think will come out all right after a time, for I think it is mostly billiousness that ails him. Both of the children have hard colds in their heads and are not as good natured as they might be. Abbie is quite well, and I am getting so lazy and shiftless that I think it must be nearly time for me to be sick and I look for it most anytime now. I have a good nurse engaged, one who has had eleven children herself, and Dr. Allen is to attend me. He is the doctor the Life Insurance company employed for C when he hurt his should, a middleaged man and well liked, so I think there is no reason why I should not come through all right- Do you? Yesterday was a lovely Sunday here. Abbie went to church and Charlie and I took the children and went over and walked and sat in the park. I see in some parts of New York State you've been having a blizzarâ but I hope it did not reach Oxford and you- After our little experience here with a snow storm it seems to me as if I never wanted to see any more of the "beautiful". I think Em is getting a good deal of praise lately, through the Times, and I know she deserves it.

I'd give a good deal to hear her play today or any other day, for that matter, for I get lonesome for some music.

I am anxious to get sick and then well again for then I can tell something about whether I can get home again this summer and when. C says he can't come until June and I awfully want him to go when we do. By that time though it will be too hot to travel with children so I don't know what we can do. But I'm not going to worry about it for I think it will all come right in time. I'm so glad grandma is feeling better and I hope she won't have another poor spell this ~~summer~~ winter. Tell her we think about her lots and always with love. Fred wrote about how glad he was to have you come down there and make a visit, mother, and how he wished he could have made it pleasanter for you. They seemed quite pleased with the trinkets we sent them for Christmas. I hope you get your home Journal all right and that it is acceptable.

I wish C. W.S. would write to us. I'm going to him soon- I'm so proud of the step he has taken that I'm afraid I can't find words to express myself- But I think of him all the time. I hope you are feeling well, mother, and that you are careful with yourself. I was quite amused with at what Em wrote, in, that you wouldn't go back of James' looks for Alice. That is just the way Abbie talks. I think ~~that~~ James is just as good looking a boy, as she is a girl. But he is growing more boyish looking all the time and is looking less like a baby every day. He has a very thoughtful little face and beautiful eyes. I'm not at all ashamed of either one of them.

look like greased pigs yet.

Since I began this letter and old lady, Mrs. Mather, has been here and taken James and I a short ride, the first one I have had. I have been out on the walk and taken exercise and that is all I've been out since Xmas.

Charlie thinks it will be impossible for me to come east with these three babies and we can't just see where the money is coming from to come with, but I'm in hopes we can manage it somehow, only if we can't we will all have to be brave and bear the disappointment the best we can. If it should make any of you sick it would almost kill me. I've lain awake nights worrying about it on your account as well as our own. Charlie says he would make any sacrifice to have you all see these babies, and I know he would, so I don't feel as if it would be right to fret him about it, for I know he will send us if he can.

If we can't come this summer we shall come in the fall and spend the winter. Charlie thinks it would cost us a thousand dollars to all go east this summer and that is more than we could raise and you know it takes ready cash to travel.

But don't you worry or feel bad, any of you, for something may turn up yet. I've hated to tell you so that I've not written just on that account, and you can't have the blues over it any more than I have had. We will just hope for the best, won't we? I want you to write me what you need to wear for the summer, you, grandma and Em, and I will try and send you at least some of the things, for there will be someone coming that we can send by, I'm sure.

I am glad, mother, that you went up to Mr. Gates' and that grandma could go out to tea with Mrs. Marden, for I know it did you both good. I'm so tired of staying at home I don't know what to do, but I hope to get out some before long, when I get my clothes in order.

Did Abbie write you about the pull-back I had when I was sick? Doctor Allen told the nurse to give me douche baths and gave her some small pellets of a carbolic acid mixture to dissolve in the water. I had them after Alice was born, and they did me so much good. We began using them the Friday after the baby was born, twice a day. The following Sunday night I was taken with a fearful pain across my bowels. The nurse put on mustard, but it didn't seem to do any good, so I told C. I guess he would have to go for the doctor. Well, he came and was here more than an hour fussing with me and was very much puzzled as to what ailed me. To make a long story short we found out that the nurse had dissolved those pellets in a tin wash basin and they had taken the tin all off of it in other words, I had been poisoned. You never saw two such frightened looking people as Charlie and Abbie were, but I came out all right, only I am sore there yet. My nurse was not as intellectual as she might have been and we were quite disappointed in her.

We weighed the baby this morning without clothes and she weighed just eleven lbs. That is pretty good for a month old baby, isn't it?

(( You see I got a good start! ))

Now that she is bleaching out she has a lovely skin and her eyes are as blue as can be. Her hair is not red but a golden and I guess she'll look as well as any of them in time.

(( Oh? Seems to me she looks better. ))

I will have to stop now, and I haven't written half I wanted to. Tell Em I dream about her and that Catholic priest most every night. How I do want to see you all! I get so homesick for the sight of some of you I can hardly contain myself; I wish you could come and spend the summer with us.

With best love to you all, Ida.

Tacoma,

April 18, 1892-

My Dear Mother;

I think I sent my last letter to Em, so I'll inscribe this one to you, and I hope it will find you all well and happy. We have all been sick for the past week with hard colic, but as some better tonight. Charlie brought home with him from Yakima, and we all seem to have taken it from him, excepting the baby. Mine started on Saturday with a sick headache and I'm just beginning to feel better and like myself.

Week before last the baby cried most of the time because she was so constipated, and I made up my mind it must be the condensed milk, so I changed to Mellin's Food, and you couldn't ask for a better baby than she is now, and she grows pretty every day, and I shouldn't wonder if she were the best looking one of them all.

(( (Hush)))

Last Sunday we put James in kilts and blouse waists, and he is the prettiest little fellow you ever saw. I took him down Saturday and had his hair cut to comb "pompadour" and so he won't wear bangs any more if we can make it stay back, and it has made a bona fide boy of him.

Abbie is pretty mad, for she went to get weighed the other day and "tipped the beam" at 147. She says she is going to run up and down these hills every day and see if she can't get thin. I weighed 112, and that is a good weight for me, you know.

You can't imagine, mother, how pleased we were to hear that Charlie had united with the church, and I wish you'd tell him so for me, for I don't know when I'll get a chance to write to him. I think it will be the means of Fred's doing the same, and then won't you be glad, mother, that your children are all "safe within the fold"? I've seen and heard lots of new beliefs out here, but the old fashioned religion I think is the best of all. I think it is so noble of Charlie to take such a step; give him my love and tell him I think there is lots of happiness in store for him in his new life.

We haven't made any further arrangements about coming east, but some of us will certainly come if it is a possible thing. Tell Em I thought sh'd rather see some of us than none of us. I will stay and let Abbie come in my place, only Charlie and I, you know, could occupy the same berth and save quite a little. Abbie can come any time you want her to, only I don't like to tell her so for fear she'll think we don't want her to stay here. I don't know what I should do without her, but if you need her I could manage in some way, I guess.

I was sorry to hear Uncle M. was so low; poor old fellow, who can tell what he may have suffered to make him as he has been. I think Aunt Lucy would miss him more than she thinks. Em wrote that you were not very well, mother, but I hope you are feeling better. I wish I could be there with my babies to cheer you up, for I think they could do it. Abbie and I laugh sometimes when they are all crying at once, and say we guess you'd get cheered up if you could hear them. I dreaded March and April for you and grandma, but now settled weather is near at hand I'm in hopes you'll both feel better.

I have a new dress and will send you a piece of it in this. The gray is the right side; it is quite pretty made up. Well, I haven't said half I wanted to, but will write again soon. God bless you all, and keep you till we meet again, is the prayer of  
Your loving Ida.

Tacoma,

July 19, 1893

My Dear Mother;

I rec'd your letter last week and started to answer it the same day, but was interrupted and this is the first chance I've had since when I was not too tired to write. I've not been feeling at all like myself for the past ten days. I had a swollen jaw all of last week and now that swelling is down and I have neuralgia in the place of it. But I keep busy most of the time at something. Last week I made jelly and tomorrow I am going to make some more. I've put up two crates of strawberries, too. Fruit is very cheap here, and you can get all the strawberries you want at 50¢ and 75¢ a crate, and I feel as if I ought to make the most of it, for you know C. about lives on fruit. I bought my currants of the next door neighbor who has bushes, and my jelly looks nice, but you know I'm not much used to doing such things and I never know how they are coming out until they are done.

((Must be where I get it))

C. laughs at me so much about trading at second hand stores that I must tell you what I did. I needed some jelly tumblers and they were 60¢ a dozen at the stores, so I went to a second hand store and got 15 for a quarter. Isn't that pretty good managing? This afternoon I'm going to make rootbeer for Charlie; the water is horrid here and we can scarcely drink it in the summer.

I was so glad, mother, to hear you were not any worse and a little better. For I was afraid you might have another sick spell like the one you had before I was home. I think about you all of the time and would give anything if I could see you and the rest of the dear ones.

The house is very quiet here this forenoon for Abbie is out with the baby and Alice is asleep. The baby grows pretty all of the time. Alice has the sweetest disposition of any baby I ever saw. ((Oh?)) If you catch her in mischief she will roll her great big eyes up at you and throw a kiss. She is so fond of kissing that she will go up to strange

men on the sidewalk and put up her hand to her face ((Still would if she dared!))

James is a nervous little fellow, and some days everything bothers him. He talks all of the while at home, but if I take him out he won't say a word. But he's an awful good little fellow and will come in from his play and come way upstairs to kiss the baby. He gets right into his own bed all alone nights and goes right to sleep, but I've worked with Alice some nights until ten o'clock getting her to sleep. She isn't cross, but is so full of everything that she has an idea she hasn't time to do everything she wants to do and sleep to. ((Gotten over that, haven't you?))

James went to a little party yesterday; there were about 18 children there. We had to tease him a long time before he would go. C. spoke about taking him to the circus the other day and he got so nervous over it that he won't go anywhere with us yet until we assure him that we are not going to a circus. I'm in hopes he will outgrow it, and I think he will.

I am glad you did not send James any birthday present for you need what little you have yourself and, too, he has more playthings than he knows what to do with now.

I wish I could be there with you all now. I suppose it is pretty hot, but I'd try awfully hard to stand it if I could be with you. We have some quite warm days but in the afternoon the cool breeze from the Olympics and sound comes up so that you can't sit out without something around you.

Abbie is going out and I want her to mail this, so will have to stop. Tell grandma I think she is quite smart, and hope she will keep so. Love to each and all----

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Tacoma,

Oct. 3, 1893

My Dear Mother;

I think I sent my last letter to Em, so this shall be inscribed to you. Abbie has just gone to take Alice and James for a walk and baby and I are all alone, and consequently I think I will have a quiet half hour to talk to you. I am not feeling "very better", as James says, and I have been in the house most of the time for over a week with a hard cold. I've had a Doctor twice and he said my cold had run into catarrh. I am feeling very much better today, so I guess I'll pull through all right.

George's people invited us all out to their place to dinner Sunday, but it was a bad day to take Alice and the baby, so just Charlie, James and I went. I think it would have been better for me if I had staid at home, for it didn't do my cold any good. They have a very pleasant new home and things in much better shape than they ever did before. They are way out in Mason's Addition, some six miles from where we live, but you can go in a half hour on the electric car.

It has rained for several days now and I guess our rainy weather is upon us. I dread it this year as I never did before.

I'm glad Em had a visit from Clara and I wish I could have been there, too, for I should have liked to see her so much. I miss not seeing people that I have always known. I had a nice letter from Fred and Hattie since Charlie and Nellie were down there; they seemed so pleased to think he made them such a nice visit. You don't know how much I want to see you all and visit with you. I dream about you all so often and most every night I have such good visits with father in my dreams, and they seem so real.

How are you and grandma now? I am going to try and help you pay your debt when I get the family clothed up for winter. It takes all the ready money to do that and buy provisions now. I've just finished the children's flannels for the winter. I made them out of some of Charlie's and they are much better than I could buy for them, unless I paid a big price. Charlie wants to move into a larger house where we can have a furnace and then he thinks we won't have so many colds. We are crowded now and I am puzzled to know where I am going to have the children sleep this winter and keep them warm. You see the whole lower part of our house isn't as large as your sitting and dining rooms, and the chambers are the same.

C. is very busy in court all the time, and works in the office until eleven every night. He has worked every night for nearly three weeks; he didn't expect to have much work until the first of Jan. so he is quite agreeably surprised.

I'll send the Home Journal with this; I've had it several days, but kept forgetting to send it. The children have "read" it until there isn't much left of it. This is the best I can do until my head feels better. With best love-----

Tacoma,  
Nov. 16, 1893.

My Dear Em;

Abbie and I have been waiting to answer the letter we got from you Monday until we could get down town and get you a little something for your birthday. It was pleasant this morning, so James and I went down and bought the enclosed which I hope you will like. I couldn't think of anything else, and I know gloves always come handy.

We are none of us very good natured, for we all have colds, but not very hard ones and I guess we will come out all right. The baby sits here beside me on the floor Alice is asleep and James is downstairs, bothering Bertha, I suppose, so for a wonder it is quiet enough to write.

Charlie is so busy now that we hardly see him at home. He doesn't get home to lunch and some of the time not to dinner, and he works all of the evening, coming in usually after we are all in bed, and has to hurry away in the morning. It makes it pretty lonesome, but I suppose it must be long that he will be so busy.

I wish we could all be with you during the holidays; I don't know what we will do for Thanksgiving. We're all invited to the Gillespie's last year and I was going to have them here this year, but Mrs. G. expects to be confined any day now, so I don't think she can come. I expect to have a little Xmas tree for the children, and I want to tell you all, right here, that I don't want you spending any money buying presents for us. You need all that you earn yourself, and it makes me feel guilty to have you spend anything for us.

We were quite surprised to read in the Seattle paper the other night that Norval and his wife had left for Chicago bag and baggage. There seems to be an air of mystery about the affair. Of course he wasn't obliged to tell us he was going, but it would have been a little more polite in him, I think, seeing we've entertained him so much.

How are mother and grandma? I just ache to see them, and you, too, Em. Won't we have lively times when we can come home with these babies? I hope we can before many months. I can't write any more in this for I want to send it so you will get it for your birthday. Abbie and I will both try to help with the stones for father's grave; will send as soon as we can possibly get it. Write as often as you can-----

Sunday Afternoon,  
Feb. 4, 1894

My Dear Ones;

It is a little quieter just now than usual, so I will begin a letter to you all. I am not feeling so very good today, for I overdid yesterday. Saturday is such a busy day here with all of our baths to see to, and then Abbie and I went down town in the afternoon to do a little shopping and it always tires me all out to do that. So this rainy Sunday finds me without ambition and very stupid, and I guess you'll find this a stupid letter. Abbie and James have been to church and Sabbath school; James said his golden text to the school and we feel quite proud of him for he is the youngest pupil there. He has always been bashful about talking away from home, so I think it will be a good thing for him to gain a little more confidence in himself.

We are all usually well. I feel good most of the time and wouldn't be at all afraid to undertake the trip home, on my own account, providing you want me to come after you read Abbie's letter. I am still of the opinion that we will come east and Abbie and I plan for it all the daytime and I dream about it every night. I would rather come in a better state of health, for I hate to impose any such dirty job on all of you, but I've made up my mind that if I don't come in that condition I never will come, for it seems to be the lot marked out for me. I've been pretty blue over it this time and it seems as if I could not have it so, but that don't seem to help matters any. I shouldn't have worried you all in regard to it if it hadn't been for coming home.

I should think that CMS's offer for the lots was a good one, although I don't know what things are worth there now. Of course in dealing with one of our own family we would want them to get a good bargain as well as grandma and mother; one that suited all around, you know. I've tried to think out some way to pay mother's debts for her, but I can't see

just how to do it and I think Charlie's offer is a good one if it just gives her ease of mind if nothing more, don't you?

We have got lots of sewing to do if we come east, and we are going to try and do it all except clothes that I will have to have after I'm sick. I'm hemstitching Ruth some little dresses, the first one has ever had made especially for her.

((and probably the last))

James everyday waists we have nearly done, then I'm going to hemstitch him some for best. We have let them get pretty low, just so we could have everything new and nice when we come home. So if you don't get letters as often as you think you ought you will know we are rushing things so we can come and see you. Doctor thought if I had any more trouble it would probably come at the seventh month, so I would have to wait until after that period before I could start.

You don't know how I long for home and the sight of all your dear faces during these long tedious months. Charlie wants us to go and wants us to stay, too, but says I can do just as I like. He is a dear good man and does all he can to make us all happy. I hate to leave him here alone and sometimes I think I won't, but I want to see you all so much that if he keeps well I shall be tempted to leave him.

I am really too lazy to write any more today. We all send lots of love-----

Tacoma,

March 4, 1894

My Dear Mother;

I don't think any of us wrote you all of last week, but I hope you won't feel neglected for there is so much to do all of the while that the time passes before we know it. We are all usually well but Charlie, and he doesn't feel a bit good and has to work so hard that he doesn't get time to get well. I think, though, that when the weather gets better that he will feel all right again. We've had a very backward spring so far, fully a month behind what we've ever had it here since I came, and I think if it ever warms up again we will all appreciate it.

I am feeling first rate now, and if I get through this month all right and can get the "wherewithal" to come on I shan't be afraid to start east. Of course I can't tell anything about it yet, but we are kind of making preparations at a slow rate to come and see you.

I got Charlie's letter and was glad to hear from him. He doesn't write very often and when the letter came it sort of startled me for fear some of you were sick. Charlie said today he thought it would be better for you all if we didn't come because you would all feel so badly when we had to come away again. But I feel as if even a few months with you all would do me a lot of good; I sit here and think about you all so much. Abbie goes out a good deal now and that leaves me alone with the children and I get pretty blue for I am always thinking about how much I would enjoy sitting down and visiting with you, and having Em to watch the children perform with me.

Abbie is going to the Ladies' Musical this afternoon. Last week she was in some tableaux at Chickering Hall. Tomorrow there's a mother's tea at the church parlors to which I'm invited to come and bring three dozen tongue sandwiches. They are very social in the church and I like them first rate.

I went out to Mrs. Griffin's one day last week and spent the afternoon. I was embroiderying a great big doylie with the border worked in buttonhole stitch and I had it nearly done, but I lost it on the car somewhere, and my scissors, too, and that's the last I've seen of it. I was provoked because I don't get much time for fancy work.

I should be only too glad to have Chub meet us somewhere if we come, and you tell him so, and mother when you know that we are on the way don't you go to housecleaning or let Em. Just take things easy and don't make any preparations for us; I just want you all to be rested and ready for a good visit. We saw the puff in the paper that the Catholics gave Em and we were very proud of it and of her.

Tell grandma there'll be enough babies this time so she can have one all to herself. James has learned a little song at Sunday school and he and Alice sing it. They don't get any tune ((as usual)) but it sounds sweet anyway. I hope if I bring them east Em will teach them to sing. I must close for it is time for the postman. We will keep you posted in regard to our plans. Love-----

Tacoma,

May 23, 1894

My Dear Em;

We are through with our work early this morning and I have no sewing on hand so I'll scribble off a few lines to you. But you mustn't expect it to be interesting for I've nothing in particular to write about. I'm still sitting around waiting, and if anyone had told me I'd not be sick before this time I'd have laughed at the idea. I tell you, Em, I feel pretty miserable, and now that we are having quite warm weather I can hardly get around. I am so suffocated, but I do keep going and I have only lain down a few times in the day time since I've been this way. You, who have never been with so many little ones, cannot imagine how much there is to do for them in the course of a day.

We rec'd a letter from you Monday and was glad to get it I tell you. I don't blame you a bit for getting discouraged at times. I appreciate what you are doing for mother and grandma and sometime I know you will be repaid for it all.

Charlie thinks we will all get east sometime before winter, and says he shall go for good if things do not get better here. But I am not going to count on going any more. However, if there is a chance I will be one of the first ones to get my things on, you better believe. You can't imagine the longing I have for home and all of you.

Bertha came in from the kitchen yesterday laughing, to tell me what she heard James tell Alice out in the back yard. He said, "Alice, I see someone coming right out of that hood-shed with a new baby, and it is God, ain't you glad?" He is such a funny fellow to talk. The other night Alice insisted on Charlie undressing her and hearing her say her prayers and she wound up with "God bless Alice Eaton, 712 South J Street!" C. thought she was wise to give her address.

I just stopped writing long enough to help get James and Alice ready to go down town with Abbie. They looked very sweet when they started; James is prouder than Alice and he found a great deal of fault with me because I put his hat on so the ribbons hung down in the back instead of over one ear where he thinks they look very tony. Abbie was introduced to a lady that goes to the Cong. Church the other day and she says I've so glad to meet you, Miss Sherwood, for I've long wanted to speak to that "sweet little boy" that comes to church with you. There's a man here that told C. the other day his wife was very indignant. He said she got on a car with her little girl, who is a beautiful child, and someone asked her if that was C.B. Eaton's little girl. She said people seemed to think no one could have beautiful children but Charlie Eaton's folks. We had quite a laugh over it.

Tell mother not to get blue and disheartened, but to keep well and happy and everything will come out all right I am sure. That's the way I try to feel. Dear soul, I know she must be lonely, for I can't bear to think of what it would be without Charlie. You can't imagine how good he is to me and how pleasant he tried to make everything. Mother must miss father so, for you know, Em, its the strongest and dearest tie on earth. Cheer her up all you can and let me know how I can help.

I told C. about your buying the stones for the cemetery and he said I'd ought to help and that he'd give me some money as soon as he could to send you. I don't think you ought to have the whole burden of everything and if I could afford it I would give Abbie twice as much so she could help, but you know she doesn't like to do housework, and I can't do it now, and I can't afford to do any more for her and keep a girl too. It worries me all the time, and I hope sometime I can do more for all of you. Tell Grandma I wish she'd come to live with me just to tell the children stories, for they are at me all the time.

Well, my back aches, so I will have to stop. My best love to all----

Friday Eve,

Sept. 7, 1894

My Dear Mother;

The children are all stowed away in bed once more, and I guess I'll improve the quiet moments by writing you a few words. I am pretty tired tonight, for I've had a busy day; been helping Bertha put up fruit, besides the regular and steady employment of tending baby and the other children. Baby was a little ailing last night, I guess he had the stomach ache, and I had to be up with him, and that has made the work seem hard today. Its the first night I've ever been out of bed with him so I don't think I ought to complain.

We've had lots to do since we came home from the country and there is lots of sewing to be done, therefore I think the next few months will be busy ones.

I am feeling the best I have felt in years and weigh 107 lbs., the most I've ever weighed that I remember. Every one says I look better every baby I have, so maybe if I have several more I'll get to be real handsome, who knows?

We've not heard from any of you in two weeks I think, and I hope none of you are sick. I think if you were you would certainly let us know in some way. I suppose the babies take up a good deal of your time, and you can't imagine how I do want to see them. Fred wrote to me, and in his droll way wanted to know if I didn't think Charlie and Anna were getting "real reckless." We laughed so over that. I hope they'll both live, for they'll be too sweet for anything when they get to be a year or two old. I think Ruth and my baby are worse than twins to care for, because Ruth is jealous of any attention we show baby and will hardly let us touch him.

We call Alice our "new boy" now for we had her hair scingled last week. It did not grow and was very uneven, so we thought it better be done now than to wait until she was older. She has a one-legged rubber doll that she and her father take walking around the block in the evening, for she says she thinks "plenty of fresh air will make that other leg grow in." ((Comment in Dad's handwriting: "a nut even then.))

Abbie was teaching James the golden text the other night--"God so loved the world that he--" etc., and James said "that he gave his only big rotten son!"

The kindergarten teachers are all after me to send James this fall, but C. thinks he is too young, and besides it is quite expensive, being a dollar a week. Abbie sits here making James a pair of pants; she is looking well and feeling well. My good girl, Bertha, that I've had nearly two years, is going to be married, and so I've got to break in a new one or do my own work, and I think I'll try the latter and see if I can do it for a change.

And now, how are all you dear ones? I think sometimes-often- that if I could only see some of the dear home faces my cup of joy would be running over. I long so to be with you all once more. I hope that Dr. will cure Em; I've been so anxious to hear from her in regard to the matter. Don't you get downhearted, mother, and take good care of yourself, and things will come out all right I'm sure, Give love to Charlie, Anna, and "the girls all three" and tell them to let us hear from them often. When I come home we'll have a baby show, won't we?

I send you lots of love, dear mother-----

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June 4, 1894-

(Got this out of order it seems)

My Dear Mother and All;

We rec'd a nice letter from Em this morning, the one written the 25th of May, and we were oh so glad to get it. It was a long time overdue, for it was the first eastern mail we have had in Tacoma in a week. It has been so warm that the snow in the mountains melted and caused so many floods that the trains have been very irregular. I hope they'll get straightened out before long, for it is so lonesome when we can't hear from you often.

Jell! I'm still sitting around waiting, hanging off just as I did with James, and you don't know how tired I am of it. It seems sometimes as if I should fly. I don't feel very good, and today I have had to sit on a pillow most of the time because it hurt me so without. I am lame and have cramps, too, and I shall be so glad when I am through once more. The nurse and Dr. are both getting anxious, but not any more so than I am, I assure you.

Abbie has taken James and Alice down to church this afternoon, to practise for Children's Day. It would have done your heart good if you could have seen them start they were so proud with their good clothes on. James said he wouldn't march with them unless Alice could go and march with him, for he didn't like those other girls.

Ruth is rolling around here on the floor, kicking up her heels and enjoying herself at a great rate. She is a good little thing, but once in awhile you ought to see how spunky she gets. She'll scream until her face is purple, but won't shed a tear. I think she looks like Charlie Sherwood, for she has just such a lovely skin as he always had, and if she doesn't freckle she will be a little beauty.

((But she freckled!))

What is the matter with Doc's wife; is she so awfully sick, or just lazy? One

needn't expect to get strong if she mopes around in one room all the time. She has more cheek than I have to go back there among strangers to be sick. I wish, Em, that I could go to the Jubilee with you; it would seem so good to see some familiar faces again. Write me all about it, who is there and everything.

I must tell you that Saturday evening we had a regular old fashioned eastern thunder shower here, before it began to rain. I sat downstairs in the window and James was on the porch alone. There came a most terrific flash of lightening and struck the electric wires in the next block, cutting two of them. There was an explosion like a cannon: James gave the most horrible scream you ever have heard and I rushed for him, but I'm glad to say he was only frightened. It took every bit of strength out of me and I didn't get over it all that evening. It was the worst storm ever known here and did a great deal of damage. One lodging house was blown all to pieces and five people injured, some of them fatally.

I am sorry for Anna and should think she would have to be pretty careful. Tell her to go slow and be as patient as she can. I am sorry, too, that grandma feels so poorly. Tell her I want to see her awfully and send her lots of love. I will send the magazine with this, mother. I thought I had sent the last Scribner's until I found it tucked away with some other books yesterday; you must make allowances for my shiftlessness.

We are having all the peas, string beans, strawberries and such things that we want now and I think of you all every time we eat. Charlie made a lot of Hires Rootbeer the other day, and it is delicious. It is quite cheap to make; why don't you try making some? It gives me an appetite when everything else fails.

Uncle Jim has been so good to you, hasn't he? What a dear old fellow he is, and how I'd like to see and thank him. Well, I will have to stop now and rest up; I was going to write to Charlie's mother, too, but guess I will have to postpone it till another day. I send all lots of love-----

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Sept. 25, 1894

My Dear Ones;

The sad news reached us about ten o'clock this morning. Abbie spoke to me and said there was a messenger boy at the front door, and before I even read the message I knew that dear old grandma had gone from us, and there was one more vacant chair in the old home.

I've prayed that I might see her once more on earth, but it seems it was not to be, but oh, I want to so much. I can't imagine how it seems there with father and grandma gone and I am so sorry for you, mother, for I think the blow falls harder on you than the rest of us. I can't mourn for grandma because I believe in a better world beyond, and in the midst of our own grief and loneliness comes the thought that, free from sorrow and pain, grandma, with youth restored, is once more happy. Don't you think, so, mother? But I do mourn for your sorrow and loneliness and only wish I could be with you through the trials and sorrows of these days, and help you. We first thought we would telegraph, but telegrams are so uncertain, we thought we would write instead.

I hope grandma did not have to suffer at the last. We rec'd mother's letter yesterday and she said the day she wrote that grandma only sat up a few minutes, so we were somewhat prepared for the sad news. But I can't realize that there is such a change in the old home. It is so hard to be way off here and just sit and think about you all, but I'm sure you have kind friends there to relieve you in your hour of distress and I am sure they will. I would like to kiss the dear old face once more; God grant we shall meet again where there are no more partings-----

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September 25, 1894

My Dear Mother;

We received the telegram a little while ago, bearing the sad news of our Grandmother's death. How I wish I could be there to be with you during these sad, lonely days of affliction. My heart swells with love and pain everytime I think of the dear old soul.

I sat by the window holding the baby and saw the messenger boy coming and watched him all the way down the street and when he turned up the steps I felt in a moment what had occurred. I cannot wish her back to suffer longer, mother, but oh I did so hope I

could see you all again before any more were taken away. I received your nice long letter yesterday morning, and you said in that that grandma had only sat up a few moments that day. We have read and reread the telegram, trying to find out more as one always does, but only the brief sad facts are there. Another dear one gone to swell the souls on high. I hope some of you will write soon and tell us all the particulars. I suppose Charlie will bear the expense of the funeral in pay for the land as you wrote he agreed to. So you will not have anything to worry about on that score.

Charlie has been expecting some money from the east from someone that owes him, and said I could have some when he got it, but it doesn't seem to come as he expected. I wish to goodness I could do something so I could see some money oftener than once a year.

I will be with you in thought during all these sad hours-----

Abigail.

Monday Aft.,  
Oct. 1, 1894

My Dear Mother and Sister;

We rec'd Em's letter written a week ago telling about grandma. Dear old soul, she is at rest at last, and I can't help but feel that it is best, and it would be wrong to wish her back. It is a very comforting thought that at the last she did not have to suffer any violent pain, but just went to sleep, to wake up where there is no more pain or sorrow. I think so long as Mother and her grandchildren live we shall never forget the loving, unselfish example she has set for us. I wish I had been kinder and more thoughtful of her, but perhaps she knows now and will forgive us for all we neglected to do for her.

It is a gloomy afternoon, dark and rainy, and I'm alone with the children, for Abbie has gone to a church meeting, and I am awfully lonesome. I stay alone a great deal and get pretty gloomy. I think a change of some kind would do me good, but don't know how I can get it. Charlie is nearly always at home in the evening and if it wasn't for that I don't know what I should do.

We are all usually well; the children are troubled with a bowel trouble, but nothing serious, I think. They all grow so fast that I can scarcely keep up with them myself. Ruth is a beautiful child ((hmmmm)) and does a great many cunning things. Alice and James are great chums and stick together through thick and thin. Charlie didn't want me to send James to kindergarten just because he didn't want to part them. I think Alice is his favorite (((hmmmm again!))) although he is very impartial in dealing with them. He puts Alice to bed quite often and hears her say her prayers and they sleep together. I sleep with the baby, Abbie with Ruth, and James sleeps alone.

I am sorry Uncle Charlie is so poorly and I would like to see Cora very much. Tell Uncle Jim to write me about his trip to Winchester.

Abbie and I sat here and talked about you all during those sorrowful days last week and wished we were there to help you. I hope now that mother can get out that you will encourage her to do so often, for I think it is the best thing she can do. I must stop now and look after the babies. But this is enough to assure you that we are thinking of you and that our sympathy and love are all with you-----

Dec. 3, 1894

My Dear Ones;

It is nearly 9 O'clock, but I want to write you a few lines tonight as I may not have a chance again in a week. We are all torn up tonight and are going to move in the morning. We have rented this house and have taken another larger and better house further out in the city where rents are cheaper. We have two more bedrooms out there and one more downstairs, so I guess we'll be quite comfortable. You can imagine what it has been here with only two bedrooms for three grown people and four children. We didn't know we were going until the last of last week and have been so busy getting things ready; all the carpets and curtains will have to be made over, so you can see what a job it is going to be.

Bertha is going to take James, Alice and Ruth over to her house tomorrow and keep them and Miss Read, the nurse I had, is going to take baby. She lives just

across the street. They came and offered to do it for me and I thought they were very kind. Our new address will be 306 North J St., so send your letters there. We have worried so because we have not heard from you in over two weeks; I hope you are not sick. How did you spend Thanksgiving? I thought of you all day. Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie and their two children and Grace were here to dinner with us. They had us up there two years ago and this is the first opportunity I've had of repaying them.

I miss you all so on the holidays and I always think how interested father was in getting up a good dinner, and how much he seemed to enjoy it. I can't realize that he and Grandma are both gone.

The children are all well, and Ruth is walking all right now. She walked alone first the day she was 21 months old; I've lain awake lots of nights worrying about her little legs, but Dr. Hicks says they are all right now. Abbie has gone to bed. Charlie bought Alice a little trunk for her birthday and she packs and unpacks it all day long and plays "go east to see grandma and Aunt Em."

I tell you they are lively children and sometimes I almost go crazy with the noise. I let James and Alice go over to Bertna's alone Saturday and James said Alice went into a little store down here and told them she wanted some gum, but they didn't give it to her because she had no money. ((as usual)) A big fat conductor on the street car took hold of her hand one day to help her off, and she walked right up his big stomach! She's up to everything of that kind. Abbie says they are the worst acting young ones she ever saw, and I guess she's right, for while I'm straightening one out the rest all get crooked.

Abbie took part in a gypsy encampment down at the church last week for three evenings, and has been about played out ever since. Baby is crying so I will have to stop. I'll write again Sunday if I can. I send you lots of love-----

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Bill of fare at C.B.Eaton's,

January 1st, 1895.

1st course( Mock turtle soup.

(  
2nd ( Turkey--cranberry sause  
( Pheasant pie---potatoes, squash, corn  
( Salted almonds--currant jelly--olives--cheese---celery

3rd course( Lettuce salad and cheese crackers.

Dessert ( Plum pudding--lemon pie--white jelly with whipped cream  
( Cake--fruit---coffee

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Tacoma,

Jan. 2, 1895

My Dear Sister;

My first letter of the new year shall be written to you and mother and I do hope that before another New Year rolls around I may see you all and tell you how much I've longed to see you this past year.

We are all usually well with the exception of slight colds. I am "off the hooks" today, but nothing serious, you know. I must tell you why I've not written you lately. I have quite a bad eye and for two weeks now have not been able to sew, read or write. I am writing this with one eye closed now, although it is a little better. I went to the Dr. a week ago and he said I must not think of using it for close work until it was better, for it is badly congested and he says there is a little "sty" or something growing on the eyeball and that I may have to have a little operation sometime, although it will never bother the sight of the eye. So here I am with lots of unfinished work on hand and pretty discouraged, I can tell you.

The doctor said there was no doubt but that embrodering by gaslight was what ailed my eye. I felt awfully not to send anything for Xmas to anyone, but I concluded that I'd save and give everything I could afford to to you and mother, for I think that is my first duty. I hope you got the money all right that Abbie sent, and that you got

it without any delay. Of course it is only a little, but it will help.

We had the New Year's dinner yesterday and had quite a pleasant time. I will enclose our "bill of fare" on a separate piece of paper so that you can show it to Charlie's folks and I wish you'd tell them that we were very much pleased with everything they sent and I will write them when my eye is better. Nell's and the twins pictures are very sweet and I'd give all I'm worth to see them this minute. But the picture I look at most is the "one little girl in blue" that Charlie sent; Mother's face is just as sweet as ever! I wish you'd kiss the original for me many times; I want to see her so much!

I suppose Abbie wrote you all about our Xmas tree. I'm always going to try and have a little one for the children if we can't do much else.

We've been so interested in picking out faces we know in the pictures of the Academy Centennial that Charlie's folks sent, but I've looked everywhere, Em, and can't find you. Weren't you there, or don't you show in the picture? Charlie was so pleased because his mother showed so plainly.

Bertha came over and helped the girl with the dinner yesterday and wouldn't take a cent for what she did. I went around Monday to see if she'd come, and I couldn't get away until I'd let her make me a cup of chocolate and give me some cake and sauce. You see I've one friend in Tacoma if it is only a poor Norwegian. The girl I have now does just what you tell her to and no more.

Well, I guess I'll have to stop, for I don't want to overtax my eye. This will let you know that I think of you and will write whenever I can. C. is very busy and has to work nearly every night until eleven o'clock. The children are all pretty well and have had high times during the holidays. It is snowing some tonight and I expect James will be delighted in the morning for he can go and slide. I think of starting him in at kindergarten next week. It makes me homesick to think of sending him out into the cold world, but he is anxious to go.

Well, I really must stop-----

Tacoma,

Jan. 10, 1895

Dear Mother and Sister;

We rec'd a nice long letter from you, Em, last Tuesday and I've been waiting for Abbie to answer it, for we agreed that I should write the last of the week and she the first. But she has gone out and I think you ought to hear from us, so here goes!

I've been out with all of the children for a long walk, for it is a lovely sunshiny morning, just like spring; it seems more like April than January.

We were awfully sorry that Charlie was, or had been, so sick, and I know that is a very painful sickness to have. Give him my love and tell him I hope he will be all right again long before you get this. I am so thankful that mother is improving, even though it is slowly. It is dreadful to have you so sick and be so far away from you. I feel some better than when I wrote last, only this morning I feel blue and discouraged.

Abbie is mad all the time now because we do not give her the money to go east on, but Charlie hasn't it now and doesn't know of any place he can borrow it. He has just done a big lot of work for the city, but doesn't know when he can get the pay, for the city is "broke." And there is some talk of not running the courts again for a year, and if that happens I don't know where we'll "be at." He will give her something to come with as soon as he can and in the meantime I don't want you to think she is to blame for not starting.

The children are all very well; Philip says lots of words and gets into more mischief than all the rest put together. I'd give anything to see these babies back there, and I know they are just as sweet and bright as they can be. I mean to make them a nice present some time when my ship comes in. Anna gave me so many pretty things I feel indebted to her.

Philip got my last Home Journal and tore it up before I could send it to mother. I meant to buy another, but I have to go in such a hurry when I go down town that I forget it.

I had letters from Fred and Hattie; you would never know from Fred's letter that he ever had a care in the world, he is such a person to make the best of everything that I admire him as much as I love him for it. By the way, Em, does Sadie look as well as her photo? She has changed so that C. didn't recognize it at all, but I thought it must be she. Did Aunt Sue finish mother's dressing sacque and what is it made of? Mother, I have your photo on the mantle and I stand before it and have a good many talks with you. I'd like so much to come home in the spring with all the children. I think, mother, if you could sit here

with me and breath this salt air you'd get fat right away quick. I can't write any more now, but I send you both lots of love-----

Saturday Eve,  
Jan. 12, 1895

Dear Mother and Sister;

I am going to begin a letter to you tonight, for it is nice and quiet here now, but I'm so sleepy I'm afraid it won't get finished until tomorrow.

Abbie got your nice long letter and the picture of the babies last Wednesday and we were so glad to get all of it. I am glad the money came at the right time and wish there had been twice as much of it, but perhaps she can send more soon. You needn't worry about her needing it, for she does not. She would send you money oftener if Charlie paid her more promptly, but of course these hard times he can't always collect it when he would like to, and so she has to wait.

I think the babies are lovely and cunning; I think the one sitting up the straightest looks something like my baby boy, only a little fatter I guess. I can't find any name for my baby, but I'll have to before long for I think I'll have them all christened together on Easter Sunday. He is a dear, sweet little fellow, and as strong as he can be; I don't think my milk nourished him enough now, for he won't sleep nights unless I hold him on my arm and let him keep his mouth right on the "throttle valve". That breaks up my rest and consequently I'm sleepy most of the time.

My eyes are about well again and doctor says now there is nothing serious the matter with them, but I don't do any close work yet, and this is about the first time I've used them in the evening since they began to trouble me.

I'm awfully sorry, Em, that you feel so poorly and wish you could have that operation performed right away. I know a lady here that had an ovarian tumor taken out that weighed 45 lbs, and she is quite well and healthy now. We will try, some of us, to get east this spring so you can have it done. I think Abbie ought to come if I cannot, for I think you need her now more than I do. Don't go without anything you need, and if mother or you need anything in the way of clothes that you can't get, tell us about it, for I can always and at any time get such things here and send them to you, and then you can save what money you have for other things. Now don't forget it, and I will do the best I can for you. God knows I am more than willing to do whatever I can for you, and wish I was with you this minute to do what I could for you.

The lace you sent, mother, was lovely and I thank you for it. I can see just how you looked knitting it, bless your dear heart. I am going to sew it on something just as soon as I can. Abbie went to a party at our next door neighbor's, Mr. Woodruff's, last eve and had a very pleasant time. The family is very nice and belong to Tacoma's "Four Hundred."

(Sunday A.M.)

It is noon and I have just gotten my morning's work done and Alice and Ruth put away for their naps. Abbie has gone to church with James; she goes one Sunday and I go the next. Charlie lies here on the couch reading and smoking and baby is in the high chair beside me. He is such a good little fellow that you can't help loving him; he is the first baby I ever had that would cry for me when Abbie had him. He is a regular mother's boy.

Now I wish you were both here today where we could visit and visit to our heart's content. I can't think of anything I'd rather do, can you? Baby is fretting, so I'll have to close. I send you lots of love-----

March 8, 1895

My Dear Ones;

I'm so lonesome to write to you all that I'm going to venture it this afternoon, and if my eyes stand it you may get quite a letter. I was at the oculist's yesterday and he said they were improving, which is quite encouraging. It's a nerve and muscle trouble and Dr. Hicks is giving me a nerve tonic that I'm in hopes will brace me up.

Was so glad to get Ed's letter and wish I could have been there to hear Adams sing. We don't have much music here, only babies crying, and I miss it awfully. I'm so

sorry you had neuralgia and quinsy, Ed. Dr. Hicks prescribes for neuralgia when the pain is so intense not hop ((on?)) bags with a drop or two of turpentine on them.

March 11th

I could not finish this the other day, so will start again. I'm so lonesome to write to you all; I'm having quite a lonely time, as C. has been away most of the time for two weeks and in the evening I can't use my eyes for a thing and it is so hard to sit around and do nothing. We are all quite well otherwise and I'm thankful for that. We've been twice with Ruth to have her photos taken in the past two weeks and I don't believe we'll be able to get any good ones after all, for we can't keep her quiet long enough! Everyone calls her beautiful ((that's me)), but you wouldn't think so from the proofs we get. She makes the whole family stand around for her. James and Alice started going to kindergarten last week and seem delighted with it. Its fun to hear them talk over what they have learned.

Abbie has gone to church society this afternoon and I'm looking after the children. It seems to me that I could not ask for anything more if I only had you and mother here. It would seem so good to sit down and visit with you.

Our next door neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff, were in a night or two ago and spent the evening. Mr. W. is just home from a trip to Japan and it was very interesting to hear him tell about it. Tell Chub if he was only here we'd go down to "Frisco" for a trip, for it is cheaper than staying at home. They are having a rate war and you can get a first class passage for \$5 and that includes meals and everything.

((Maybe I could get there if it was like that now))

C. and I would go if he had time and it wasn't for baby. I'm beginning to feed the baby some now and he is doing nicely. Dr. thought he was getting too much for me and I certainly feel better now that I do not nurse him altogether. I dare not use my eyes more this time, but I'll send this along to show you I think of you all most every minute. I want so much to write to Fred, won't you tell him why I don't when you have a chance. I send lots of love--

April 17, 1895

My Dear Ones;

I am so sorry there is such a long interval between my letters home, for I know just how anxious you are to hear from us often. But you know, mother, with a family of babies, just how much there is to do every day and I hope in my heart that you'll forgive me if I seem neglectful or forgetful, for I do not mean to be the first and I know I am not the latter, for you are constantly in my thoughts.

Abbie goes out quite a good deal and I have only a young colored girl in the kitchen that I have to keep poking up all the time, so my time is pretty well taken up. My eyes are a good deal better, but I do not use them for close work yet. I was so alarmed about them that I am going to be on the safe side.

We are all usually well, excepting Alice who is a little nervous and I've taken her from school. Of course they are only taught to play, but she is so young I thought it too confining for her. I think I'll wean baby this week for he pulls me down so. He won't sleep anywhere but on my arm and nurses all night long and it is tiresome. He drinks Mellin's Food through the day, so I think it will be better to wean him for his sake as well as mine. He is sweet as he can be and so good natured you couldn't help loving him. Tell Ed we have not slighted him so far as having his photo taken, for C. took a fine one of him and I, and I took the negative to print some to send you and accidentally ruined it. C. says maybe he can forgive me for it sometime, but he can't yet.

Yesterday I was invited to a tea at Mrs. Avery's, a neighbor, and had a very pleasant time. The house was darkened and the lamps lighted with Japanese lanterns to help, hung between the folding doors in rows. It looked very pretty indeed. The refreshments were tea, sliced bananas, ginger and sugar wafers and rice balls. In the evening C. took care of the babies while Abbie and I went down to the church to a social. So you see we had quite an outing. I'm a member of a mother's club that meets every other week to study child nature and the best ways of dealing with children. The members are of the first ladies in the city and the president is Miss Dewey, the Seminary kindergarten teacher. It is very helpful, and since I've not been able to read myself I enjoy it, for they read aloud.

C. will go anywhere or do anything to make me have a good time, but to go to church socials, and he draws the line at that.

I want to see those twins so I don't know what to do. I know if they are anything as Nellie was when she was a baby that they are very bright and sweet. How is Nellie and Charlie and Anna? It seems so queer to me to think of George Stratton being there with you.

Everyone says Ruth is very much prettier than her picture. George and Emma can't seem to get over her being a blond. Everytime George is here he says, "Oh, her hair will be as dark as her mother's in a few years." It amuses us so to hear them talk. By the way, has Abbie written you that Emma is in the family way? I don't know how far along, but I should think five or six months. ((Dear little Clara in embryo!))

I wish I could come home this summer, but I don't know where we would raise the money to come with. I hope times will get better soon, I want to see you all so much. I thought all Easter Sunday of that Easter morning five years ago, when I got home and dear old father and mother stood on the horse block waiting to greet me. And grandma was there, too, and all of you. I can't help but feel that there will be one more greeting from them all when we all go to our long home on what will be resurrection morning. Death doesn't seem to me the same since our dear ones went to rest.

It is time to put my babies to bed for their naps, so I'll have to close. Hoping to hear that you are all well, and with much love-----

May 4, 1895

My Dear Em;

I had a nice letter from you this afternoon, and now that the children are in bed I'll jot down a few words for your perusal. Abbie and Alice are out for a walk; I don't usually let Alice sit up in the evening, but she had a long nap this afternoon so we broke through the rules. James has been sick since yesterday morning with a spell of indigestion. He hasn't had one in a year and a half and I was in hopes he had outgrown them. He is sleeping soundly now and I'm in hopes will be all right in the morning.

Alice was delighted with the things you sent in the letter and I found, when I opened the secretary to write you tonight, that she had put them away in the drawer for safe keeping.

I am sorry, Em, that you get so blue, and were it possible I would come home, if that would do you good. You and mother cannot long to see us any more than we do you and it is a constant sorrow to me that I cannot show you my babies while they are sweet and innocent. Right here I want to tell you that baby's name is Philip, and I thought I had told you before. He grows very sweet; I'm going to wean him in about a week, and then I think we will both pick up.

I've got some gray hairs, too, Em, so you are not the only one, and Charlie has more than I have. I sit and look at these children growing so fast and wonder if they really are mine. I guess, Em, if you could hear them remember you in their prayers every night you would never feel that you are forgotten. I am ashamed because I do not write to mother oftener (~~but must have been a lot like you always writing to be specific~~) and I think every week I'll do better, but in a family like this there are a thousand and one things turning up that you don't expect to keep you from doing what you intend to. I don't go out very much, only to market. It's very seldom that I go just for the fun of it.

I'm sorry Uncle Jim is not well. I hope mother will gain in strength when the warm weather comes and feel much better. I will come home the very first opportunity I have, that you may be sure of. Tell her that when we do come we'll have such good times she'll forget we were ever away.

I see Nellie got her name in the "Times"; tell her if she finds any "buried treasure" to send us some. Kiss the twins for me, and tell Chub and Anna that any news from them would be acceptable. If any of you want anything to ride in let us know, for we have five carriages of different styles on our hands. -C. got them on a mortgage, and we don't know what we'll ever do with them. There's another man that wants him to take a piano for a debt, but he doesn't know whether he will or not.

Well, Em, do you think you could stand as dry a letter as this often? I was up and down with James all of last night and had he and the baby in bed with me, and along toward morning Alice came too. So I didn't get much sleep and tonight I can hardly keep my eyes open. But I wanted to assure you that you were not forgotten and that I have lots and lots of love in my heart for you and mother. I'll try my best to write oftener and I hope I may never give you cause to doubt that I think of you and love you with all my heart, and I know you will be rewarded for your faithfulness and care of our dear ones. And so I must close for this time-----

Tacoma,  
May 28, 1895

My Dear Sister;

I rec'd a nice letter from you the other day, and would have answered immediately if it had been possible. I think Abbie wrote you what a scare we had in regard to scarlet fever and when she wrote last Ruth had just been taken sick and we thought of course she had the same thing, but her trouble proved to be her teeth, but it laid her up for three days and we were afraid she would have spasms. Just as she began to get better Alice came down with what we supposed was mumps, and then James, Charlie and I followed suit. Dr. said it was not mumps, and I don't know what it was yet. James' neck is swollen some yet, and my throat is quite sore, but the rest are all right and I hope now we will stay that way awhile.

I am so sorry, Em, you had neuralgia; I remember you had it once when you were teaching on the mill and suffered dreadfully. I hope you got over this attack all right. I am glad you realize that I want to see you all as much as you do me. Why Em, the last thing I see at night when I close my eyes is my dear loving mother's face, and I think of you the first thing in the morning and wonder what you are all doing. I am sorry you have to work so hard and I wish it could be arranged so you and mother would not have to do more than you liked, but it seems to be our allotted sphere and I don't know what we can do more than do the best we can. I get so tired and nervous some days that I can scarcely contain myself. I have the three younger children in my room and nearly every night I am up two or three times, and this morning they began to wake up at five o'clock. I get so little sleep and rest that I am tired out most of the time. My eyes are not yet so I can use them for close work, so I see to the children and Abbie does the sewing.

I send you a little picture of baby in this that C. took; it looks exactly like him. I am holding him, but I made a face at C. just as he pressed the button and it looks so I cut the head off. Baby can say two or three words and has six teeth and we think he is quite forward. He acts more like walking than he does like creeping.

(Wed. a.m.) I couldn't finish this yesterday my eyes hurt me so, so I'll try again today. I was so tired out that I went to bed last night at 9 o'clock and didn't wake up this morning until half past eight, and I feel very much refreshed today.

I must tell you, Em, that I went down to get me a dress last week and found a pattern one that just suited me, but I didn't want to give as much as the price--\$12--so I went home to think it over and the children were sick and I couldn't get down again until Monday, and they were having a sale and I got the very same piece for \$5.25. That was quite a difference, wasn't it? Its a crepon in the "mode" shade and I'll send you a piece in my next, for I took it right to the dressmaker. I needed something very badly, for I was out of anything nice.

I can't write any more, for Abbie is going out for the afternoon and the children need looking after. I am so sorry Fred is out of work and I wish I had lots of money to send him and all the rest of you, too. Maybe things will come our way sometime, Em. You don't know how I'd like to have mother here to sit in my chimney corner where I could see her every hour of the day. You better sell the house and you and she come out here before winter and stay with me. I wouldn't let you have a single care; think it over and see what you can do about it.

I must stop now, with lots of hugs and kisses-----

June 18, 1895

My Dear Mother;

I'm going to celebrate baby's birthday by writing to you. We had a fine long letter from Em this morning, but I know she won't care if I address this one to you. I am so sorry, mother, that you feel so weak and miserable and it seems as if I must fly to you and try to cheer you up. It worries me all the time to think that you have any worries or cares. After all your hard work for your family I think you ought to have it arranged so you would not have a care. I think you know that your children's hearts are all right and if you had the money you would have no cause to worry. I long to do something for you with my own hands, just to show you how much I love you.

We had such a nice letter from you last week and I told Abbie after I read it that

it was just like mother, for you didn't write a word of your cares or troubles, although we knew you had enough of them. I don't feel very strong, but I've gotten the baby weaned and I hope to pick up some now. I get so tired and nervous that I have nightmares, and the other night C and Abbie said I waked both of them up calling to them when I was asleep.

Baby hitches all around the floor now and gets into everything; he is very sweet. Tell Anna when she weans her babies to wean them so they will not have to be fed nights. It is just as easy and they are better off than when they are drinking in the night. My baby is in his crib every night at six and he doesn't wake up until 4:30 the next morning; I undress all the children right in the same room and it doesn't disturb him a particle. I call that a pretty good baby.

I took Ruth down town with me this morning and had her weighed; she weighs just 30 lbs., Alice 32 and James 37.

George's wife is expecting every day; I don't know if his people know he is out of the N.P. Land Office or not, but I should suppose so. He doesn't know what he will go at yet.

Tell Em we put a teaspoonful of lime water in the baby's food every time he eats and Dr. Hicks says the younger the baby the more they ought to have. It helps them to get their teeth easily and makes good strong teeth. I know those twins must be lovely and I'd give anything to see them. I want to see Chub awfully, too, and should think as he can get passes that he might run out here and make us a visit. Tell him if he will come that Tacoma won't have anything in it too good for him to have a slice of. I can't give up the idea of having some of you come and see me out here. I think every time I go down town, mother, of how much good the trip on the open car would do you with the salt water breeze. You and Em go to Bing. by all means, and Em, you go to Guilford Lake with that party, too. Ask Uncle Jim to board mother while you are gone and I'll pay him. If you haven't anything to go to B. with get it of Charlie and I'll pay him just as soon as you send the bill. I think, mother, if you get away from home for awhile it will do you more good than medicine.

I must stop now, for there's lots to do. Be sure and go to B. and I'll help pay for your trip, so go and have as good a time as you can. Stay two or three weeks and get a good rest. Ride on the cars every where you go and don't walk a block if you can help it.

I send you all love, and hope I can see you before many more months pass-----

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July 29, 1895

Address: 2802 Puget Sound Ave.

My Dear Mother;

Abbie had a nice long letter from Em this morning, telling all about your visit in B. and I am so glad you had such a nice time and I wish I could have been with you, for I should enjoy seeing the home faces more than anything else I know of.

I am so sorry for Fred and wish I could do something to help him. Dear old fellow, it makes my heart ache to think of his having such a hard time, and all the rest of you, too, for that matter.

I've done my own work three weeks today and I am all tired out. I thought I could save some money that way, but I find when I've put my washing and ironing out, that there is very little saved, if anything. I am dragged out all of the time besides. I'm breaking in another Swede this morning and will have to keep her for a time anyway, as we are going to move either this week or next. By trading some land that he had and putting in a little cash Charlie has bought a place that we think we will like very much. It is a corner with a large yard and a good barn and quite a pretty house. I'll send you a picture of it as soon as I can. It is quite a ways out, but only half as far as George lives, and the car runs within two blocks of it every half hour. We think it will be such a nice place for the children. This block is overrun with children, and although some of them belong to wealthy and high tones people, yet they are pretty rough. I'm anxious to get mine where they will be alone by themselves.

Charlie is working very hard now, worked all day Sunday with two typewriters helping him, and brought them up here to lunch about 9 o'clock last evening. Mr. Hall was here, too, and so we had quite a little lunch party. I didn't get to bed until twelve, and got up at five this morning, so I feel a bit sleepy. It took me from six in the morning until after eight at night to do the work, even with all that Abbie did.

Friday night I gave out and went to bed at six o'clock with a sick headache. I thought I was going to be sick sure.

(Thursday eve)

Here this letter has lain since Monday, and one interruption after another has kept me from finishing it. But I'll send it along until I can do better. We've been looking over drawers and trunks, getting ready to move and have been more than busy. We will move Monday, I think. The girl I have thinks she doesn't want to go out so far, so maybe Abbie and I will have to "go it alone" and that means an awful lot of hard work.

I wish you were here to enjoy the house with us, for there is a nice porch you can sit on and watch the steamboats and ships passing. I see by today's paper that Mrs. Billings is dead; I knew she was very low. One of us will try to go out there tomorrow and see what we can do for them. Mr. B. has been clerking in Gross Bros. and I've seen him quite often, but I've not been out there in over a year and I'm ashamed of it.

Em didn't write how much your trip to B. cost you, but I'm going to send you something towards it. Maybe I'll have something in the morning to enclose with this, but I can't tell until C. comes home. He is down to the office working tonight.

We had an invitation to go with a yachting party for a week's cruise of the sound, starting next Saturday, but we thought we'd rather get moved and settled and enjoy our new home. Abbie went out with a party of fourteen and spent the day, yesterday, in a naphtha launch. Mr. Wade, a friend of ours, made the party for his daughter and Abbie said she never spent a more delightful day in her life. Bessie Wade took the lunch for the whole party, and all it cost Abbie was a nickel.

The children are all usually lively. The baby stands very nicely, but doesn't attempt any steps yet; I don't know how it will seem when he gets to walking, for we've not been without a little baby in the house for a long time. He is very affectionate and very sweet, and you couldn't help loving him.

I've got so much to tell you and Em that I don't get time to write, and besides, I mourn all the time because the children are growing so fast you can't see them while they are babies. My best love to you all-----

Aug. 28, 1895

My Dear Mother and Em;

I've been trying ever since we moved to write you, but you've no idea how hard a time we've had since the first week, for the girl only staid one week after we came out here. That left Abbie and I everything to do and with a sick baby into the bargain. You can imagine we had no idle moments. I got up at six every morning and it was 8 and 9 o'clock when we got through and then I had to drag myself off to bed for I had to be up with baby in the night.

However, he is all right again now, and we are partially settled so we can live comfortably and things are beginning to look brighter. Last Sunday I had just finished my work and was ready to begin dinner and I went out to feed the dog; as I went into the yard where the former owner kept his cow, the big gate swung and scraped my heel awfully, but just then Abbie called out that she saw all of the Gillespie's coming up the street and I hurried in to see them. Well, they staid to dinner and before they went Mr. and Mrs. Ramage came and staid until the last car at 11 o'clock. The next morning when I got up my foot and leg were all swollen up and I've not been able to step on it since. But I help Abbie all I can and wash dishes with my leg up in a chair, and this morning I hobbled around on one foot and did the chamber work.

((~~and I'm not writing you now~~))

So you see I'm rather laid up and can take time to write letters while the children are asleep. We like the new home very much, it is so light and sunny and we have a good view of the Sound. Sunday we saw a tug tow in two big tea ships from Japan and anytime you look out you can see yachts, steamboats and sailboats. Then we have a large yard for the children and a barn, and the neighbors are not sitting right on your shoulders all of the time. The man who built the place has put seven thousand dollars into it, and we got it for \$3500; four hundred cash, and the rest about \$30 a month. We think it is a great bargain. C. had to rustle to get the \$400. He had just done about \$800 worth of work for a man and was going to turn that in, but the man skipped the country, so he thinks he never will get a cent of it. He was pretty blue, and is not feeling well either. He is taking "Ho-to-Bac" and trying to get rid of that habit and see if he won't feel better. If it hadn't been for his own worries I would have told him of your trouble and Fred's and if things brighten up I will do so yet.

I had no idea Fred's affairs were in such shape; I thought he had just been laid off from the factory for a short time. My heart aches for him, and the first night after I got your letter enclosing his I could not sleep a wink, but lay trying to work out some plan for you all.

((They didn't spare each other much, did they?))

I don't know what you've got to do, mother, in order to get a legal claim to the house. You are the next heir and I should think could hold it, but I don't know. I would see a lawyer if I were you and fix it so you would feel perfectly satisfied. I wouldn't mortgage the house for any hundred dollars; if you should lose it you would feel sorry you had not mortgaged it for more. If you could do it for several hundred dollars on five years time or something like that, it would be a good thing I should think. If you can do that you had better salt it down for your clothes and come and stay with me. I'll board you as long as you want to stay, willingly and gladly, and you can travel out here with Mrs. Lewis and Jennie, and the change would be just what mother needs. I'll do everything I can for you and your living won't cost you a cent.

Don't you think that would be a good plan? Maybe Em could find some congenial work here that would just suit her. I wish I had lots of money to send you, but I can think of no better plan than this for you. Maybe Charlie and Anna would rent the house of you, and that would be quite a help, too. Write me what you think of it; I hope you'll think seriously of it, for I've thought of everything and can think of nothing better.

I will write more about the children in my next; they are all well and very busy.

Sept. 16, 1895

My Dear Mother;

It is after 9 o'clock, but somehow I feel as though I could not go to bed without a little visit with you and Em before I go. I haven't any news to write, and I am awfully tired, so I guess you won't be much pleased with this letter.

We are all as well as usual. I can't wear a shoe yet, so have not been away from home once in three weeks. I have an old pair of shoes that are all worn out, and the other evening I put rubbers on over them as it was raining, and went down town. I have so much to do, though, that I can't get lonesome and then this new home is so pleasant it helps a great deal. We can sit in our sitting room and look out over the bay and see boats of all kinds and that is very interesting to me. James enjoys it as much as I do, and runs for us to look every time one comes in. I just wish you were both here to enjoy it with me; I'd give you the snuggest and warmest corners you better believe.

I was so glad to get Em's last letter and to know that Fred has work again; I've worried so about him. I can't see why the best people always have the hardest row to hoe, can you?

I have had a great deal of company since we moved out here and they always stay and eat a meal, and it makes a lot of cooking to do. Mr. and Mrs. Ramage came to dinner Friday eve and Mr. Hall was here to dinner yesterday. It is fun to see Mr. and Mrs. R. quarrel over Ruth. Mrs. R. said he gave her a real scolding after they left because she monopolized Ruth.

I do so want you to see the children while they are young and sweet and I pray all the time that you may. Philip pushes a chair around now and is getting very cute. I want to see those twins awfully; I know they must be too cute for anything. And I want to see my baby Nellie, too. Dear little girl, I can see her now just as she used to look running around the orchard up at the depot. I wish she would write to me, and by the way, why doesn't Anna ever write? Tell her I've got that tintype of her and the twins and their bottles on top of the secretary and it makes me laugh every time I look at it, they all seem to be enjoying it so. Tell Chub I shall expect some fine photos now he has a new camera, and I wish he'd take some for Charlie of his home and surroundings.

James told his papa the other day that he didn't dare go down cellar in the barn, for he kept "hearing a noise" there, and he wished he'd get a cow and then he'd know what the noise was. Ruth gets mad at me and says I "can't play in her yard any more". She is a regular little spitfire ((watch out!)) and makes things lively once in awhile. Alice is getting Very nice and ladylike (underscored by Dad, and in his handwriting: "What a change.") and James is very gentlemanly ("is yet", by Dad). I feel quite proud of them. When I first hurt my foot and had hard work to get around, every time I got up out of my chair James would come and want me to lean on his shoulder.

I think James is Abbie's favorite, for she gets mad as a wet hen whenever we correct him.

George's wife is doing her own work, washing and all, and taking care of the baby. We were out there one night and I told her how busy my work kept me and she said she got hers all done up at 9 o'clock in the morning! ((Sounds like Aunt Emma, doesn't it?))

It seems queer to think of Amanda having another family in the house; I shouldn't think she'd like it. I mean all the time to write to Uncle Jim and Deal, but I don't seem to get at it. Give them my love and tell them I think of them a great deal.

Well, mother, this is a queer letter, but it will show you that I think of you. Abbie hopes to get sewing to do soon and we will help you all we can this winter. I never thought that Em ought to do it alone, but somehow I've not been able to find a way to help her. She has been a dear brave girl and I think we all appreciate what she has done. It will soon be a year since grandma went from us, but what a sweet unselfish remembrance she left with us, and father, too, how we miss him yet, the dear kind old father that worked so hard for us all.

Keep up a good heart, mother, for your children love you and appreciate the care you have given them, even if it seems otherwise at times. I must stop now, but I send you both all the love of my heart, with hugs and kisses by the score-----

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Oct. 18, 1895

My Dear Ones;

Something keeps whispering to me tonight to "write to mother", so I have let my dinner dishes go until morning so that I may do so. I am not quite as tired as usual tonight, for Ruth and I were invited down to Mrs. Gillespie's to lunch today and I did not get home until Abbie had dinner all ready tonight, so I had a nice rest.

We rec'd your letter, mother, and Em's, this morning and were so glad to get a few lines from your own hand, because I know it was an effort for you to write them, and all day long I've been thinking of you more than ever and wishing I could get my arms around your neck and give you some good hugs, for if I have babies of my own I still feel the need of some "mothering" myself.

We were terribly shocked and grieved when we got Em's card saying Uncle Ed had passed away and we have watched anxiously for particulars of his death. I think it was just dreadful that he had to suffer so all alone; it seems so hard for one who was always so sympathetic for others. Don't you remember, mother, he was one of the first to come and see me after James was born and he was there when Charlie came. I can remember nothing but kindness from him all my life.

We will sign the papers and return them as soon as possible. I am glad you had a little visit from Fred and I wish he could see you oftener. When I think of him and all the rest of you I just long for thousands of dollars to give you to make it easy for you all. I wish on your account that Abbie would go east and spend the winter with you anyway, but I know it would be like pulling her heart out almost to leave the children, and I can't urge her to come for fear she will think I don't want her to stay with us, and I'm sure I don't know what I'd do without her for she is a second mother to the children and has stood by me through sickness and everything, but I still think she ought to be with you.

Em is an awful good girl, mother, and has stood by you like a hero and I think it is your duty to fix things so that she will have what there is sometime. I hope the time is very far off when you will not need it, but I do think Em is the one that should be thought of. I don't want you to consider me in the least, for I've done nothing-----  
((the rest of this seems to be gone))

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November 21, 1895

My Dear Ones;

I wrote you a long letter yesterday, but it was such a blue one that I've burned it up and am going to see if I can do better today. I've not written to you in a long time, but I've thought of you all of the time and wished I could see you. I declared I never would write again until I had some more substantial way of showing my love for you than mere words, but I can't wait any longer for that, now that I know ~~xxxx~~ mother is not feeling as well as usual. I do hope she is better by this time, and as we have heard nothing further from you, I trust that she is. I mean to send her something

soon to make her more comfortable. Has she good warm clothes to wear and everything of that kind? I saw some such nice warm slippers down town the other day, they were pretty, too, and I'll send her a pair as soon as you send me her size. Our credit is good here and I could get most anything she needed at the stores here, if you'd let me know about it, and then you could save your money for other things. Now I mean this, Em, and will get you anything she may need if you'll send me word, or anything for you either. You know I could get things to you in about two weeks at the most from the time you wrote me. If you don't let me help in this way I don't know what I can do. I would gladly come home if I could, but don't know where we would raise the money to come with. We've had so much trouble in our Tacoma banks that none of them even have money to lend now. I would make any effort to come and see you if I only knew what to do.

I am not feeling at all well, have rheumatism a great deal and a good many other aches and pains, but I keep going and I'm glad I am as well as I am after all I've been through. The children are all usually well now and as noisy a little lot as you ever saw. At times they are sweet as angels and at others quite trying.

One of our neighbors, Mrs. Jamieson, where James goes after milk, told me the other day that she thought I had the best boy she ever saw. She said she could hug him all to pieces. He is a good boy, and as trusty as he can be, and has the welfare of the other children on his mind remarkably for one so young, and is a great help with them.

Abbie has gone down town this afternoon; she has been everywhere to see if she could get work to do, and is engaged for three days this week. She has tried faithfully to help you; we would do the housework and let her have the money, but the washing and ironing comes to about what we have to pay a girl and neither of us are strong enough to do that. We've thought of every possible way to aid you; Charlie told Abbie any time she wanted to go east he would get her a ticket and give it to her willingly, but she objects to him getting the ticket, I don't know why, unless it is because he can get it cheaper than she can. She is very particular about it, I think.

Do you have plenty to read, mother? I think I have some books you'd like and I'll send you some the first time I go down town. The postman won't take a package from here, he's too lazy to carry it. I'll have to close now, for it is time for him to come and I want you to get this apology of a letter as soon as possible.

Take good care of yourself, mother, and get well as fast as you can. How good Em has been to you all these years since Father died; I know she'll get her reward.

With best love-----

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Tacoma,

Nov. 25, 1895

My Dear Ones;

You don't know how I want to help you and be with you now that mother is sick. It seems as if my heart would break because I cannot be there to do things for her. If I knew of anyone on earth I could get to stay with the children I would come on for a few weeks and help you if for no longer.

But I haven't enough money to bring them all, and if I had I would be afraid of the cold weather for them. But if mother isn't well soon I'll try hard to come on and bring James if C. can get passes for me. I think of you every minute, and last night when I read Em's letter of last Sunday it seemed as if I must fly to you.

Keep a brave heart, mother, and don't give up for the sake of us all. I know Em will give you the best of care and all the rest will do all they can for you. What a good girl Em is and how faithful she has been! I send you a little help in this and hope it will do you some good. Don't try to do anything, Em, but take care of mother. Tell Uncle Jim for me that I love him more than ever for what he has done for mother, and anything further that he can do I will thankfully and gladly repay in the future. Chub is so good, too! He was always good to me and I shall never forget his bringing me that \$25 the morning I left for the west.

I hope I shall get a letter soon saying that mother is very much improved. Can't you get Nellie to write every day or two if you haven't time, just a few words to let us know how she is? I won't write more today, but will write again in a day or two. We are all well and send lots of love to you all-----

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Dec. 5, 1895

-84-

3 o'clock p.m.

My Dear Em;

I've just rec'd your letter of the 29th and I hasten to answer it. I want to tell you, Em, that Abbie and I did write as soon as we heard mother was ill, and we have written often ever since. You may not have rec'd the letters, but we wrote them and posted them, so I hope you won't be too hard on us. I know I've often been negligent about writing, but I did not intend to be. With a family like this one's time is not always one's own, as you must know. You think two babies are quite a care, but I guess you'd find that four was even more so. If I was giving my time and attention to anything else you might find fault with me, but I am not. I don't go anywhere at all, but stay right at home and attend to the home duties. If I have any time aside from those duties it is spent in writing to you, for I do not correspond with anyone else. So, Em, if I am negligent I do not mean to be. I love you and mother with all my heart, as you ought to know if you care anything for me.

I am so glad mother is improving; my mind has been on her ever since I knew she was sick, and Abbie and I have racked out brains to think of some way to help you. Now that Abbie has a job in the store with a possibility of promotion I think she better stay here, unless you know that she can get a steady job there. We will be able to help you some after a little. Abbie won't be out any for board or washing and if she stays there she can help you some. Mr. Stone said that they needed extra help through the holidays and the first of Jan, he should cut down the force one third, but he didn't say whether he'd keep her after that or not.

Abbie will have her carfare to pay, and the little things she'll need for herself. There doesn't anyone know better than I, Em, that I ought to help you and mother. Anna doesn't need to remind me of it, nor anyone else and if you were near I could do lots for you that I can't way out here, and be only too glad to do it.

But Em, "times at the worst will surely mend" they say and maybe there will be a turn in your favor to repay you for all your hard work. I could stand hearing you "talk" an awful lot, Em, and I wish you were right here this minute to do it. I am awful lonesome when Abbie is gone, with no one to talk to; we've been together so long that it is hard to have her gone.

(Evening)

I had to stop writing this afternoon, and now I will try and finish this letter. I've just put the children to bed and C. and I have settled down by the stove for a long winter's evening. Abbie hasn't come yet and I'm afraid she'll get wet for our lovely day has turned into a drizzly, rainy evening.

We have on of the new airtight wood stoves in the back parlor that cost \$10 and it warms front and back parlor, dining room, upper and lower hall and two bedrooms, for I keep the house all open. You only have to put in wood two or three times a day; they are the nicest thing I ever saw in the way of a heater. Do you have them there?

I will send mother some undervests and things if I can get down town tomorrow; if I can't I'll have Abbie bring them tomorrow night and I'll send them Saturday. George's folks are going on the ranch sometime before the 15th. We will be the gainer by their going, for they want to store their piano here. We will enjoy that, for there are lots that come here that play and we have missed the music that we had at home. I'd give so much to hear you play and sing, Em.

Well, mother, I am glad that you feel better, and hope you will be very careful of yourself hereafter. With love and kisses-----

Monday,

Dec. 16, 1895

My Dear Ones;

Doing my level best last week I could not find time to write to you. Yesterday I thought I'd surely get time, but we had company from ten in the forenoon till eleven at night, and I was so tired out I poked off to bed.

Abbie was in the same state for they kept her extra time in the store getting ready for Xmas. So I'll be hoping you'll forgive us again. We rec'd Em's letter Sat. and were delighted to hear mother was so much better. It made me feel so light hearted that I've wanted to do something extra ever since to show my gratitude. It is so hard to have anyone so dear as mother sick so far away and know that you can't go to them.

Oh mother, we bought the undervests and slippers for you a week ago, but Abbie wanted me

to wait and send some more little things in the package, and we will try to get them off tomorrow. We thought vests that were not all wool would not be warm enough, so we bought all wool ones and send you some gossamers to wear under them so they will not irritate you. The slippers are not just what I wanted to get, but the fancy ones had such high heels I did not think you could wear them with any comfort. I hope everything will be all right; let us know if they are not.

Mr. Stone told Abbie he could not give her a permanent job now, for after the holidays he should reduce his force one third. So unless she can get steady work there I think she had better stay here until spring and maybe she will find something to do. That is providing, of course, that mother keeps well; don't you think so?

We have had a light fall of snow today and it looks quite like winter. We are all usually well, but tired out most of the time. Charlie is working on a case now where he has to get out a daily transcript, and it takes him with two typewriters all day and until midnight. He was so tired out yesterday he could hardly move.

Yes, Er, I'm going to have a tree for the children; it doesn't take long to fix it and they enjoy it so much it more than pays. They want Alice to speak down at the church, but she has such a low voice I don't believe she will make much of a success at it.

Emma has been in today and says they are nearly packed and will go to the ranch next Saturday; she seemed very blue and I guess she dreads it very much, more than she tells of. We have never had a particle of trouble of any kind, and I think she is a pretty good woman. She is peculiar about some things, but so are all of us, and we can't help it either, so how are we to blame for it?

It's almost time for the postman and I want to get this off, so I'll close. If I don't get a chance to write again this week I'll wish you all a "Merry Xmas" in this, so you'll have it anyway. Once again, with lots of love-----

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Dec. 26, 1895

My Dear mother and Sister;

They did not deliver mail yesterday, but C. went down to the office last eve and brought me Er's letter of the 19th. I'm so sorry mother does not pick up faster than she does. I'm afraid she got up too quickly after her last illness. I wish I could be there and would if I had anything to come with. Abbie will come if we can raise the money in any way for her to come with. We had the money a few weeks ago, but paid it all out when we thought she was not coming, and now she'll have to wait. I'm awfully sorry it happened so, and she and I are just as blue over it as you are, I assure you. C. has tried to borrow some money, but has not found anyone that has any to lend.

I thought of you all yesterday and wished we could all be together. We had a little tree for the children and they had a happy time I assure you. We had the tree before day light yesterday morning, and Mr. and Mrs. Ramage were so anxious to be here that they got up at six o'clock and came out in the pouring rain and staid to breakfast. After an hour or so it cleared off and we had a beautiful day. I took a walk with C. and James and that's all the Xmas I had.

I was completely tired out for I had been up every night for two weeks until midnight dressing dolls and doing such things, and so last night we went to bed a little after eight. It is my "poor week" and I still feel under the weather. I've had it pretty hard for the last few weeks with Abbie gone and George's folks here four days, but I'm going to try and rest up soon now. I've been having some kidney trouble, with a backache all the time; I can't hold my water, and if I am not better soon I am going to see the Dr. about it. I think I have some weakness, with a pressure on the bladder. Don't tell anybody, though, for I think a little rest will straighten me out all right.

We are so proud of Nellie and I wish she'd work for a Cornell scholarship, for I think she could surely get it in a year or two. She is so advanced that I'm afraid the book we sent will be rather juvenile for her, but if it is tell her to save it for the babies. I can't realize that Nell is nearly grown.

It is storming like all possessed today. Abbie has gone down town for me, as I was too tired to go for myself. I wish I could sit down with you this afternoon, Er, right by mother's bed and visit to our heart's content. I am so sorry she has to suffer and wish I could take it all upon myself if it would do any good. I know just how good and patient she is, and it grieves me to think I ever gave her anything but kind words and gentleness.

I was telling Emma that mother was ill the other day, and she said she remembered her

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as well as anyone she met in the east, and she thought she was "such a sweet, kind woman." I don't think anyone can saw ought but good of you, mother, and I long so to see you seems as if my heart would break because I cannot.

Don't you worry, Em, about not sending Xmas things. I know your heart is big enough and that you love us all, and that's the main thing. The mails are all late on account of snow in the mountains, but yours came through on time. With best of love to you both----

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Jan. 2, 1896-

My Dear Mother and Sister;

My first letter this year shall be to you, and I hope it finds you, mother, very much better and improving fast. We had a quiet but pleasant New Year's day; the day was beautiful and Mr. and Mrs. Kilpatrick of Seattle came unexpectedly and spent most of the day with us. We did not invite anyone to dinner and were all by ourselves, and had only fried chicken, so you see we did not celebrate much.

Charlie, Abbie and I were invited to Mrs. Gillespie's in the evening, but only C. and I went for Abbie said she didn't feel well. We had a nice luncheon at about ten o'clock of coffee, cake, sandwiches etc., and we had a very pleasant time. This afternoon Abbie has taken James and Alice out to see Miss Billings and Ruth and Philip are having their nap, so it unusually quiet here.

George's folks wrote for us to come over there for New Year's dinner, but of course we couldn't go, for the fare for just one person one way is \$16.

C. has been working night and day on a damage suit, and we have hardly seen him. But it is ended now and I hope he will be able to get home for the evening, it is so lonesome when he is gone so much.

I am glad you had such a nice Xmas and I wish I could have contributed more to make it so. I am glad, too, that the things were all right and that you liked them. Abbie is working me a sofa pillow and Lizzie sent me a stock for the neck, and that was what I had, which was a great plenty I think. C. didn't have a moment's time to get anything and we fixed the tree between twelve and one o'clock that night.

I'm glad you had a nice visit from Aunt Sue; Abbie wrote to Uncle Jim last night. Tell Charlie and Anna we were sorry we had to leave them out this Xmas, and we intended to make something nice for the babies if Abbie hadn't gone in the store. I'm glad the holidays are over, but I think I have much to be thankful for, for the babies have all kept so well this winter, and I feel very good indeed now. You hurry and get well, mother, and our cup will be filled to the brim with joy.

I stood in the window and watched the children when they started off and it made me think of the time when mother and father used to stand in the window and watch us down the street when they had got us dressed up. I tell you we appreciate a mother's and father's love and care of us when we get babies of our own. I can't write any more for I'm expecting company tomorrow and I've got to get my Saturday mending done today. This will let you know that I think of you and love you lots-----

---

Feb. 10, 1896

My Dear Ones;

I've a little time before lunch and will improve it beginning a letter to you. We were so pleased to get a letter in mother's dear handwriting once more, and I hope you'll be careful, mother, and not get sick again.

We are all usually well, that is all but myself, and I am not sick only I feel weak and unstrung and get so nervous and tired out that my shoulders jerk just as they used to at home, mother, when I wasn't well. I think I stay home too closely, but don't see how I can do otherwise for a long time yet. I've only been out one evening since Xmas, so you see I am quite steady. But enough about me and my bad feelings, for I know you and Em have enough of those without hearing about mine.

I found a couple of books about the house, mother, the other day and sent them off to you for I thought they might help you to pass away a few hours. "The Little Minister" is a particular favorite of mine and I hope you'll enjoy it as much as I did.

We are having beautiful spring weather now and the days are most of them so warm

and pleasant that James, Alice and Ruth can play out a great deal and Philip runs on the porch some of the time. That is a great help, and James is so careful and trusty with them that I feel perfectly safe when he has them. They are dear little things, all of them, and I'd give anything if I could show them to you this very day. Philip is such an affectionate little fellow that I know he'd go straight to yours and Em's hearts the first thing. Alice said the other day, "Mama, I do want to go and see that poor sick grandma so." and I thought I guess you don't want to any more than your mother does.

There is no news whatever to write that I can think of; Charlie keeps busy most of the time, but it is harder work to collect the pay for his work than it is to do the work. Abbie is well as usual and sits here reading. Just think, Ruth is three years old this month; it doesn't seem possible, does it? They are growing up so fast.

Well, I guess I'll stop writing, for I don't feel at all interesting today; guess its near my sick time makes me so lazy. I send you lots of love----

---

Feb. 27, 1896

My Dear Ones;

I'm going to try and write you a little letter tonight, although I haven't an interesting thing to tell you about. The family are all better of their colds and I guess are coming out all right. I've been sneezing all day, but am going to try and ward off a cold. I am feeling better than when I wrote last; I was so blue that day for it was the day before my sick day and I ought not to have written in such a strain for I know you have enough to think of without being burdened with my blues, so I'll try and do better after this.

We've had a regular April day with showers and sunshine alternating and a good brisk wind blowing. Its beginning to seem like spring here, for the grass is green, crocuses and daffodils are in bloom and my rose bushes are all leaving out. I expect you are having winter weather yet and it makes me wish so that you and mother were here with us.

I do so want to see you all. I have a longing for "home and mother" all the time, but I have it more when the spring comes. I went out this afternoon between showers and made three calls here in the neighborhood, and yesterday I made three down in the city, some of them I've owed for many months, and I felt quite happy at getting them paid up. I'm such a poor hand to go calling.

Charlie did not come home to dinner tonight, and Philip was so disappointed he did not come on the car he usually comes on, that he lay down on the floor and bumped his head and cried "Pa-pa--pa pa." The children are getting so lively and noisy that they nearly drive us crazy. I expect if we should bring them east that you, mother, and Em, too, would go wild; but they are sweet, too, and I know you'd love them all.

Ruth walked over by Mr. Mead's Sunday as he was out in the yard; he said he talked to her quite a while and finally told her he thought she was a pretty nice girl. She asked him then, he said, if he wasn't "atkin' through his hat"; he was so pleased he had to tell Charlie and I about it. They do say such funny things sometimes.

I am glad you are better, mother, and I hope you'll be very careful of yourself and not get sick again. Em went so long without writing we were afraid she was sick. It was such a relief when we got her letter to know she was usually well. I am glad the twins love her so much; what sweet little things they must be!

I'll send you some more books soon. You are so good, Em, to offer to take care of the children if I'll bring them east, so I can go all I want to, but when is dear old Ez going to get her rest and recreation? Well, I must stop-----

---

March 4, 1896

Dear Ones;

I feel just like talking with you tonight, so I'll write a little letter even if I've nothing interesting to write about. We've all been having colds, and Charlie and I, the last ones to succumb, are taking our turns at it now. He coughs and then I cough; then he wipes his nose and I "follow suit" with my own, which makes it lively around here. Otherwise I feel better than I have in a long time and today I've been down town waiting on table for a church dinner.

Abbie is out this evening; has gone out with Mr. and Mrs. Ramage and will go home to stay all night with them. Last Saturday our warm spring weather froze up and we've

been having a blizzard, although you would not think it very cold, as the thermometer has only been 20 above zero. But it seemed cold to us because we are not used to it and the cold wind was very penetrating. The water pipes froze up Sunday night and we've had no water since, only what we've brought from a neighbor's cistern. It makes it hard where there are a family of children, and they've all been looking like tramps all week.

James is so anxious to learn to read that Miss Burgess, a neighbor across the street, and a schoolteacher, has him come over there a couple of hours a day. He went for the first time yesterday and had a new book and ~~sxlix~~ slate. You better believe he was proud! He put the book and slate under his arm and went to look at himself in the glass before he started. I could teach him to read, I guess, but I don't understand the synthetic method the way they teach it here, and I want him to be able to go right along when he goes into public school.

Philip grows very cute; yesterday he was crying and I asked him what he was crying about and he stuck out his lips and said "unt tell". When he is sleepy he comes and gets gold of my hand and says "airs--boy boo", meaning he wants to go upstairs and have me sing Boy Blue. Alice told her papa the other night she loved him just as well as she did Jesus and C. thought that was good enough.

I was down town the other day and Abbie let the children go out to the barn to play. She said as she sat by the window sewing she heard an awful howling and she looked and James and Alice had put Ruth in a barrel and were rolling her out of the barn.

((Like to see you do it now!))

She said you couldn't see anything but her legs sticking out, and she looked too funny for anything. Ruth said she liked it but she didn't want to try it again.

And now, dear mother, how are you and Em? I hope you are much improved and that Em is all right. I think you'll see some of us before the summer is over, but can't promise anything, everything is so uncertain. One thing you may be sure of: if we can come we will. You can't guess how I long to see you all again; there are warm friends, but they aren't mother, brothers or sister. I do want to see you so much, and now I must stop, for my nose runs so I have to keep wiping it all the time----

---

March 8, 1896

My Dear Em;

I sent you a letter Friday, but we've heard nothing from you in so long that I feel a good deal worried, and will write again today. We've all been having colds; mine wasn't so bad so I went out with Charlie Thursday eve, and when we got ready to come home we found it snowing and we had to walk a few blocks to the car so I got pretty damp. The next day my lungs began to pain me and I had to doctor up pretty well or I guess I would have been sick. I'm a good deal better today, but have not been out of the house since.

I don't seem to be able to stand much lately, although I keep jogging along in the same routine. Abbie has taken James and Alice to Sunday School, and Ruth and Philip are asleep, so I am having a quiet hour. I wish you were both here to visit with me.

I think Charlie and all of us have a touch of homesickness this spring, and I tell you, Em, if we had the money it wouldn't be long before we were with you. I think about seeing you and mother all day and dream about it at night. I do hope neither of you are sick again and we'll get a letter tomorrow; I think it will be two weeks then since we heard from you last.

I mean to write oftener, but the time slips by before I know it. This past week has been a stormy one, and the children have had to stay in the house most of the time, and I assure you it has made things lively. I'm not going to finish this today, but wait and see if the postman brings us a letter, and then I'll write some more.  
(Monday)

I've just got your letters and am so relieved to know that neither of you are sick. I tell you, mother, your letter was appreciated, for I know it was an effort for you to write it. The twins must be better by this time or I should feel worried about them. We will gladly come home, Em, if we can, and if I do you won't have to do any washing for me, so you needn't mention it. I guess if I can hire it done here I can there. If I come it will be to make it easier for you and mother and not harder. I'm afraid the children would drive you crazy, but I guess we can manage so they would not be too great a nuisance.

I think Aunt Sue acts very queer, but of course I don't know anything about it, being so far away. I know Uncle Jim will do the square thing every time, bless his good heart. I

am so sorry Fred has such hard luck, and it makes me wish I was a millionaire so I could make him independent. I think with you, mother, that a good long visit with you is just the medicine I need. I can't think of anything else on earth that would do me the good that would. I don't want you to think, though, that I am sick for I am not, I just get tired and worried once in awhile. Abbie will write soon and I'll leave the rest for her to tell. Best love----

May 1, 1896

My Dear Ones;

I haven't written you in a long, long time, just because I hadn't the heart to write when I had no good news to tell you in regard to our coming east. But I won't wait any longer for fear you'll think we've forgotten you, although you ought to know I couldn't do that.

We've been without a girl since Sunday and it has been hard work for me to keep up the house work. It takes me all day long and when evening comes and the dinner work done and the children in bed, I am glad to crawl off to bed, too, for I have to be up at six in the morning.

I got the work done early last Wednesday and started out to see if I could rent the house so I could come east. I walked about thirty blocks and was all discouraged when I got home, for I did not have any success at all. I don't know what to write you; I don't see how we all can get the money to come on, but Abbie will come anyway, I think. You don't know how all wrong it seems to me for her to go without us, for that has been our one dream for the past five years. I can't bear to give it up when I want to see you so, mother, and Em and all the rest of the dear ones.

When you are all together again back there, and Abbie with you, I hope you won't forget poor little me off here alone. But I know you need her more than I do, and that thought helps me to try and not think about the time when she will be gone and I shall be alone here. I only wish we would pay her for half that she has done for us, for me particularly, since she has been here.

Em, when those babies have indigestion like that give them castor oil the first thing. Dr. Hicks told us to do so and it works like a charm and saves lots of Dr. bills. Our bill for a doctor has only been \$19 in the last year and a half and I think that is very little considering the size of our family, don't you?

I had quite a funny experience a couple of weeks ago; cracked my plate of teeth right through the middle and had to go and get some new ones made. I was getting ready to go down after the new ones when they broke way apart and what a time I had getting down town, I couldn't talk or anything.

Tell Nellie to write me about her trip to New York, and ask her if she doesn't want to come out and stay a year with me and go to school here, if Abbie goes home. It would be quite an education for her, I think, to live as we do here in constant intercourse with all parts of the earth.

Our children are all well and happy. It has rained for the past week steady and they have played out a good share of the time. James feet are wet through every night, but he doesn't take cold. He and Alice and Ruth were all out this morning and it was just pouring; I went to look for them and found them over on Mrs. Jackson's front porch running their cart and having a great time. They think the neighbors porch is just as good as ours.

Mother, don't you get blue because I cannot come, for Abbie will cheer you up and can tell you all about everything. There may something turn up so I can come, too, but I hardly think it possible now, and I don't want to keep Abbie waiting too long. But don't forget me when you are all together, for I shall be with you in thought all the time.

I must close now for I am all tired out. Write me often, Em, and maybe it is for the best that I cannot come to you-----

May 18, 1896

My Dear Ones;

I rec'd a nice letter from Em Saturday and had one all written to send, but concluded to tear that up and write another that would please you better. I expect, Em, after you read this you will be more "sore across you" than you were after house cleaning.

In fact I think you will just have cramps, for "Providence permitting", when you read

1901  
this Abbie, I, and the children will be at, or near, Chicago, on our way to see you all once more!! Are you glad? We will telegraph either from Utica or Bing., whichever way we come, just what train we will get to Oxford on. Don't do anything to get ready for us, just keep mother as quiet as you can for we want to slip in so quietly that you won't realize that we have been gone until you see my four bouncing babies!

We start Thursday night at ten o'clock and expect to be with you Tuesday sometime. Of course you'll go up and tell Charlie's folks. The only drawback to the whole thing is that he can't come too.

Abbie is down town doing errands, and I have a woman here washing and ironing. I have all the housework to do and Abbie is finishing the sewing, so I can't spend time to write you much. We may telegraph from Chicago, but I can't tell for certain. It will be from somewhere along there anyway.

Now, Em, break the good news to mother carefully and don't let her get worried; if you are only one half as glad to see us as we are to come it will be all right. I have lots to say to you, but will postpone it until I get there. Take things cool and easy and don't try to cook up anything for us. I feel as if I could just live on "aalk" for several days. Write Fred about it, for I won't have time, and tell Charlie and Anna to be on deck with their twins and we'll fight em to a finish. Philip is awake and I must stop----

Enroute---

My Dear Husband;

We are doing very nicely this morning; it took the children some time to get quieted down last night, but after they did they slept pretty well. Philip waked up once and cried a little, but there was only one couple besides ourselves on the car, so I didn't have to worry about his disturbing any one. Alice was up and dressed this morning at five o'clock and the rest soon after. Philip worried and cried for an hour, but is happy now. He said he wanted to "go" and "pa-poo"; I suppose you'll know what that means.

I took them for breakfast in the dining car and it did them good and rested me; had to give \$2.25 for the meal; don't that make you tired? We won't go more than once a day, and not that if we can help it.

It is quite warm now at 9 o'clock and very dusty. The car is quite comfortable and convenient and I did not feel crowded at all in the berth last night with Ruth and Philip. Since beginning this I've gotten Ruth and Philip to sleep for their naps and they are resting nicely. I don't think you need worry about us at all, and I hope you are not too lonely without us, and that the time will pass quickly until we all meet again. I'm already looking ahead to that happy, happy time. Write me all about there you stay and eat and everything else. We all send lots of love and kisses, and I'll write every chance I get.

Your loving wife---

Oxford,

June 4, 1896

My Dearest;

It seems as if I never should get a chance to talk to you a little while, for I've been kept so busy with callers and one thing and another its almost impossible to find an unoccupied minute. Philip has been very fretful for the past two days, and this morning when I dressed his arm he screamed and took on so that I had Dr. Greene across the way come over. He dressed it for me and he has gone to sleep all right. Dr. said it was doing all right, but in this dryer climate it would have to be dressed oftener, as the heat took the moisture out of the salve.

Philip sticks tight to me and won't let anyone else do anything for him, so it keeps me on the "qui-vive" all the time. The rest of them are having a grand time; Charlie and Nell and Sadie took James and Alice up to the depot yesterday and kept them all of the afternoon. Last night James and Alice went up to grandma Eaton's after supper and staid until bedtime. Sadie was in this morning and said Amanda told James she'd make him a party on his birthday and asked what they'd like to eat. James said, "On anything good", and Alice said "soup." They thought it was awfully funny.

Ruth cried in the night and said she wanted to go home, but she seems to be enjoying herself hugely now. Amanda seems to think they are all all right, and your mother looks at them with quite an approving look, while Lizzie trots around and waits on them at a great

Tacoma,  
June 3, 1896

My Dear Little Woman;

I did not write you day before yesterday nor yesterday, but am at it again now. I was made thrice glad at 11:22 Monday morning by getting your telegram. I have also received three letters from you; it seems the trip was not such a big undertaking after all, but then they're sure good children, so what did you expect?

I am very very thankful you got there all right; now just watch out for them, what they eat and drink and they ought to get along all right. Don't let them eat green fruit nor candy. Good milk and oatmeal mush is the stuff for them and don't stuff them with other things or let anyone else do it.

I am just aching to get your letter after you got home. I spend a good deal of time trying to imagine just what they are doing, where they are and what they are up to. Write me all the little details and have the folks write about what they think of them. Em Brown, from whom I got a nice letter, wrote that she hoped they would be real live children and not prim old people. Well! I guess she'll find they are somewhat alive. I would think that it would be a good chance for you to rest to go down and see Em Brown if you want to. I also got a good letter from Amanda; I hope they will love the children and that the children will behave themselves and return the love. Great Scott, how I would like to see you all!

Now I don't miss you and the children as much as I expected to, nor of course as much as you would. I have been and am working hard and of course not being in the habit of seeing the children during the day I don't miss them so awfully much, but when it gets to this time of day (dinner time) then I begin to feel most awfully kind of uneasy. During the day I can't realize yet that you are not all at home and everytime any children run down the hall in the building here I think at once its James or Alice and when I recall that they are so far away it kinda gives me that all gone feeling you know. Of course I miss you and look forward to the day when you'll come marching home, so what's the use of you writing such rot?

By the way, you never said anything more about them charging you for the children on the diner. I have given them a going over about it and would like to know what it cost you.

There isn't much of anything to write about that I know of. Mr. H. just came in and said he had been to the ball game, but I don't know whether he has or not, I don't believe him much. I like my room much. Well, I must close and go and get something to put in the hole in my face. I send great stacks of love and kisses. Have CWS take some pictures to send. I hope Philip's arm is getting along nicely.

I kiss yo' hand and want you to write every day, if it isn't too much of a task. I do not expect to write you every day because I haven't got so much to write about, but will do the best I can-----

Tacoma,  
June 5, '96

My Dear Wife;

I am not going to write much of a letter because I have to go to dinner and then to work again. I'm working like sixty trying to get a case finished up so I can get some money, which same I need very bad.

Say, I wish you'd have the children's picture made all together, and better get into it yourself. Get a contract with the photographer to have one made that will just suit you and make him take it till you get one. Now do this and I'll like you better than ever.

I am just honing for tomorrow because I expect to get your first Oxford letter. I don't expect to get much of a one, because you'd have to write the same day you got home, but day after tomorrow expect to get a dandy good one. And if I get up and go down to that PO and don't get one you'll catch it.

There is absolutely nothing going on here except kicking about hard times, and things are awfully dull. I haven't been off Pacific Ave. in a week pretty near. Wish you were coming home tomorrow. Hope you are having a good time and have no doubt you are. I miss you all more and more every day and if I wasn't so busy I don't know what I'd do. Lots of love to you and the dear babies-----

Tacoma,

June 7, 1896

My Dear Wifie;

Was disappointed in not getting a letter from you this morning, but got one from Amanda. I hardly expected you to write the first day you got there and I suppose I will hear from you tomorrow. I know they must have kept you right busy. Amanda seems to rave over Ruth and Alice; I never thought they were very pretty but she seems to think so.

I presume the children will give you a lot of trouble this summer; they will be made so much of that it will be apt to spoil them unless you watch out for them pretty close. Be with them as much as you possibly can and take them with Sadie, Nellie and Maud for little picnics; seems to me that would be a good way to amuse them. Give them just as good a time as you possibly can, and yourself too; we don't know when they'll have another opportunity.

I don't know anything more about going east; U.S. Court opens the 9th of July and I will have to be here for that. I don't think I have done a cent of new work since you went away and there doesn't appear to be anything in sight. I have three or four weeks work ahead now and that will bring me up to the July term and if that should pan out pretty well I might be able to spend August in the east; I hope so.

I wrote the children a letter this morning; there is nothing at all new here--I absolutely see no one; I get to the office at eight or half past and am there till eleven at night; don't even go to my room except to sleep. I was out yesterday afternoon, but aside from that and rolling a few games of cocked hat I have done nothing but work since you went away, or at least since I found out you were there all right and kinder quit worrying. I am going up to Judge Pritchard's tonight and that just about opens up the political part of it so far as I am concerned.

It rained cats and dogs all day today; I have been loafing around the office but don't feel like working; guess I'll go and eat now. Wish I had some strawberry shortcake, but I ain't got none.

I miss you and the children so awfully much and if I wasn't busy I guess I'd go crazy. If I get out of work I'll just probably have to hike off east.

Say, I've got two colored shirts; you ought to be here to buy things of Grove Bros.; they are cheaper than dirt.

I send you lots of love and kisses and wish you were here. Write as often as you can but don't make it a burden for yourself. I want you to rest up and have a good time; you've earned it.

Your loving husband,  
CBE

Tacoma,  
June 10, '96

My Dear Little Wifie;

I will now try and write you a few stitches, as I didn't write you yesterday nor day before. I have rec'd two letters from you since you got home, and am glad to know you are enjoying yourself so well. I hope twill do your mother and all of them a lot of good as well as yourself. You don't write very much, seems to me, about the children. It is a great chance for them, and I'm so curious to know how things strike them. What do they do add what do they say? I would let them run pretty much as they like so long as they are in no danger and trust to luck to get them back into harness later on.

Don't forget about, nor neglect having the picture made I wrote you about; I hope you have been dutiful enough to have it on its way to me by the time you get this. If not attend to it at once.

I am sorry that Phil has had trouble with his arm; get it well as rapidly as possible before you begin to have hot weather. Poor little chap, how I would like to see him, and also you and also James, Alice and Ruth. I sit and try to imagine what they do and where they go and what people notice them and remark about them, but it ain't very satisfactory.

Amanda wrote that mother said when she got back from your house the day you arrived that Ida looked very handsome. Has she had trouble with her eyes, I don't think? I guess you'd look kinder handsome to me if I could see you now. But I can't, so what's the use?

I saw Grace yesterday for the first time since you went away; she looks well and said she was going to write to you. I am not going to work tonight; I have been in court all day, just finished up a case this morning and am tired, cross, ugly, discouraged, discourteous, disgruntled, discontented and so forth. I believe I wrote you about my room, what stuff I got etc. I don't care much for it, thank you. I think I'll go down and get cocked hat; will you be mad at me if I do?

I haven't much of a feeling I want to write tonight, but I mean to write about every three days to let you know I'm still on earth and haven't forgotten you. I want to get out of this cussed office more than anything else right now. Kiss each of the babies three times for me, and then have them each kiss you three times, and then kiss each other three times, and my love to all the folks----

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Tacoma,  
June 17, '96

My Dear Wife;

I did not get any letter from you this morning, nor yesterday, and the one on Monday said that James was sick. That's one of the things that I warned you agin; writing that one of you were sick and then not writing for two, three days again. Don't do that any more. I hope there wasn't nothing much wrong with good old James and that he was all right again long ago.

I have been sick all the week but am feeling better today. I don't know what was the matter, just felt bad, you know, and didn't sleep good. I wonder how you are getting along and how I do want to see you; I don't know whether I can stand it much longer or not. I just hone for you all the time.

It was the proper thing to do about the girl, if you get one. I don't like for you to be tied down any more than you can possibly help. I would like for you to be with the children as much as possible and giving them a good time, and also having one yourself. Did that little trunk get there all right? I noticed at the depot that it had come unlocked but didn't mention it because you would worry over it. I suppose it got there or you would have mentioned it.

Have you had the children's picture made yet?

Having some more lovely weather now, GAR encampment, summer tourists, Alaskan travelers, and things; town is full of people and yesterday we had a circus and things looked like they used to for a few minutes. Saw Mrs. Gillespie yesterday and she said she'd like to hear from you if you weren't too blamed busy. She invited me to go across the bay picnicking with them Sunday and I expect to go. I would like to go picknicking with you folks, but it don't look very encouraging now to tell the truth. You tell the children they could crawl on me and hammer me if I could see them and I wouldn't kick.

I hope you are feeling better than when you wrote last. I presume the warm weather was too much for you and hope you are all right now. Take good care of yourself, little old

June 14, 1896

My Dear Little Wife;

I have not written to you for three or four days; you must not get worried if you do not hear from me very often. I do not intend to write more than three or four times a week. There is "nothing to write about," you know and while I am so busy I do not find the time. I took evidence in a case for a day and a half and then they wanted it written up so they could have it yesterday noon; I started in Thursday at five o'clock and finished it up Friday evening. We had to work like thunder to get it done and Ombra and I did it all ourselves. Friday she wrote 108 pages of typewriting, which is the biggest days work for one typewriter that I think I have ever known of. The bill in the case will amount to about \$90, which is quite a little help in these hard and rocky times. Especially as it was something I did not count on, and so it was the same as found.

I was glad to get the pictures. I don't think I ever saw a cuter amateur picture than that of the little darkies. I have shown them to everybody and they have caused lots of amusement. Don't neglect to have the children's pictures taken as I told you to; I know you must all be having a gladsome time there and I am glad it was so you could go. I am so pleased that everyone seems to like the kiddies; I was afraid they wouldn't! How do they behave anyway? Are they nice or rude or what. I am going up to Ramage's to dinner today and after dinner I think I'll go out to the house. I want to get the pants to my ice cream suit which I forgot when I was out there before and also my photograph stuff. I haven't heard anything from the folks out there. I met Mac on the street the other day and he said they were getting along very well. The neighbors out there seem to think they are all right and I guess they are although they have not paid any rent yet. When they do I'll send some to you. Please receipt. Seems to me if folks send in enough stuff you ought to live pretty cheap.

Its a beautiful day here; I am sorry I promised to go to Ramage's to dinner or I would kinda like to go away somewhere in the country, altho I don't suppose I would. Sunday ain't a very gladsome day to me as all the fellows in my set are out on their bikes and I'm not working and haven't anything to do. I would just like to see you and have a good visit with you. I miss you so much that I can't express it to you and wouldn't if I could. I sent you east as a sort of duty and I didn't expect to have a good time and need only say that I have not been disappointed in the least in the result. I look upon it as a trial, as it is, but I am all right and I don't want your visit spoiled by any regrets about me.

I don't like my room so very awful well; its too noisy. I am not in it except to sleep and I don't do much of that. Yesterday morning I didn't get up till ten and had to go to court before breakfast.

Well, I will not write any more now; I have written a little letter to the children and maybe I will write you again today and I intend to write Manda and Am Brown as soon as I can. Take good care of yourself and the babies; I send much love to all of you.

Your affectionate husband,

CBE

rate. She works quite a good deal, is quite thin, and Amanda says she is at her non to get her some sewing from Anna's to do. She seems so active that it doesn't seem like Lizzie.

Amanda and your mother are both stouter than when you were here. I saw Tom Robinson yesterday and he wanted me to tell you he weighed 204 lbs. He is shaped about like Ruth. ((I resent that!))

Charlie's twins are too cute for anything; Philip has already had one or two scraps with them. Nell is the most original girl I ever saw; Charlie takes fine pictures, and they've offered him a price for his picture of the Soldiers Home. He is getting ne'some ready to send you and I'm going to learn all he knows about it.

Oh, Charlie, I do miss you so, and there has been two or three times that I have regretted that I left you. But if the children do not get sick I shall be glad I came on mother's account; she is looking better already. It is very hard to get the children into any regular habits here, but I am trying my best.

Everyone seemed glad to see me, even to old Jimmy Deo and they all inquire for you. I think the things you bought for your room will come in good at the house when I get home. Write me just what you bought and all about it. Do you think you can come for us? I do hope you can, for I think it would do you lots and lots of good. Everyone has grown stout and gray here, and I think "we westerners" look younger than others of our age.

We are going over to Uncle Jim's this afternoon for a little visit. It is warming up pretty good now, and looks like some thunder showers; suppose I'll like them?

I can't write more now, for Philip has waked up. I'll do the best I can and I know that you will, too. I didn't get a letter this morning, and it gives me a lump in my throat, but maybe one will come tonight. I think of you constantly and hope you'll not be too lonely. I'll come back when you tell me to if you can't come. I'm living cheaply as I can, but will have to get some things for the children.

Well, goodbys, dear boy, for this time. God bless and keep you ever-----

Oxford,

June 20, 1896

My Dear Husband;

I've waited for the morning mail to see if I'd have a nice letter from you to answer; I didn't get any, but I think I'll jot down a few lines anyway cause I like you! I get your Sunday letter Friday morning and then I don't get any more news until about Tuesday, and it makes a long stretch, and I'm beginning to dread those days of the week.

We are all pretty well this morning, thank you! Alice coughs and vomits a good deal but it doesn't seem to wear on her very much yet, and I think she is getting along nicely with it. Philip had a bowel trouble last Friday night, but we brought him out all right with the Dr. Hicks tablets. Now that they know you are not coming they tease to go home, and James just came in and told me that he wanted to be home next Sunday, and for me to tell papa so.

It has rained as hard as it could pour all forenoon, so they are having a quiet (?) day indoors with mama. It is very sultry and mama herself is not feeling very good. I don't know what ails me; sometimes I think it is homesickness. But Ruth has only slept a few nights without a crying spell since we've been here and I've been up and down with her of course. Now Alice's coughing keeps me awake, and with the change of climate I think that is all that ails me.

We had your folks down to supper Saturday afternoon and yesterday Jim and Deal and CWS and family to dinner. I made 6 pts. of ice cream and got pretty tired and hot, but am taking it pretty easy today. Wednesday I am going to let the girl go; you ask how I like her and I will say that she is very sweet. Everything I do in the kitchen she nugs and kisses me; you'd like that, wouldn't you, dear? But her capabilities for working are not very great, and I think we can excuse her. She is very nice with the children and that has been a great help.

We are looking some for Emma Brown this week. The young lady that Rob was engaged to, was coming out of a grocery store and was run into by a wheel. She was unconscious for two hours, but finally recovered enough to start on a visit west. She got as far as Chicago and was taken with peritonitis and died there. She was an intimate friend of Ed B's and they all feel dreadfully.

I told CWS that you wanted me to get some pictures made and mounted from that negative of James and he wanted to know if he couldn't do it good enough. He is out of print-

ing paper and has to send for it.

How soon can we have our house? Abbie had a letter from Mrs. Head this morning and she said the Mc's were taking fine care of our place. I think I'd like to get home on a Sunday morning, then I'd have a whole day to visit with you and answer those "million questions", and when I do come don't tell anyone, for I'd like time to get straightened around before I have any company.

There's no use in trying to get anyone to come with me; I've asked all that you told me and they just take it as a joke. CWS says if he goes he'll stay with you forever, and asks now you'd like that. Alice has just had a hard coughing spell and threw up all of her dinner. I'm afraid if she can't keep anything down she'll get pretty thin.

I read your letter home and got pretty hot over your inviting criticisms on your children; I tell you they are all right, no matter who says they are not, and you ought to know it as well as I do. Did I tell you that Ruth went down in the Hatchkiss House barroom and had a visit? It didn't seem as if she'd been gone a minute, she got there so quick. Mr. King said a man began to talk to her and she told him to "keep still, you're not my papa"; don't you think they are improving?

I certainly would approve of your taking "anyone" to Steilcoom with you; I don't suppose there is but one person you'd care to take and you can do as you like about that. It's not much worse to do it than to want to do it, eh?

I'm sorry you miss the children and we'll come whenever you are ready for us--willingly. You know you told me I'd have to stay until you had money enough for me to come back on, so I don't want to hurry you, but whenever you are ready I'm willing to come. I've had a lovely time here, but since I know you can't come it has taken the fun out of things a good deal; I anticipated such good times with you and the children.

It will be awful to leave mother, for it hardly seems possible I will ever see her or your mother again. But God is good, and has been more than good to me, and all that I can do is to leave it in His hands, hoping that we may see each other again.

Write often, dearest, and don't get mad at anything I've written. I feel mean and worried today and can't help it, although there's no cause for it that I know of. I love you more this minute than I ever did before in my life, and I've got the sweetest babies on earth and that ought to make as small a woman as I am happy, don't you think? I could talk you blind if I were there, and will some day, see if I don't, but now must stop-----

Oxford,

June 26, 1896

My Dear Husband:

I'll begin a letter to you this morning, and pretty soon when the mail comes I'll finish it if I get a letter from you. I shall be awfully disappointed if I don't, for I haven't had but one short letter this week. We are all well as usual and the children are very lively to say the least.

Night before last Abbie and I went up to N. to get James some clothes so he could go up yesterday with mother Eaton and Sadie. We went at 4:30 and expected to get back at 10:30, but the time had been changed to 11:30 so we nearly made an all night trip of it. We did our shopping, found a dandy little suit for James, then I went down to Hattie Eaton's while Abbie went to the cemetery. When she came back they made us stay to supper and until the train came and we had a very nice visit with them.

Yesterday mother, Sadie and James visited at Rob's, Nell took Alice to a ball game and Bertha, the girl, took Ruth and Philip out all of the afternoon, so I went off up to see Amanda, for I was sort of homesick.

The weather for three days has been dark, cloudy, and cold, very disagreeable, and it has sort of given me the blues. But there are signs of the sun coming out again today, I'm happy to state. Does it seem like four weeks since we left Tacoma? The trip seems like a dream to me, a pleasant dream with the exception of leaving my dear husband behind. I'm counting the days until you can come, and I try not to worry for I know you'll come if you can. I think I'll surprise the children when you come and see what they'll do. I was at Manda's last night when the folks got home from Rob's and mother said that James was a perfect "little gentleman" all day. Manda lets them run the house when they are up here; I don't want to fret you about anything, but I think this birthday party of James' is going to make some hard feelings. Manda seems to want to make it an Eaton affair and has asked Rob's folks. The idea was just to have the children of my old friends and his cousins, but I don't know as

Tacoma, Sunday evening, June 28th.

My dear Little Children, James, Alice, Ruth and Philip:

Mama writes me that you are all such good little boys and girls that I am very proud of you and thought I would write you a letter to let you know how glad I am that you are so good. I am very glad too that you keep well. You must be very careful what you eat so that you will not get sick. Be sure and not eat any green apples or things of that kind, because papa would feel very bad if any of you should get sick. So you be very careful to do what mama tells you and I guess you will get along all right.

May be James will get this letter on his birthday. How I would like to be there to give him six hard spansks for his six years. But this year mama and Alice and Ruth will have to attend to that for him. Is he to have a party up to Aunt Amanda's? I would like to be there to help eat the cake and ice cream and such things. But I can't, and so the best thing I can do is to send him a whole lot of love and kisses for his birthday.

I saw the cutest little pony wagon the other day, and I just thought then that it would be the very thing for you children. I guess if you had been here papa would have bought it and a little pony to drive in it. Would n't that be fine? May be next summer you can have one. The man that lives in the house back of papa's office has a parrot, and he is the funniest bird I ever saw. He can bark like a dog, whistle, crow like a rooster, me-ow like a cat, talk, sing and everything else. He cries just like a little baby and carries on out there till he has a lot of folks standing around listening to him. Perhaps you can get acquainted with him when you come back home.

It is so dark now that I can't see to write any more. I send you a great deal of love and just thousands and millions of hugs and kisses. I want to see you more than you can possible believe. I hope you want to see me too. Go up and kiss Grandama Eaton, Aunt Amanda, Aunt Lizzie and Cousin Sarah a few thousand times for me, will you?  
Good night, dear little darlings.

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I'm to have anything to do about it, only of course I'll get the blame from the sensitive ones. But I won't make any trouble about it, only if they consult me I shall tell them what I think about it. Lizzie popped corn all of the afternoon after the children came, for them. It seems so funny to see her flying around the house so busy, but she seems much happier.

I don't think mother Eaton is as well as she looks, for she bloats badly and is all out of breath from a little exertion. She loves the children dearly, only she thinks Manda is too indulgent with them, and I do too.

They've just come tErom the office and didn't bring me any letter from you and I'm mad. I guess you are not missing me much or you'd write oftener. Oh well, I guess I better write after this only when I have a letter to answer; then I won't be boring you. I hope you are feeling better than when you wrote last, that you are all well again and that you went on the picnic with Gillespie's folks. Come to think of it maybe that's the reason you didn't write last Sunday and I didn't get any letter today. Now I suppose I won't hear from you until Monday and it seems a long time to wait. I get the Sunday Ledger all right and thank you for the same. I've got the children's clothes now so I think I can get the picture the first of the week if CMS can take us to N. and I guess he can. I've not the slightest idea what kind of a one you want.

Write what the prospects are for you coming east; I'm to go back with you, am I not? I must close now and give Philip his nap; he grows cute every day and talks nearly every thing now. ; I would like to have you see how they are enjoying every minute of their visit. Well, goodbys for now, with lots of love-----

June 28, 1896

My Dear Little Hubby;

I haven't anything to write about this Sunday afternoon except that I got a little letter from you yesterday. You do write such cute little letters! I'm not finding fault, though, for I know you're very busy and I'm glad to get anything from you in the shape of a letter.

I've just been up on the hill a little while with the children; mother Eaton had kind of a poor spell since church, a severe pain all over one side of her, but she was feeling most well when I came away. We've had another dark, rainy Sunday, but now just at night it has cleared up and the sun is shining. CMS and I were going to take some pictures if it hadn't been so cloudy, up at your house. Now we'll have to wait for another Sunday, for he can't come down in time to get any good ones.

I wonder if you and Geo. are "loafing around" together today. I specs you don't get scolded much these days and you must be getting quite fat. I don't feel a bit good; I don't know whether it is the change in climate or not, but I really feel stupid. I guess I'm a little homesick to see you, too, but I'm having a good time, and everyone does all they can to make it pleasant for me. I'm saving some of the pleasantest things to do when you come.

Mother and I are going down after James' birthday, to B., to see Fred and Uncle Gene. We will stay two or three days and I am only going to take two of the children and maybe not any if the weather is too hot. Emma Brown is waiting to come up when you come.

The childre act like everything today, and Philip is getting to be a "full tear" with the rest of them. When I put Ruth to sleep today she said, "Mama, why don't we ever go home no more?" When I asked what she wanted to go home for she said, "I want to see my papa, don't I?" Somehow I felt just that way myself.

Charlie's horse gives a jerk once in awhile when we are riding and Philip heard some of us say it hurt our back, so the other night when they had him out he kept saying "hurt back." He talks almost everything in his way, and is very cute. Since I had his hair cut everyone says he is the image of his father, that means you (I thought you wouldn't know and I'd better tell you). Say, Charlie, ~~xxxx~~ twins are awfully nice and I've made up my mind I'll have some when I get back. I don't think our family will be complete without a pair.

(Evening) Uncle Jiz and Aunt Deal, Lib Walworth and Louise have been here since I wrote the above and it is now 9:30. I'm going to write a few lines more and then put myself in the arms of Morpheus. I go to bed fagged out every night, for it is awfully hard work to take care of the children here. They run and play so much that when night comes I just have a picnic getting them to bed. Tonight I thought I had them all quiet in bed and when Charlie went he called me out in the hall and there sat Ruth on the tairs in her nightgown and nobody knows how long she'd been there.

I said, "Why, Ruth, you said you'd be a good girl", and she said, "I am good, ain't I?" She'd certainly been quiet. She went to bed very sweetly tonight and she wanted me to

tell papa what a good girl she was. James is counting a great deal on his party, and I hope it will be a success. Em is sick in bed tonight and I feel worried about her. Her general health is very poor and I'm afraid she is going to be really sick.

I am sleepy and must go to bed. Can I come in your room and visit with you? Bless your heart, I'm "honing" for you, too, all the time, for you are all the world to me, my dear. We all send lots of hugs and kisses-----

Oxford,

June 30, 1896

My Dear Little Man;

I'll just send you a few words tonight so you'll know how we are getting along. I haven't had a letter from you since Sat. and that seems an age. I suppose your time is fully occupied with society events, and that you hardly know which way to turn. Do you attend Anna Woodruff's wedding tonight? I hope you do, and that you'll write me all about it.

Manda and Em Sherwood have just come from the Thorpe-Law wedding and report a fine time. I didn't get any bid so I couldn't go. We are all pretty well tonight and the weather is keeping quite cool yet, very fortunate for us, don't you think?

We are sort of getting ready for James birthday now. I wrote you I thought there was going to be some feeling about it, but I think now everything will go off very pleasantly if the weather is good. I let Alice and Ruth go up to Manda's right after breakfast this morning and told them to come back in a half hour, but I had to go after them after dinner, for they didn't show up. Manda said Alice wanted her to play with her, but she told her she had so much to do she didn't believe she could, and Alice said "what you don't get done today you can do tomorrow." I wanted them to come home and have their naps, but they both objected very emphatically, so mother Eaton thought she'd help me out and brought Ruth her hat. Ruth wouldn't take it or have it on; Mother looked at her quite sternly and Ruth just looked right in her eye and said, "You stop that, Grandma." It was very funny to see.

Abbie took them all for a walk last night and on the way they met a man and James wanted to know who he was. She told him it was Jamie Dunn and he said "he's all done, and well done, isn't he?" Bright? Well, rather, for an Eaton.

I wish you were to be here Thursday; that will be the only drawback. I do miss you so, my dear! I'm having such a nice time here, and still I look forward with pleasure to the time when I'll be in my own little home again with you; is it wrong? Much love----

Oxford,

July 9, 1896

My Dear Husband;

I had a nice letter from you Tuesday morning and would have answered immediately if I had not been so busy. I was awfully sorry to hear you were feeling so poorly when you wrote, and hope it didn't last long. It made me homesick all that day and I longed to be home with you.

About coming in August, if you cannot come east, I will do just as you want me to, although all of my folks and yours were up in arms when I mentioned it to them. Nevertheless I will do gladly as you wish, although if you could come I'd enjoy it another month here.

We are all usually well yet; the children are happy and contented. Ruth talks more about you and coming home than all the rest of them. Philip calls them all by name now and hollers way across the street to "Unc George Fleck" when he passes. He has a very sweet way of saying "no, ma'am" to everyone and last night Abbie and Ida Smith were here and they were very much amused over it. Everyone says he is Charlie Eaton right over again; he is certainly very sweet.

We took them all to Norwich to get that picture yesterday, and got one good negative, I think. Philip and Ruth got to cutting up and we had to give up another sitting. I will get the proofs in the morning's mail, but I can't get the pictures in two weeks, and that will be too late to send you before you start east, won't it. I'm sorry it took me so long to get started up there, but either one or the other would have a scratch, bump, or mosquito bite, and I thought I never would get them in shape/ I will enclose the proof if it comes; they are to be 8-10 in size and cost \$6 a dozen; "care?"

July 2, 1896

My Dear Wife;

I suppose you are hot again at my not writing, but really I have been feeling so mean and been so busy that I couldn't get at it. I have been real miserable for a week and have been trying to finish up some work so as to get some money. Last night I took a great big 10 grain blue pill and this morning a sedlitz powder. I have been right busy all forenoon and feel some better, thank you. I am going up to my room and lie down now.

This is a gala day; opening of the Carnival. I guess 'twill be quite an affair. Its continuave through tomorrow and Saturday; I think I will not take a very active part. Care?

How I would like to be at James' party today. I hope there will be no unpleasant results such as you anticipate. You ought all to have a glorious time and have no doubt you will. I hope you have there such a beautiful day as we have here. You never saw such weather as we have had ever since you went away. I has been simply ideal; very much warmer than usual, but with a sweet fresh little breeze from the north stirring all the time. Saw Mrs. Griffin and B. this morning; she said they were all well although I didn't think she looked very well. Care?

I think on the 4th or July I will go on a picnic to Chataugua; care?

I think if I ever get my five babies together again that I will keep 'em together. I want to see you all so much that I don't know what to do with myself. I rather dread to finish up my work because it will be so lonesome, but golly I do need money and that is the only way to get it I know of. Times are awful here. Nobody doing anything and no money. US Court opens next Monday and I will soon know whether I can get east or not.

I am looking anxiously for that photograph. Don't stop writing because you don'r hear from me. You write lovely letters and I enjoy them very, very much. How is little Philip's arm? You complained of not hearing from me for so long in the letter I got yesterday and before that you know it was not fault but the railroad being blocked. Ain't you sorry? Care?

I think I feel a good deal better today and guess that was what I needed---and my five babies. I am very glad that they are having such a lovely time and feel very grateful to Charlie (Sherwood), Amanda and all for making your visit so pleasant. Please express to them my appreciation in choice language.

I enjoy the pictures you send very much and could stand more of them. How does the Duchess (Ruth) take to eastern ways? I can imagine how popular Alice must be there. Oh, the sweet things, how I would like to see them! You, of course, I don't care anything about. Oh no!

Mr. Ramage said they got a letter from you and you said I didn't write any news. God bless my soul, I don't know any to write. I have not been anywhere nor seen anybody since you went away except what I have written you. When I get through my work I will stir around more. I think if I come east I will not stay long and we will have a good time going around with the kiddies, bless their little hearts. Of course you are to come back with me. If I can't come I don't see why you can't come home the first of August as well as any time. I'll have those folks out of the house if you'll come back if I have to dump them in the Sound. They haven't paid their rent yet. He said he would pay yesterday but didn't. Its all right tho I guess he says the strawberries are no good and not many of them. That seems to be a common complaint all over the country here. Too much rain I guess; all ran to vine. The roses he says are all right I was going to send you some roses but everybody says there is no earthly use, they won't keep to get there. I haven't been out to the house but twice since you left and don't want to.

Well, you little old sweetheart, I wish you could just walk in here with all your little chickens and see the parade which will be along pretty soon. Lots of love and kisses to you and the children,

Your loving husband CB

Tacoma, July 12, 1896.

My Dear Little Children:

It has been quite awhile since I have written you a letter and I guess you will be glad to get one from me, unless you have forgotten all about your papa by this time, and I don't think you would do that.

Did you all have a nice time at James' birthday party? Mama wrote me something about it and I know you just have enjoyed it very much. Don't you think it is a lovely place up where Aunt Amanda lives? I always thought it was the nicest place you could find anywhere. But you can't see Puget Sound and the ships from there can you? I was out to our home the other evening and it looked lovely there, such lots of roses and nice grass and everything. I guess you would like to see that pretty well by this time, wouldn't you? A week ago to-day I was out to Defiance park and saw the bears and deers there. It is very nice out there now and those bears looked as if they kind of wondered where James and Alice Eaton are this summer that they don't come out to see them. They have got some little baby deers there now and they are very cunning and pretty. When you come home we will all go out to see them.

Mama says that James wants me to buy a pony and put him in the barn and keep him till he gets here. Well, I can't do that because there would be nobody to feed him and he could n't live in the barn all summer without getting out to eat the grass. May be next summer I will get one. I saw Bee Griffin the other day in the elevator here and she wanted to know how James and Alice were and when they were coming home.

Up here where I board at Chilberg's Mr Harrison has a little boy six years old, just James' age, a little girl four, just as old as Alice and a little boy just Ruth's age. I have lots of fun with them, and show them your pictures and tell them about you. The little boy is just about as fat as Ruth and when I have a visit with them it makes me want to see all my babies very very much. Don't you think you can all come home pretty soon and see your poor old papa?

I wonder what you are all doing to-day. How I would like to just walk in on you and see what you are up to. I suppose you have been to Sunday school and are probably all dressed up and have been up to see Grandma Eaton, and probably about now you are wondering if you are not going to have some bread and milk pretty soon, and Ruth has probably got some old magazine and is sitting out under the trees looking at the pictures and wondering if "we ain't ever going back home any more." Bless your little hearts! you don't know how lonesome it is here without you or you would come hurrying right home. Still I am glad you are having a nice time and we will try and make it up when you get back. Did little Philip's arm get a l well? Mama never wrote me about it and I guess you had better write me, some of you, and let me know. I suppose they are haying now up on the hill. That is what I used to like, riding on the hay and having lots of fun.

Well, little sweethearts, I can't write any more now. I send you lots and lots of love and hugs and kisses.

Your loving papa,  
C B EATON.

Last night James and I took tea with Manda and Jas. went up to see them milk. Manda says Alice is very much worried because they don't milk the bull, too. She wanted me to write you that these children were way ahead of anything she ever saw before; that she couldn't make up her mind which one she liked the best, and that she would keep any of them that we decided to leave with her. Which shall it be?

And another thing, she wanted me to ask you if you couldn't bring Little Emma with you for a visit; do you think George and Emma would let her come?

I am going down to Bing. Saturday; shall take James and Alice, but think it is too hot to take the others. Ruth cried a good share of the night last night, she got so tired going to Norwich. Our folks seem to take to Ruth more than Alice ((Oh?)) although they love Alice, of course. I think maybe she is so like what I used to be that they can't like her so much on that account. I think you are a silly old fellow to talk about my being your "rose queen", and when you speak of your "five babies" you forget that I lost the fifth the day I started! I've had lots of compliments since I got here, and maybe I'll be too proud to speak to you when you come.

Ruth helped herself to Manda's cookies when we were up there the other morning and I made her put them up; Lizzie looked daggers at me and went right in and got them each a dish of huckleberries. She feeds them every minute when we get up there. James has lost a lower front tooth, and we joke him lots about it; he loosened it eating maple sugar.

I will have to stop now until I get the mail; hope I'll get a letter from you, and I think I'll cry if I don't. Do those McIntyre's keep the house and yard in good shape? I wish you'd sent the roses, for I think they'd keep all right. Someone here got some from California the other day. But don't bother with them now. Hope to see you before long, you dear old fellow-----

P.S. I didn't get proof or letter, but did get the paper about the rose carnival; it must have been fine; many thanks for same----

July 15, 1896

My Dear Husband;

I got your letter this morning with the great big disappointing news in it that you thought you could not come. You can't imagine how disappointed we all are; I went up and read part of your letter to Manda and they were all as disappointed most as I am. I don't know what to say about it all; you know best, of course, in this as everything else. It certainly looks as if we ought to save what we can for the future when things look as they do now. I know you feel as badly about it as we do, and I'm willing you should do as you think best.

Mother Eaton thought I'd better stay until you could come, even if it was winter, but, dearest, I don't want to do that. I think as I always did, that the best place for children is in their own home, and they are certainly much less care there. Every one has been very kind to us all, but I feel the children would be better off where there are not so many to look out for their interests.

Alice certainly has whooping cough, and I think I'd better get them home before they all get it. I can come alone easily, and I don't want to bring any girl with me. One could go to Chicago with me, could get a pass, and it might be an object to pay his other expenses in order to have him do so, if it would make you feel any easier, but I know I can come alone all right, and will come when you say so. I've been all around now, and seen most of the folks I wanted to see and I could come most any time you wanted me to.

I don't know of anyone that has money to lend, but will see what can be done about it. Do you want it for yourself? I don't want to bring a girl, for I want to do my work myself when I get home and make up for what I've spent here. It costs more to live here than I thought it would and we have lived plainly, without cake or dessert most of the time, and no company. I've bought clothes for the children, and shoes and gloves for myself, but it scares me when I think of how much I have had.

It is fearfully close and hot here today and the children are quite cross. Alice coughs constantly, but it all right otherwise. James, Alice and I stayed at Manda's to dinner and had a nice time. The farmers are having a great time here with arny works and grasshoppers; they have to cut their oats green to save them.

I'm glad you missed my letters; it don't feel good, does it? I won't write more now, but will write soon again. Its too not to think even. I shall be on so glad when I can see you again, my own dear husband; you never can guess how much I love you. hope you'll

go to Steilcoock and have a nice time; you deserve lots of them. Mama and babies all send you lots of love-----

July 23, 1896

My Dear Charles;

It is a week tomorrow since I've heard a word from you, excepting the picture you sent, and I don't know what to make of it. I must bore you dreadfully sending you so many letters, but I thought you'd like to hear from us even if you don't like to write to us!

Even if you'd gone away with Judge Pritchard I suppose you could have written from your destination. Well, enough said! The picture you sent was very fine indeed and have been admired and praised by everyone. I was so delighted with them that I rushed up to your folks in the afternoon to show them and stumbled on a tea party (to which I was not invited) with my old clothes on. I felt pretty cheap, but had to make the best of it, of course. They all liked the pictures, particularly the one of Ruth and Philip on the steps. I think the land and water "scapes" are very fine; who finished them for you?

Lizzie gave Ruth and Alice each 14¢ the other day and they concluded they wanted to put it in a necktie for papa; so I've been down this morning and helped them select one. I hope you'll like it, and I think you will. I had them weighed; Alice and Ruth have both lost three pounds and weigh now respectively 38 and 35. Philip weighs 25.

Alice coughs pretty hard and Ruth is beginning to cough a little. Yesterday was about the hottest day I ever saw. Everyone was just lolling. None of the children could get to sleep in the afternoon, and a more tired, sick and cross little lot of people you never saw. I was completely tired out and discouraged with them and wished a dozen times I was home with them. But in the evening we had showers, and today it is so cool I had to put extra clothing on them all; most too cool to be comfortable after such extreme heat.

I've been waiting all week to see what you thought of the proofs before taking them again to Norwich. A week seems such a long time to wait for a word from you; I hope you are not sick anyway. I've thought every day, when I didn't get a letter, how nice it would be to have you walk in on us; I can't give up the idea of your coming; I had counted so much on the trip back with you for company. I've got lots of little interesting things to tell you that I can't write. Now I do want to see you, my dear, it seems as if I'd been gone ages. Does it seem long to you?

James and Mr. Bartlett's boy were playing a game of base ball over in the school yard the other night; you'd died laughing to see the important airs James wore. I'm not going to write again until I get letters from you; that is, I don't think I will. I love you and want to see you, but I can't do it all-----see? We all send love-----

Aug. 8, 1896

My Dear Husband;

It's too hot to go to bed, so I'm going to jot down a few lines to you before I turn in. James just stood here beside me, ready for bed, and wanted me to write you that he was "just awfully tired tonight", and that is the way the rest of us feel, too, for the thermometer is still up in the nineties and we are just "lolling."

Have to keep the children up in the evenings until it cools off and they get pretty tired I assure you. They are all gaining on the cough now and I don't think we've had more than five vomiting spells today with all of them.

I guess you thought, by my last letter, that I was pretty discouraged, and so I want to assure you tonight that I feel better. I was miserable when I wrote last, had a sick headache, and couldn't see there the lines in the paper here, and cramps in my stomach. I think I'm eating too many "frozen dainties" at these parties "in my honor"---ahem! and I'll have to get home and live on plainer food.

I don't know what to think; you tell me in one letter to come anytime I want to, and in the next that I better "wait awhile." All right, I'll wait as long as you want me to. I should hate to rush home before my welcome was ready for me, it would be so embarrassing, you know.

((Must be where you get your spunk!)) Just let me know when you do want me and I'll come sneaking home like a whipped dog with my tail between my legs and lick your hand because I shall feel so grateful because you want me at all. I am meeting more old friends every day and perhaps if I stay long enough A.M.H. will be here. I understand me always

leaves his wife at home; that would perhaps make the "wait" seem less tedious.

((Dad had recopied this last paragraph, all in capitals, and returned it to her, and on the back is written, in her handwriting: "Just rec'd this. I was ashamed of it as soon as I sent it; is that apology enough, dear? I didn't mean a word of it; can you forgive me? The punishment of not finding this a letter from you is sufficient."))

To change the subject, do you hear anything from Bertha Anglestait, and are Grace and Mr. Morse married yet? I've been down twice since supper to see CMS who is laid up with muscular rheumatism in right arm. He is suffering quite a good deal and has had the doctor twice this afternoon. The twins both have whooping cough very hard and are all broken out with the heat. They look very pitiful; I feel worried about them all.

I sent you a few pictures tonight I hope will amuse you and help you to pass a few minutes pleasantly. How I do want to see you, dearest; I think of you all of the time and wish you were here. Manda says it is so hard to think she will not see you with these children. Geo. Fletcher has promised to bring Manda and Sadie out two years from this summer.

I long to be with you in my own home; I have lots to tell you and we'll visit until we exhaust every topic. With lots of love-----

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Aug. 27, 1896

My Dear Husband;

I'm just home from a visit in Norwich with Manda, Em, Sadie and James, and found your letter of the 22nd waiting for me. I've a hard time making head or tail of it, for you know you cut some of it off. However, I've finally got it straightened out and was glad to hear from you.

The weather has been delightfully cool for nearly two weeks now, and tonight it was really cold riding down from Norwich. It seems to me that it is delightful weather for traveling and I think the children are all right now so I could start any time.

I don't think I can possibly start Monday next and the following week would be a hard week for me to travel, so I don't know just what to decide on; I would like to start the middle of next week if I can get ready. We have no girl now, and of course I help do the work and take care of the children and it takes a good time to get things into shape to come. I will try and see someone tomorrow and find out about the ~~xxxx~~ routes, but it is circus day here and I have promised to take the children so you mustn't expect too much of me.

We were invited up to Rob's today and had a fine time. All went down on the fair grounds in the afternoon and all over Rob's new mill. We wished so much you could be here and we talked about you so much on the way home that Em Brown said she felt as though you'd be standing on the horseblock to help me out when I got home. How I did wish you could be! I do so hate having to give up the idea of your coming; I've longed for it so much.

Manda takes to Alice mostly, and Em Brown prefers Ruth. It was quite laughable today, for Manda would tell something cute Alice had done, and then Em would follow with something about Ruth. I was quite amused. Manda says she thinks Ruth is just as sweet as Alice but there's something about Alice that makes her want to call her back for one more look at her after she has started down the hill. She finally decided that Alice did cute things and Ruth said them!

((Notation in Dad's handwriting: "Good diagnosis." Think so?))

Those boys of Rob Eaton's don't show up very well beside our boys, I assure you. They are all sickly looking, and kind of stupid, I think.

I'll begin right away making my preparations to come home and it won't be long before we are a reunited family, all happy together. I shall be so glad to see you and be with you again; I'll write what I intend doing in my next, with full particulars. I think likely I will choose the Canadian Pacific for a change, but don't know. With lots of love-----

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((Seem to have gotten mixed up here a bit and found some that come before these last few, so will go back away--sorry!))

July 6, 1896

Monday, July 27, 1896

My Dear Little Woman;

I will write you a few stitches before I go to dinner. I didn't write you yesterday because I was out to Steillacom; went out Saturday and came in this morning. It did me lots of good as I was very nervous and felt badly, but came back feeling pretty good. I struck a good place to board, nice little woman about your big and four children, so it seemed quite like home. Fairly good room, good food and the hardest bed I think I ever struck, but quiet and restful withal. Spent the day in the forenoon looking around with old Stallcup and in the afternoon Jack Shackerford and I rowed across the bay to Charlie Fogg's summer home. It was kind of a nice quiet day; the Schacks have a lovely place and I couldn't help but think what a nice time we all could have there this summer.

I have felt rather uneasy and worried for two or three days about you and the children. I hope there is nothing the matter with you. Folks here seem to think, or say at least, that whooping cough ain't much, splendid time for them to have it etc. But I don't feel that way about it.

I got nice letter from Mother and Manda the other day; Manda (his sister) seems to be dead stuck on the babies; well, I should think she would be. I was very sorry to hear the news about Em Brown. I was going to send her money to go up home, but you and Manda seemed to think she would be there so soon and concluded to wait and see if she had got there. You might send her \$5 or \$10 if she is not there yet and include it in your next draft to me.

I didn't get any letter from you yesterday or today and I don't know what to think. I hope to get one tomorrow and if I don't I think I shall wire to find out if anything is wrong.

Now about coming home, you can come any time you want to. I would like to make an effort to get you a pass and things don't seem to be quite ripe for it yet, but guess I'll make the effort some time this week. You don't need to wait for money; I have got as much of that now as I ever expect to have, but let me know a few days before you draw a draft. Still think you had better bring somebody with you if you can. Sorry you let the girl go if she was any good and if you are to stay any time better get another.

I saw Frank and Olive and babies on the street today; they had been over to Mrs. Squires. They are all well and inquired very particularly about you. Mary is a lovely little girl and the boy seems a fine fellow. Don't know of any more news tonight. Its after six o'clock and I must close.

With lots of love to you, my dear, and the babies,  
CBE

My Dear Husband;

I haven't written you in several days, as you probably know, for I waited to hear from you and was without news for nearly a week, and oh, how I worried about it, for I thought you were sick. The night of James' party, while I was up there, Sadie brought me your first little note and Sat. eve I got another letter, which if it wasn't very long, made up in sweetness and that's a good deal.

It was too hot last week to write letters until the Fourth and then it rained all afternoon and since then it has been cooler, so I feel a little more ambitious. We had a lovely day and lovely time for James' birthday and everything passed off fine. There were about 30 there. James had several presents, among them a purse and about \$1.50 in money, and I tell you he was a proud boy. He spent 50¢ for fireworks and had a great time with CWS firing them off. We were all invited down to Anna's the 4th and Manda and Sadie were there to tea and we had such a nice time. CWS has done everything to make it pleasant for me and the children since we've been here and I want you to show him how we appreciate it when you come. He took some fine pictures of the party but had the ill luck to spoil both plates in developing them.

Yesterday we went up to your house and took some more pictures and I guess I'll go up to the depot with him after dinner and help him fix them up. We are all usually well; I haven't felt first rate since I came, but they say I'm getting fat so I must be all right. The hot weather doesn't affect me very much; the only time I notice it is when I'm putting the children to bed. It ran up to 88 in the shade last Friday, and the children got pretty cross. They haven't been very good natured the past week; I think last night is the first I haven't been up two or three times with Ruth since we came. I read then your letter and James said, "I wish you'd tell papa to buy some of those ponies he keeps writing about, and put them in the barn till we come." Ruth wants to know every little while "why we don't go home any more." I'm pleased to know you think you have such a nice family, for I'm one of them, see?

Maria Eaton was down with her boys, but they don't compare to ours, if you'll take a fond mother's opinion. We'll have gay times when you get here, something that we can remember with pleasure when we get back to work again. I drew on you for \$25 the other day and if I take the children down to Bing Saturday as I expect to do, I may draw for some more. Then if you come the first of the month I think that will be sufficient. It costs like the dickens to keep them in clothes, shoes, especially here, and I can hardly keep up with them.

It seems too bad that you have to give the hens away. I don't see how they could possibly trouble them, but of course I approve if you think best. I wish you would go out to the house and write me about my garden and rose bushes etc. Did the strawberry bed yield well?

I want to see you awfully, my dear, and it will be a happy day when you come. Be sure and wear a moustache or I won't kiss you once. I'm going to surprise Manda and the children when you come. With best love-----

July 14, 1896

My Dear Husband;

We all got home from Binghamton last night after a very pleasant visit, and now I'll write you what a pleasant time we had. We found Fred's folks all well and I think he has three of as good and nice boys as I ever saw. Sunday Mattie put up a lunch and we all went up to Ross Park at Uncle Gene's and had our dinner out in the grove. The band played all of the afternoon and it was very pleasant. The only drawback was that Alice began vomiting and felt so badly we had to go back to Fred's, and yesterday she did not seem much better, so we concluded to bring her back here. I doctored her with those Dr. Hicks tablets, and she is all right again now, excepting that she coughs, and I think I'll have to own up to you that I guess she has whooping cough.

The first day I struck this town I found out that all the children here, nearly, had it, but I made up my mind that I wouldn't worry you about it unless it was necessary, as it couldn't be helped. It has been the one thing that has worried me since I've been here and I hope I'm not selfish intelling you about it. It is so near time for you to come, and they are all having it quite light. Last night Ruth started in and vomited all night, so I guess we are in for it. They are both quite bright today, so I don't think you need worry at all.

You know, my dear, it is hard for me to keep my worries from you. The enclosed flower Alice send to her papa and I know you'll prize it highly. Why did you send me all of those advertisements? I don't need any bath! I never do--I'm so sweet.

-99-

I bought myself, and three of the children, shoes in Bing; for myself I found some for \$3 that would certainly cost \$4.50 or \$5 in Tacoma, and the children's shoes came 25¢ to 50¢ cheaper on a pair. You can get a splendid man's shoe for \$1.50 that look as good as your \$3 ones, and Fred says they wear finely.

I'll write a little every day if I can in regard to the children, but don't think they are worse if I don't write, for I'll keep you posted. I want to see you just awfully and wish you were here this minute; somehow I feel as though the best part of me was gone when I'm away from you. Write often and I'll do the same. Love-----

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July 17, 1896

My Dear Husband;

I didn't write you yesterday for it was a beautiful cool day and I put in my time returning some calls. Of course I'd rather write you than make calls any time, but you know woken of fashion like we must keep up their social duties.

In the forenoon I took all of the children for a long walk, and as I said before, made calls of the afternoon with Abbie, Alice and Ruth. We came home, had supper, and then Em, Abbie and I started again and didn't get home until bedtime. This morning Abbie has taken all of the children and gone over to Uncle Jim's and I've been helping mother bake preparatory to having your people down here tomorrow afternoon. They've not come back yet, and when they do if they don't bring me a letter from you I guess I'll be pretty cross.

I'm glad you're letting your mustache grow and thank you for doing as I want you to in the matter. If you were here I'd kiss you for it. You sending word that you cannot come has cast a gloom over us all for we were anticipating so much from your visit. Maria Eaton was to have sort of a New Year's dinner at her house, taking in the whole family. I thought you'd enjoy that so much.

Abbie has just come bringing me your Sunday letter and I was so glad to get it. I think those people at the house act very strangely and if I were you I'd "go" for them. It makes me homesick when you write how nice the roses and everything looks there, and many times the past days I've thought of that cool salt water breeze that we get there on the porch and most of all I think of my dear beloved husband wandering around with no place or home to go to. If I'd really believed you could not come, too, I never would have come, I'm sure. I thought if I came ahead it would surely bring you.

The children were delighted with their letter and Alice has taken it with her to bed for a nap. Everyone who has read your letters to the children think they are beautifully written, and I know the reason is because your heart is in it. I will do what I can about the loan. Think I'll consult Geo. Fletcher as to who would be a good subject to begin on.

I don't think, Charlie, you'd ever be contented to live in Oxford again. Its is so much improved, of course, but it seems to me that I never saw such a set of narrow minded people as there are here and it makes me tired. It is awfully nice to be with your own people, of course, but there is not the most perfect harmony among them. For instance Sadie and Maud Stratton are at swords points. Ada talks to me about Sadie and Maud talks to me about Maud, and you can't have any company in with them all and have a good time. I like Sadie better than Maud, in fact I don't like Maud at all, but it makes things edgewise.

There! I'm sorry so quick that I wrote that, but I guess I'll let it go. Only you see I don't like to think of living where Alice and Ruth might be snubbed sometime because they were not as rich as somebody else. George Stratton is absolutely "nit" I guess; he was dead drunk Sat. night and spends most of his time fishing. Ada is to be pitied, I think.

Alice coughs a good deal, but sleeps well nights and is doing very nicely I think. I am all right and don't need to see any doctor, so don't you worry on my account. I attribute all the bad feelings to change of climate etc. I'm going to stop now and go up on the hill and see if you wrote them any longer or better letter than you wrote me. I hope to be with you soon again; I can come alone all right, I'm sure of that. With best love----

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July 28, 1896

My Dear Husband;

I had a nice letter from you yesterday with the one enclosed that you forgot to mail, and today I had another with one to the children. I read Alice's letter to her and I wish you could have seen the expression on her face. After I finished she put both arms

around my neck and said, "Mama, I can't begin to tell you how much I love you and Papa." Doesn't that pay for everything tho? Alice is having whooping cough quite severely, but I do think her cough is abating some this week. She has coughed until her eyes and face are all swollen up and she doesn't look natural. For that reason I'll have to wait a while before doing anything about the pictures. Ruth and Philip both have whooping cough and have coughed about a week. For the past three nights I've been up and down all night with them, and that with the heat makes yours truly feel kind of lazy. You never saw such cross children; every time Ruth coughs in the night she has a crying spell and you know what that is. James doesn't show any symptoms yet. I couldn't start with them yet possibly and I think to be on the safe side that I better wait a couple of weeks before deciding when to start. Some of the children who have had it have only coughed three weeks, and I think Alice is over the worst of it, so if they all get along as well I think I could start the third week from now.

I would like to come at once, for I want to see you awfully, but I don't think it would be safe or prudent. Last Sat. we were all invited up to Mr. Gates to spend the day. I think there were 17 who went, Manda included, and we had that old band wagon and four horses and had a gay time. I hadn't heard from you for a week and I got it into my foolish head that you might be on the way, and all day long I watched and thought of my dearest, and if wishing and longing could have brought you you would surely have come that day, I wanted you so.

We had a delightful time and loads of everything to eat. The pictures we took at your house weren't very good and Manda didn't want us to send them because she thought she didn't look pretty. I'm just as lovely as I always am in the pictures taken at Mr. Gates. But the original is very sweet, I assure you.

Abbie and I started over the river the other night and met Will Jacobs. He said, "its awfully nice to have Abbie mother the babies for you for you look so young and sweet no one would ever suppose you had a family"; wasn't that nice?

Your letter telling of your night with the beetles made me blue. You dear, tired, nervous old fellow! I feel as if I didn't deserve these good times at all, but you ought to have them. I think, though, that you'll profit by them, for I think I'll be better natured and appreciate my home more than ever when I get back. You can't find a girl here that is good for anything; everyone says so. I know of some nice people that are going to Tacoma Sept. 1st; I'm going to try to get acquainted with them. They have means and are going there to look around and will settle if they like it. I'd like to entertain them some of the time if the house was only in shape.

I asked Geo. Fletcher about the loan you'd like to get and he said he thought Sam Stafford could help you; I'll see him and have him communicate with you if there's anything in it. Geo. said there was a man here not long ago who had ten thousand to lend for ten years on real estate, at 3%. I wish we could find someone like that and save that pleasant home of ours.

You ought to hear your people tell about Doc's wife; your mother said she told her she ought to walk more before her baby was born and she said "What! and let that dear little baby drop right out of me?" She must be very queer; Doc said she didn't prove to be a bit like what he thought she would. I could visit and visit with you if only I had the time, but I will have to stop. Don't worry about the children, for we'll do the best we can for them and they are doing nicely. I'll come just as soon as its safe and then let's be on, so happy with our babies. I send lots of love-----

Aug. 7, 1896

My Dear Husband;

I just got your little letter Sunday and will write you a few lines while I'm waiting for dinner. I'm glad you are so busy, if you are, but I was rather in hopes you were getting a little rest you need it so badly. The past week has been dreadful here, the thermometer at 94 most of the time. For the past two nights none of us have slept any it was so hot. Ruth fussed and fussed last night until midnight and I got up and gave her a cold bath and some paregoric and she finally went to sleep.

Alice is much improved and doesn't cough as hard or as much as I think Ruth and did, but I think they are over the worst of it now. I will tell you now what a time I've had with them and maybe you will forgive me for not writing oftener. When you realize that every time they coughed they vomited all over themselves and some of the time their bowels moved, too, you'll realize what whooping cough is. Twice in one night I've had to change the bed all through for Alice; it has made extra washing and extra expense and I've been so discouraged at times I could have died. I still have the young girl but she goes home at

night and I have to go it alone. Mother and Em both sleep downstairs and have told me to call them, but Em sews all day and mother is not able to help. So I hope you will forgive me for seeming to neglect you, I never meant to.

Em Brown came Wed. night and was down to Uncle Jim's to supper with us all; she doesn't look anywhere near as odd as that picture they sent. She is quite gray, but aside from that looks about the same as ever. I took the girls up to supper with them last night and had a pleasant time. Em brought them some nice picture books that were Robbie's and they were delighted.

They cash my drafts when I draw them and charge 25¢ for anything less than \$50. I hope you can get me a pass and that I can come before long. I'd like to be there for Sept. anyway; I'm kind of homesick and I'm all tired out, it seems as if I could stand up just long enough to get the children to the front door and then I should drop. But you needn't worry, for you know I'm more lazy than anything else.

I was invited to bring the children up to Gates' today and spend the day, but it was so hot I thought best to keep them quietly at home. I've been looking for the loan you wrote about; I don't know as I can get it, but I wish you'd write how long you want it for and what the rate of insurance is on the house. I'll do the best I can for you and won't charge you any commission either.

I want to see you "worse and worse" all the time. This Philip of ours is a great boy; yells at everyone that passes and when the piano is closed he says, "Play o' bambo; shut he eye, gone seep." He is very sweet, and Mr. King says he knows more than some children three and four years old. He shovels dirt out in "Button Lane" most of the time in a little red cart he has. I hope we can be where you can enjoy his cunning ways, too, before long.

You say you are doing the work alone; where's Ombra? I must stop now and send this to the office. I send you a bushel of love and don't think I'll ever want to leave you again. I don't think the babies enjoy the heat, and they are beginning to tease to go home. Your loving wife-----

Aug. 15, 1896

My Dear Husband;

I've just been down to the office and mailed you a postal card and gotten your little note of last Monday; I don't know why, but it has given me the blues dreadfully. You seem to write in such a thoroughly discouraged manner, and then, too, you seem to feel cross at me about the pictures and other things.

Just let me state that C.J.S.'s plates are all at the depot and that he has been confined to the house over a week with muscular rheumatism and that I've no way to get the plates unless he brings them to me. I've asked him repeatedly for them and I don't know of any way only to wait until he can get them for me. I've tried to do the best I could in the matter and think I have done.

Every minute of my time is taken up and I'm so tired most of the time I don't know what to do with myself. I'm more than sorry if I've failed in any duty to you, for I never meant to. Abbie and Em have been gone most of the past week, mother is not able to do anything, and the girl has been away five days in the last two weeks, so taking company, callers, children and all into consideration you'll see I'm quite busy myself.

I won't come home until you think it is all right for me to do so; if I have to wait all winter. I know you are all tired out by the way you write and it makes me nearly sick to think of you slaving so. It makes me wish I staid at home and not spent a cent extra all summer. I can't see how I was ever selfish enough to come at all, but I was, and now we'll have to make the best of it, but I'll never do so again!

The children are improving slowly; Philip's little arm carries a bad scar, and I guess always will. Nellie and I drove to N. yesterday and took Alice. Em Brown and Sadie are out driving with Ruth now. I'll let you know how much money I need when there's a prospect of my starting. Your little short letters make me awfully homesick and I could have a good cry this minute if it would do any good. In my heart I make all the excuses for them, but I can't help wanting the good long ones just the same. I won't write more till I'm in a better mood, but I send you lots of love----

Aug. 18, 1896

August 4-1896

My Dear Husband,

I had a nice letter from you yesterday but this is the first opportunity I've had of answering it. It is nine o'clock now and I have just finished bathing all of the children and getting them to bed, and I washed all the forenoon, so I'm tired tonight and you mustn't expect much of a letter.

Alice I think is on the gain now and Ruth and Philip are not any worse. They all cough and "whoop" so I know its genuine and they won't have to have it again that's some comfort.

I wish with you that we were all safely at home again, for I am just about tired out with it all. I won't go away without you again, you better believe, for I miss your sweet counsel and advice in times like this too much. I guess you're about the best person I know, anyway I love you the best and I'm looking ahead to my home coming with the greatest joy for I want to see my dearest so much.

I'm glad you think my letters worth "hiking" to the office after. I'd like to send you one every day, but find it next to impossible with all the gisiting and other things there are to do.

We all go to uncle Jim's tomorrow--Fletchers included--but we are not going to Rob's this week for they sent work they would not be "at home". Gone to Asbury park, I believe.

Ruth, Alice and I took tea with Manda last night. Em B. wrote that if she came "at all" she would come the last of this week. Manda thinks she acts queerly and says Em Brown always did "hug a sorrow". (Said like a sister) I'll give her some money when she comes but don't like to send any for it looks like hiring her to come and see me. Manda says they live very nicely and have all the new clothes and furniture they want, and that it is not lack of funds that keeps her from coming.

"was I tellin you" that Anna gave me cloth for a new dress. Of course, I couldn't refuse it but was rather afraid it would cost too much to make it up and I didn't want to get myself anything. However I'll have to now.

I know I can come alone all right-I will start so as to get there on a Saturday but I should start right back on the next train if there should happen to be a "game or poker" on the carpet. You better look out!

It will be lovely if you can meet us somewhere, for that last day is always the most tedious. All the children have spells now of wanting to "go and see papa" and James is longing for his buckboard. I dread leaving mother but the longer I stay the harder it will be for all of us to part. I can't but feel that some of the dear faces I leave here I will never see again, and yet "God is good" and we may see each other again-

You can see by this letter that I am "out of sorts" tonight but guess it is only because I am tired. Seems as if seeing you would make me feel better. I had such a nasty dream the other night, I thought you were president of the U.S. and I the "first lady of the land" and we were going to give a dinner, and neither of us knew the order in which the noted people should be seated at table- and we both signed for our little home and babies once more. I doubt if I will be away from you for more than two more Sundays, if the children are no worse. That isn't long- is it?

I am so sorry you don't feel good and think you've had a pretty miserable summer, take it all together. I know I should have been miserable left there the way you are. But we'll try to give you a good time when we get there.

Remember me to all friends but keep all the love of my heart for your own dear self. I'd like to hug you this very minute!

Your loving wife,

Ida.

I'll se about the telescope-- I'll ask C. W. S. he knows everything about everything. Is there anything I can send you that you'd like?

We struck one of those "a la carte" dining cars on the Burlington and Mush with sour cream was 25 cts per dish, \$1.50 for mush for all of us---I'll come any~~way~~ road you say-- I'd like to make a change.

Aug. 18, 1896

My Dear Charlie;

It is too early to go to bed, so I guess I'll write a little to you. It has been a very cool day, and is a really cold evening; I've just come up from C.W.'s and delivered all the way. We are all feeling fairly well now, and I hope we can get home before very long. It will be so late to clean house and do the fall work if I wait much longer, and as I expect to do everything myself I'll have to "take time by the forelock."

I know you are very anxious for us to come---sometime! I will wait as long as you wish me to, but I'm getting anxious to have the long journey over with and get settled at home once more. I am oh! so tired! And yet I'm having a good time every day.

This afternoon Prudie Burchard has been visiting me, and we have been having lots of fun talking over old times. Friday night we girls are invited to a big party at Wilcox's and my new dress Anna gave me is all ready for the show; I expect to make a conquest. It seems so good to have someone besides Fin Bryan and "Little Fleck" buy me a new dress!

How I do wish you were here!! It has made this last part of my visit seem lonely because I reserved so many things to do when you came and now I have to do them without you. Its awful lonely work roaming around with the "better half" of you somewhere else.

I don't think you need worry about us any more for the children are gaining fast and I shall be all right after the anxiety is removed. C.W. is going down to Bing. in the morning and wanted me to go, but somehow I don't feel ambitious enough and besides it costs too much.

I went to see C.W. Brown and Stafford this morning in regard to the loan and found them both out of town; I'll go again when they get back. Geo. Fletcher thought they would be the right ones to put me on the track to negotiate a loan. I was talking to Mr. King the other night about things of that kind and without telling him we wanted to get a loan, he said there used to be quite a lot of money around here to lend "till George Fletcher borrowed it all." Said he'd borrowed everywhere. Manda says "Doc" is hard up and says he wrote that some weeks they had lived on two dollars a week. Geo. Fletcher told me Doc had never written him but once since he went back; he wrote from Chicago that he'd like to send his wife and baby back here for awhile while he went on out west, and Geo. wrote him he'd rather pay her board in Chicago than have Manda wait on her.

You can't imagine how cute Philip is; when I put him to bed tonight he was singing, "Bring back my Bonnie to me" as loud as he could sing. Ask him where Papa is, "back Coma." He has a way of droppng his eyelids in a very mischeivous way, that bodes no good, I'm afraid. He is very sweet---like his Mama! (I can imagine I see you smile.) I think you will find James grown a great deal, and I think Ruth is very much improved. She doesn't seem as irritable and governs easier than the others now. She is just lovely to look at ((Oh?)) and I get lots of "comps" on my beautiful family. James plays so hard and is so tired when night comes he just falls into bed. Alice, the dear little woman ((Again, On?)) told me tonight she wasn't going to give me "one bit of trouble, for you look as if you were tired out." They are all blessed little ones, and I feel every day as if I couldn't be thankful enough that they had been given to me. How do you feel about it?

Well, I'm all of a chill and guess I'll crawl into bed and get war. I sent you love---

Oxford,

Aug. 18, 1896

My Dear Husband;

Yesterday was a red letter day for me, as I rec'd two letters, and the pictures of the house from you. They brightened me up wonderfully and today I feel better than in some time. I wanted to sit right down and answer that long letter as soon as I rec'd it, but had promised to go calling with Em Brown and so had to postpone it until this morning.

I've been up on the hill and showed them the pictures and they all think it is quite a pretty home that we have. I tell you it looked good to me and made me feel rather homesick to go inside. I think they are very good indeed and thank you for your promptness in sending them. You are not much like your old slow wife, are you?

I'm glad you wrote so much about the property you wish the loan on and tomorrow I'm going to start out with the pictures and see what I can do. I'll let you know in my next. The children are quite well now, compared with what they have been, and for three nights have slept right through. You will know how much that means to me, I was so thoroughly

tired out. I was afraid I was going to have a sick spell and I couldn't help worrying about it. But I think we are coming out finely now and in another week will be outside again. It is quite cool again, too cool to sit out of doors, and I can't help but think what a good week it would have been to travel. Yet I don't think there'll be anything lost by waiting awhile.

I've never realized as much as I have since I've been here, how much my babies and you are to me; all my world, and how drear life would be without you all. You have always "been good" to me, and you are the best and kindest husband in the world. I know I tried you sorely, but as you say, I'll try and do better when I get home. We must make the most of our home life, there's nothing better in the whole wide world, and God never sent four sweeter children to earth than ours; what more can we ask for?

I can't imagine, Charlie, what you mean when you say things have not been as "pleasant and agreeable" for me as they might. I don't think I ever wrote anything to lead you to think so; everyone has been kindness itself to me and I've had a delightful time, marred only by the children's illness and the disappointment of your not coming.

I anticipated that your mother would be veyer critical about the children, but she has never said a word to me showing she thought their behavior was not all it ought to be. She has been the dearest old lady in every respect, and I love her better every day; so what did you mean? My own folks have done everything they could do for me; Abbie and Em have had to work, because you know they are the breadwinners for Mother, but they've helped me whenever they could. Of course there have been little annoyances, but I've tried to overlook them and think nothing of them. If anyone has bothered you by writing anything of the kind I am more than sorry. I've no fault to find in regard to the way anyone has treated me.

Well, dearest, the whistle is blowing for noon and I'll have to stop until after dinner. We are all going to drive out in the country this afternoon and make some calls and give the children the ride. We can get Mrs. Jim Warn's two seated surrey for the afternoon for 50¢; isn't that cheap?

Grace wrote she was to be married the 25th; you'll have to go around and kiss the bride for me. I'd like to make her a nice present, but am afraid we are too poor right now. I am going to give Manda a little present, she has been so good to the babies, when I can find something appropriate. I do wish you could come and get a nice visit here with all the folks. I'm glad you don't like living away from home so very well; we'll have some dandy times when I get home, won't we, dear? Grace and Morse won't be in it with us because we've got so much more in our children to make us have a good time.

I can't begin to tell you how I want to see you and how glad I'll be to get home again; home is the dearest spot on earth, and don't you forget it. I must stop now and send James to the office with this; he goes all over town alone, over to Uncle Jim's and everywhere. I send lots of love, you dear old fellow-----

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Aug. 21, 1896

My Dear Husband;

It is not quite time to go for the morning mail, so I'm going to write you a little to send when I go to get your letter. I know I'll get one, for you wouldn't be cruel enough not to write soon, after the cruel little joke you played on me yesterday. Really, my dear, I don't think I intended that to be anything but fun, for I can't remember feeling as cross toward you as that sounded. It was not thoughtful, to say the least, and I beg your pardon for any unkind feeling it may have given rise to. I've only had the kindest of feelings for you since I left home and I want you to love me as well as I do you.

I feel every time I look at Mother as though she was surely slipping away from us all, and when she is gone I will have no one that cares for me particularly well but you and the children, and I want to make the very most of you, for you are all my world.

You see I am blue this morning, maybe because I had a hard night with the baby and Ruth. I took them all up on the hill to tea last night and they ate everything you can imagine. Maude and Lizzie seem to think I am cruel to them because I don't want them to have everything they ask for. Mother Eaton spoke to me in an aside and asked if I didn't think there was such a thing as "killing with kindness." Of course they do mean it kindly and I don't want to remonstrate to the extent that they will get angry, for I shall be here so short a time. I sent Ruth away from the table because she cried for cake and would eat nothing but cake ((Oh?)) and Manda took a piece and went out in the hall and gave it to her and coaxed

her back. Now I don't tell you this to find fault with them for they love the children dearly, but just to ask you what you would do under the circumstances.

Will Jacobs heard I was in Brown's office the other day and came up to see what I wanted. I had a talk with him and he said he didn't think they could help us any for they had to have all real estate they loaned on investigated by their own committee and they had none in the northwest.

We are all going to Wilcox's to a big party tonight; Manda and Em Brown are going with us. Charlie wrote Em yesterday that he didn't think he could come up and wanted her to come home next week, but she didn't think she'd go so soon.

It is still quite cool here and if it doesn't get hot again I'd like to start home by the 31st. If you get the house the 1st you better go up there and stay and if we come lay in a stock of groceries, so we'll have something to begin on. I'd like to get there Sat. and we could do "light housekeeping" over Sunday and have a good visit all together. Don't you think that would be nice? I can hardly wait to see you, for it seems ages since I came away and I know you are just as anxious to see us. The children talk about you and home lots, and I think they'll be glad to get there.

Philip got so angry at me yesterday it was laughable; he kept saying "I don't like Mama no more" and "Mama you behave yourself", but in a minute or two he was all over it and loving me for all he was worth. He is quite a boy; hollers "hello" to everybody that passes and last night went and told Grandma Eaton to "come to supper" through her trumpet. She was wonderfully pleased over it, as he has always seemed afraid of it. Well, I must get ready to go down town----

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Aug. 25, 1896

My Dear Husband;

I got a letter from your yesterday saying that you were "blue" and I assure you it made me so, too, to know that you were. I am coming home to you soon now and I hope the laughs and smiles of your children will chase away all the blues you ever had. I told Alice you wrote that if you could hear her laugh you thought it would make you feel better, and the dear little thing told me when I wrote to Papa to tell him when she got home she'd "laugh for him all he wanted her to." Bless their sweet hearts; you are right when you say there are none like them.

I'm glad you went to the circus and that you took the Ramages for an outing and I hope you'll have all the good times you can until I get home, then I suppose trouble will begin again for you---eh?

Mother and I are alone today with the housework and children. The girl is gone. Abbie got to bossing her more than she liked and she wouldn't stay. I don't think I'll get another, as I shall be here so short a time now. I'm going to wait until about Friday, and then if I don't hear that you are coming or get a pass, I'm going to wire you to see if I can start Monday if we all keep well and the weather is all right. If I don't start then I shall the following Monday. It may be I cannot until then, for there'll be lots for me to do, but I think I ought to come as soon as that.

I'd be glad to stay all through Sept. if you could be here, but if you cannot I want to come soon. I wish you'd write just what you think about it, and I'll promise not to get mad again. I think I've been a little bit homesick ever since I've been here, to tell the honest truth. Through the day I'm all right, but when night comes I want to see and be with you; I guess I'm an old idiot!

There's to be a circus here Friday and I shall take the children to see it. Yesterday CWS, Philip and I went driving all of the afternoon and after dinner Em put the children to bed and Abbie and I went calling. I enjoyed it ever so much, for its the first afternoon in some time I've been "off duty." I haven't been up on the hill seince Saturday. Aunt Margaret and a lady from Norwich are up there today, but I didn't get an invite to come up. Ought I to have gone just the same? I'm afraid I'm wearing out my welcome and I think its time I traveled homeward where I don't have to have any.

You see I'm not in a happy mood today, and I do wish you were right here now to make my duty plain to me, and cheer me up a bit, for I am right down blue and don't you forget it. I suppose this is Grace's wedding day, and I do hope the dear girl will be happy with her choice. Remember me to all my friends---there are not many of them. I send lots of love----

woman. I'm glad the kiddies didn't mind the thunder shower; I was afraid it would frighten them. Of course I can't tell anything about coming east for a month yet. If I can come I will probably start around 20th of July and have to be back by Sept. 1st. I don't know anything about whether I can come or not, or whether it would be best to, but I'll come if I can.

I got my last summer's ice cream suit cleaned and pressed and they look pretty skookum I'm telling you. I suppose the girls will pester me to death now. Well, I must go eat I suppose, although I don't feel much like it. I send much love to you, old honey, and to the children and the folks. I would rather you wrote every day, if but a postal, to say you are all right. I don't want you to make a burden of it, although of course I couldn't hear enough if you wrote all the time. Your loving husband----

June 27, '96

My Dear Little Wife;

I expect you will think you are neglected and forgotten and everything else, but it is not the case. I have been very busy and have not had time to write. I will just say now that I am all right and will take time tomorrow to write you a good letter.

I have rec'd two nice letters from you since I have written; your letters suit me first rate, they are newsway and good. It is very warm here now, as hot as I ever saw it. Last night we had quite a little thunder and lightening. I hope you are getting along well even if it is warm. If it gets too hot you had better go to the lake or that place we used to go or somewhere. I got your draft and was pleased to hear from you.

Perhaps you had better draw for what money you want as you go along; I will take care of the drafts someday, although money is pretty scarce article right now. Hope to have some, however, after the first of the month. I don't think its very nice of James and Alice to say they are going to stay there; I want to see them even if they don't want to see me. I just long to see you all, and you can bet if its possible for me to come east I shall certainly do so. I will be doing some work for the NP next month and may be able to work them for a pass. I can't tell about coming till about the 15th of the month, when I see how U.S. Court comes along; that opens the 9th.

Dear me soap suds, how I do want to see you all; how about that picture? Will write to the babies tomorrow. Love----

Sunday, June 28th, 1896

My Dear:

How are you this warm evening? I don't feel very good myself. I am tired, but I expect to get a good sleep tonight and I guess that will make me feel better. We had a little shower this morning and it has been thundering all afternoon and has rained a little. I did not get breakfast till noon this morning, tho I was up quite awhile before that in my room; it has been too threatening to go anywhere, so I have just loafed around. It has been pretty warm for a week now.

I was going out to the house today, but haven't gotten started yet and guess I won't. I gave the hens away to Hoge because the folks at the house didn't want them; do you approve? I hope your girl is proving satisfactory and am glad you got one. I am also pleased to note from your letter that you seem to get out a good deal; that is right and you can't have any too good a time to suit me. You spoke about my playing poker to pass away the time and I have tried that, but it seems now if I only had you and the babies back here I would never want to do anything but just stay with you. Still I presume I would, but I do want to see you all very, very much and think of you all the time. When I see any little children I feel just like taking them in my arms for the sake of my own little ones.

I am glad they are such good children and very much pleased that Amanda and all the rest love them so much; we ought to be very thankful indeed to be blessed with such darlings. It is far beyond my deserts, and I don't believe there is a nicer little family on earth.

There is absolutely nothing to write about except that I love you lots and lots and wish I could see you to tell you so. I do so hope I can get east and will strain every nerve to do so you may be sure. This is the nice long letter I promised you last night; how do you like it? I have about worn those pictures out. When are you going to send me some more? Get 'em in the shade this time so it won't wrinkle up their noses so. Am going to write to them and that's that for this time. Goodnight, sweetheart----

Tacoma,  
July 5, 1896

My Dear Wife;

I have been promising myself all day that I would write you a nice letter to-night and also write one to my little old sweethearts, but alas and alack! 'tis all off. I didn't get my breakfast till nearly 12 today and then wandered around with Fin Bryan till 2, and then went out to the park and laid around and read till 6:30, and then came in hungry, got my dinner and sat down out here in front and visited and talked with different ones till now its most time for the mail to close, so you see! You mustn't blame me too much because it has been awful hot today and after dinner it was so pleasant and cool and nice out here and I felt so comfortably lazy that I couldn't get myself started to climb the stairs to the office, where I knew that it was hot and uncomfortable.

I am feeling all right again and getting along pretty well although I have not slept much for the last two nights--too much fire crackers. I loafed all day yesterday and went out to the park in the evening to see the fireworks and then met your cousin Will Hall and wandered around with him.

The only fun I have nowadays is making up to children I happen to run across; they look awful good to me. The things you wrote about Ruth were awfully sweet and you tell her she is her paps's darling. How I do long to see them all, and you! I don't like this kind of life and don't see how any one stands it at all; I've had enough so quick, and more than enough, too.

The 4th of July and rose carnival passed off first rate I guess; I sent you the papers. The rose parade was fine; just oceans and oceans of roses and today you can't think from the looks of the lawns about town that any were ever picked. Its a delightful summer so far as flowers and weather goes; it has been pretty hot for this country, but you know that is just about right for comfort. I wish you could be here to enjoy it, but am glad you are enjoying yourself there. I know you must be having a lovely time and I think a great deal of what you must be doing and what we will do if I get there. I will send you the Sunday papers tomorrow and will enclose a button I want James to wear all the time; it is the state button; I want him to boom the country. There are crowds and crowds of strangers here this summer and they all seem struck on the country.

Well now! I have sat in here writing this until I am all of a much of sweat; I am still wearing my winter underclothes. We must try to take advantage of the excellent opportunity you have of buying things cheaper there; I want you to have some dresses made and fix the children up good. We will also get some stuff for the house if we can find the filthy.

I will close this now, and I love you just as much as if I had written you a good long letter; kiss all the babies for me and tell them not to forget their papa, who wants to see them all the time. Your loving husband-----

Tacoma,  
July 10, '96

My Dearest Wife;

I suppose you are just hopping because you have not heard from me since my letter of Sunday, so I'll give you to understand I have not heard from you since Monday, which is a long time I think.

I have been busy this week finishing up my work and looking after U.S.Court. I expect you will be badly disappointed, as I am, that I don't think I can come east this summer; in fact I have about given up all idea of it. Judge Hanford continued the cases till the 6th of August; they are the most important cases and will take 12-15 days to try. I can't afford to lose them, and if I stay for them I won't have time to get east and back before the first of Sept, when Superior Court opens.

Then I don't feel just right about going east; it will take a lot of money, \$300-\$350 at least and while I could get the money, yet it wouldn't seem right to spend it. You have some idea, of course, but not much, of how bad things are here in every way; business, politics, finances and everything. I want to pay off all the floating debts I owe, and to start in soon after I'd return owing a lot of money, with no money to run on is too much of a chance to take with the kind of family we have to look out for. You and the children have had a nice visit and I guess they will have to get along without seeing me till some other time.

Things are very slow here, with no money, no business and no prospects apparently

for any improvement in the immediate future. The law business is absolutely nil; lots of lawyers are leaving here, and those who are not are much disheartened and discouraged. The money it would cost for me to go east would come in mighty handy in buying bread and butter if things keep on this way.

Of course something may occur to change things so that I feel it would be right for me to come, but the way it looks now I don't think I will. If you could get me a job there I might come and stay. I don't know how you will get back; you couldn't come alone, and I don't see how you will manage it. Couldn't you make arrangements for some good girl to come out and work a year for you? But we can figure all those things out later I guess.

I wish you could find somebody there that would loan about two-three thousand dollars on first class real estate security; Do you know of anyone; 5 or 6% interest?

I think I will go out to Steilcoom to board. I am tired of staying in town, and don't tell anybody, but I don't like my room very much. Its awfully noisy, and I feel if I don't go east I need some change. We have had over a month of the most delightful weather you can imagine; it has been, and is, hot for this country, but not as hot as you have it there I guess.

You can't imagine how I have missed your letters this week. I come up to the office for them before I go to breakfast; and how I do want to see you all, and how I do love you and all! I am letting my moustache grow just because you asked me to and against my own wishes and the advice of all my friends.

I suppose you will hear in due course of stage coach mail that Finley Bryan was nominated for President today at Chicago. He feels pleased, and I hope he will get elected because he needs the job and I need for him to have it. How do the folks back there like the dress that he and Fleck bought you?

I was pleased to hear from you yesterday through the \$25 draft; I hope you had a pleasant 4th of July; did you spend it all for firecrackers? You write me just what you think about me coming east; you know the damned legislature meets again next winter and we'll have another scrap for our lives then. I know it will be a great disappointment to you if I can't come, and it will certainly be a very keen one for me. Still we must do what is for the best and we are not in very good shape to play ducks and drakes with fortune with the handicap we have. If things go right I ought to be able to make five-six hundred dollars out of this term of court and if I do I can get transportation. I may conclude to trust to luck and come anyway.

I haven't anything that I know of to do till Monday; Judge Pritchard wants me to go to Montana with him on a mining deal and I may go, but hardly think so. I am thankful to state that he is out of the race for Governor and that will leave my hands free to see what they do in setting up candidates for the bench and legislature.

Let's all go down to the seashore for a week, what say? Well, if you won't you won't, so I guess I'll go to Steilacoom. Jack Shackelford is out there in that little place way round to the end of the car track where we went last summer. He's got a lovely place there; back yard slopes down to the bay; whole thing for \$10 a month. Stallcup is also out there, and I don't know who all.

Well, I must close. I think I'll go mail this and then ride out to the house and see how things look; those people haven't paid the rent yet! Can it be possible---but heaven forbid the thought. They say they don't have any where near water enough this summer; ain't you glad you ain't here? Chub Hoge has our chickens; didn't steal them this time, I gave them to him; he is boarding your pets, Mary and John. They are stirring up some kind of a stink around town about keeping chicks; don't suppose there is anything in it, but don't suppose you could make Mead believe it if there wasn't. Haven't seen the Ramages lately; had good long visit with Gracie the other day; when are you coming home? I could find it in my heart to be glad to see you any minute. Well, goodnight, little sweet lollypop; kiss yourself and all the babies for me-----

Tacoma,

Sunday, July 12, 1896

My Dear Hun;

I have spent my time since breakfast writing to the children and mother and sisters, so guess I might as well finish up by writing to you, you little old nuisance. And I want to say before I forget it that you keep complaining about not feeling good and I want you to go right and see a doctor instanter; now mind! You probably need a tonic, or braced up in some way and you tend to it right sharp or you'll be sick, and that would be very in-

convenient. Another thing; I wish you would take that negative of James "watching for Papa" and have a nice photo made from it, mounted and fixed up. I think it is a fine picture of him and Grace is crazy over it; you had better send her one, too. It was too bad that Charlie spoiled the pictures of the party; too darned bad!

How do you like your girl and how are you getting along? You write pretty good letters, but I could ask you a few million questions about things that you don't touch on, but life's too short and I'll wait till I see you. Was I telling you about going out to the house the other evening? I think not. I couldn't rouse anybody, so I guess they were either abed or thought I had come to dun them for the rent, because the neighbors say they never go anywhere. The roses look fine; the one over the front porch seems to climb all over everything, and the beds look pretty scrum. I wrote you about the strawberries, and it was too dark to see the garden. I wrote you that there was trouble about water; have to sprinkle at 4-5 o'clock in the morning or else no sprink. But the lawn looked good, although there is a good deal of white clover in it. Coming back I stopped at the Gill's and we talked for an hour about you and the children. Now that's all the news I can think of except I had the pleasure of eating dinner with Fin last night, for which I paid, as of yore.

I suppose you are feeling pretty blue about my not coming east. Well, I feel so myself, but don't see how I can. Supior Court decided a case yesterday knocking me out of about \$100; they will decide another case soon in which I stand to win \$150 and if that should come my way it might make a difference. If I were to come I think I would go down to NY, rustle around and see if I could get a job and stay there. Its going to be hard sledding herre for the next five years, and don't you forget it. I haven't been able to pay anything on bills owing since you went away and if I stay here and mind my own business I can pay them all off and have a few dollars for a rainy day, and we are quite apt to have some rainy days before long because we haven't had any in over a month.

I collected \$125 last week - never expected to get, and ought to collect about \$350 this week; then that's about the last of it till some more work comes in. Oh dear me, what a bore to be poor! I would like first rate to save that place out in the North End, but don't see much prospect unless you can negotiate a loan there for about \$2000. The more I look at that place and know it the more I like it, and if I had that paid up and fixed up a little they could all go to thunder with their fine houses, that's good enough for me.

I wish you could get Amanda or Sadie or CWS or somebody to come out with you; why couldn't Charlie come out? He could get passes, couldn't he, and it wouldn't cost him a cent here except for watermelons. I wouldn't encourage the watermelon habit by buying them for him.

Today is much cooler than it has been for two or three weeks. I was going out to Steilacoom yesterday to look for a boardin' place, but didn't go; in fact I don't go anywhere, because there is no fun in going alone and I know you wouldn't approve of my taking anyone with me. And in all things I try to make my conduct conform to what would be your ideas, views, and wishes. There, by gosh!

This week is the Bar Assn. meeting here for the state, and they aren't going to do a thing but have the biggest blowout since Caesar went fishing with McKinley up the blue waters of the river Danube. It winds up with a big clambake and supper down at Stone's Landing, beginning at two o'clock and winding up at 11, when everybody is supposed to be under the table and dead to the world. The stuff to eat is furnished by Harrison, under contract, for \$450 and nobody is interested in the stuff to eat either. By the way, speaking of Harrison, I was showing his children our children's pictures the other evening when he came along; we got to talking about this and that and he wanted to know where you were and when I told him he said he had been to Oxford lots of times, that he was brought up in Smithville Flats.

If I surely can't come east, don't you think you had better come marching home? The children won't wear out shoes so fast here, you know. Whatever I'll do with myself the rest of the day I don't know; didn't get up till ten so I can't sleep any more and can't eat till six, I suppose. Well, so long; I send you great chunks of love. Have as good time as you possibly can and take care of yourself----

Tacoma,

July 17, '96

My Dear Wife;

I got your letter this morning enclosing proofs of babies' pictures; I kinda like the picture and kinda don't; I don't like Philip's and don't hardly think I like Alice's. James is fine and Ruth pretty good. I wish you would try it again. Of course its a hard -

matter to get a good picture of all of them, but its worth trying because they are lovely; ain't they lovely?

State Bar Assn. in session here yesterday, today and tomorrow; am taking the proceedings, so you need not expect another letter from me before Sunday. Gosh, but its hot! I send you by this a photo I took before you went away; I think the one of Ruth and Philip is perfect. Hereby challenge CWS to produce as fine a photo. The ones of the Sound are not very good, but thought you might like them to show folks; have you any of the house there?

Nothing to write about only that it is hot, I don't think you got into any warmer weather by going east. I suppose by this time you have my letter about coming east and don't like it much. About you starting I guess I will leave that to you; I'll be mighty glad to see you any time, although I think it might not be well to start while it is so warm. Received your draft today; glad to hear from you!

Well, I must go eat and get back to work, which is pretty tolerably hard work, too, thank you. I just write this to let you know I am too busy to write. Kiss the babies nine times round for me and tell them they are the nicest babies in the world, and you are too!

---

July 19, 1896

My Dear Wife;

I don't think I will write you a letter today because it is too hot to climb the stairs and I don't feel like writing anyway. I got your letter this morning about the children having whooping cough and am very sorry because I am afraid it will worry you and makes things harder for you. If you need any more help get it and get along as comfortably as you can.

I don't know but that its as well for them to have it now as any time, but I don't like to have them sick while you and they are having such good times. Keep me posted as to how they are getting along and do as well as you can; I can only help you with my sympathy so far as I know, but I wish I could do more for you. I hope they will not be very sick and hardly think they will.

It is very warm here still and getting very smoky; otherwise things are the same. I think I will have the house back pretty shortly, so you can come any time you want to. I am anxious to hear what you think about my not coming east after you. Its worse on me than on you remember.

I am glad you had such a nice visit at Fred's and sorry it was marred by Alice being sick. I am considerably worried over them, but think they will get along all right and when they are with you I know they are in good hands.

I know this as an awfully snippy letter, but its just awfully hot here where I am writing and I am all a much of a sweat. I will write again tomorrow, but just wanted to let you know I am not writing today, but am well if not happy. I won't be happy until I get my five babies with me again. Think I will go up to Ramages and Gillespie's now; care? Much love to all-----

---

July 21st, '96

My Dear Wife; I opened my desk just now and found these all nicely sealed and directed, the letter that I wrote you last Thursday. I can't imagine how it happened that I didn't mail it, as I was very careful to write and explain to you why you wouldn't hear from me for 3-4 days. I guess I'll send it along in this to show my good intentions.

I didn't write yesterday as I had to work very hard all day long getting out some stuff they had to have by 9o'clock this morning. And wasn't it hot yesterday though? 87 up on top of the Chamber of Commerce Bldg. in the shadiest of shades and must have been over 90 along the avenue. I was sick, too. I don't like my room as well as I might because its so noisy. Sunday night I was nervous and felt bad and went to bed early and passed a night of horror with heat, noise, and great big bugs, three inch, hard shelled beetles, just millions of them! They just drove me wild, so last night I went over to the Tacoma, got a nice, quiet, cool room, slept finely and felt better today; it is much coöler, too.

Now about your coming home: I don't think I will even give you advice on that, but let you do as you think best. I don't want you to take any chances, of course, and I don't know much about whooping cough, but wouldn't it be as well or better to wait until they get over the worst of it before starting? It is awfully hot weather all the way along now I suppose. I think, too, that you ought not come alone; I still hold to my position in regard to the

girl proposition. I don't think it possible for you to get along here without a girl, alone. Don't think for a minute you could do it. If you could get a good girl there that would be willing to come out with you and stay a year for, say, \$10 a month it would be quite a saving. I would be willing to advance her fare, which of course would be paid back in work. You and Abbie never could do the work, and I don't know how you think you could do it alone. I think you had better change your mind on that proposition.

I would like to have Charlie go to Chicago with you anyway and would pay his expenses as you suggest. Couldn't he work you in on his pass that far? I am going to try and get a pass for you from St. Paul, but the time is not ripe yet; all these things are to be taken into consideration, and you are a better judge of ~~than~~ than I am.

Everyone here says it's a good time for the babies to have the whooping cough, right age, warm weather etc. and that they won't be bothered with it more than 2-3 weeks. I don't know whether they know or not; I don't think it's a good time myself. I hope they get along all right, and any steps you take are all right with me. You write as if you were afraid of me, but you need not be. I want to help you all I can, of course, but you must do as you think best about things. So far as your coming home is concerned, you can't want to come half as bad as I want you to, but I want you to have your visit out now you are there, have as good time as you can, and do whatever is best for yourself and the babies.

McIntyre came to pay me a month's rent the other day and took out the water rent; then I kicked. I am very sure I told him he would have to pay it, and he seems equally sure I was to pay it. I don't know how we will fix it up, but I told him I wanted the house right away if I had to pay the water rent. I would much rather live out there myself than let it go at that rate, wouldn't you? He said he would let me know in a day or two what he would do.

I haven't gone out to Steilacoom, and don't know as I will. I was very sorry to have to write you I couldn't come east, but don't see what else I could do. I am afraid things have gone to the demnation bowwows here for some time to come; if I were to go east now it would be with the intention of staying, and that would be impossible of course. You needn't tell the folks back there about these things, you know. Just tell them I'm too awfully busy cutting coupons off Government bonds to come.

Something might turn up that would give me the time and money, and you know that nobody, even you, could want me to come more than I want to. I need the trip beyond all question and have thought about it so much that to have to give it up now---oh, what's the use? If you can't do a thing you can't and that's all there is about it.

I will try to write oftener to make up for that week you didn't get any letter; I'm sorry about that. Ramage came in while I was writing that and wanted to be remembered to you all. I spent Sunday evening with them; they wanted me to stay all night and I wished a million times that I had before morning. They didn't like the picture of the babies very well.

Great Guns! how I'd like to see you all! But I can't, so guess I'll skip out somewhere for the afternoon, because I haven't anything to do today. Love to you---

Tacoma,

July 23, 1896

My Dear Wife;

I have been wandering round and round and round since dinner killing time and have finally come to the conclusion that writing to you is as good an old way as any. I got Alice's letter this morning and couldn't make up my mind who printed it for her. I answered it at once, however, and I hope the little old sweetheart is getting along all right.

I don't see what you are going to do, or how you are going to manage if they all get the whooping cough, which they will I suppose. I understand it is liable to last two or three months and pull them down pretty bad and I don't see how you are to get home. I wish you were here now, all safe and sound, but as you are not you must do the best you can.

Come at once, of course, if you think best; you can't come too soon to suit me, although I might have to hustle around some to find a place to put you. I haven't heard anything about the house since I wrote you last, but I think I will try and get 'em out. I would rather live there now myself than anywhere else; I have had enough of the gay life of the city.

I know it seems like putting a good deal on you to leave it to you when you will start, but I don't see what else I can do. I want you here, but I don't want you to come before you have made your visit out or while it would be bad for you and the children to travel, on acct. of the hot weather or anything. I think you had better bring a girl with you if you can get one. You can't get along alone here, and I would rather you wouldn't try. You have had a

pretty stiff pull for the last six years and if you have any time from the babies I would rather have you use it enjoying yourself.

I was up at Gillespie's to dinner last night and spent the evening there. Had a nice time, and didn't we burn you up! They thought the proofs very nice. If you knew how I enjoy the pictures you havd sent you would send more; I have almost worn them out carrying them around and looking at them.

I have been in court all day and expect to be for 2-3 weeks now pretty steadily. The weather is much cooler and it feels kinda good, but is awfully smoky. I don't think you would enjoy it much in that respect, but perhaps you would enjoy seeing me; I ain't so awful smoky. I just long to see you, and I tell you its the meanest kind of business, this loafing around. By gosh, if I thought I d have to keep this up the rest of my life I wouldn't live a very great while I tell you. I have been telling Finley about that and have almost got him worked up to getting married two or three times, but he's afraid he'll starve to death.

I expect to go on a picnic across the Bay with the Gillespie's Sunday. Guess I might as well do that as any old thing; one thing is about as dull as another when I don't have my dearesties with me. When I get hold of you all again I'm going to keep you here, see?

I feel so sorry for them all there, and Abbie particularly, when I think how they will feel when you bring the children away. I don't know of anything they can do, though, except to get some of their own, because I can't spare mine. I think you are having more discomfort from the whooping cough than they are. Well, I must go and mail this or it won't get off tonight----

Tacoma,

Aug. 5, '96

My Dear Wife;

I suppose you are kicking as hard at not hearing oftener from me as I am at not hearing from you. I got a letter today, a very little letter, but I want to assure you that I don't blame you for not writing, when you are so full of troubles, only just a little word that you are getting along and that nothing serious in the matter of the children would save me a lot of worry.

I am awfully sorry you are having such a hard time, and the children, too, and if there was anything I could do for you it would make me very happy to do it. But it seems to me I am perfectly helpless in the matter because I can't come east except under the direst pressure, and there seems to be nothing else I can do the help you. I hope you have got a girl to help you with the children, as I wrote you to, and if not get one at once. I don't want you to wear yourself out and get sick and spoil your whole visit.

I send you with this the picture of James and Alice that Lyon took, and I think they are right good and so does everyone who has seen them. I just got them today, and think I will send some more for you to give to the folks there. Of course Em Brown must come up to see the children; I would be awfully disappointed if she did not, and I think it would do her good. Did you send her the money?

I will tend to the pictures of the house; will see Lyman and see what it will cost to have them made, if I can find the time. It will aid you perhaps in getting the loan; it is a good proposition for anyone to loan that amount of money on the house, and if there is anyone there who has any money I should think you might make it. Of course I would like to get it for 5% and I think it would be absolutely safe, and that they would get their money even if things stay as they are, which they won't.

You never have told me anything about Philip's arm (except the doctor bill) in weeks; did it get all right? Amanda was so enthusiastic over him in her letter that I think he must have changed a good deal, he was so quiet. But I'll bet he hasn't changed from the sweet little fellow he always was; you probably never will know how you are blessed in having them with you. You must remember, my dear, that you only have to do without me, which isn't much, while I have to do without you and all those little darlings that make life worth while. And I'll bet you if you are ever separated from them more than two months that I would send you more than three pictures!

It was nice of Anna to give you the dress; I suppose you are looking pretty shabby by this time; did they like the dress that Finley bought you? He never thought it right that he didn't get a chance to see it. You had better manage someway to have clothes for yourself and the children made up before you come back to last awhile, because you won't have Abbie to make them for you when you get back.

I do hope the babies will get along all right and not cause you much more worry. If I could just see them, whooping cough and all, well, it seems like I wouldn't want for anything else. Of course I include you in "them" because you are my fifth baby, you know, and you are all so dear to me that I can hardly live along from day to day without you.

I don't know anything about the house; I have been busy all the time. My nice case that I was making daily transcripts for went fluey yesterday afternoon; I got about \$135 out of it with no extra expense, which ain't so bad, although it might have been better. I will probably be busy for ten days yet in U.S. Ct.; I have been working about sixteen hours a day since Friday, but I enjoy that a whole lot better than loafing.

I don't think from all I hear that you had better try and come home before the first of Sept. or until the weather changes. It has rained along here most every day and night since Saturday, and its just lovely now, smoke all gone. I do hope you can find someone to come with you; don't leave any stone unturned. I would feel a whole lot better if you could come with somebody, especially people "well to do" like those you mentioned. I think I can get the house most any time. Think it over carefully, make up your mind about the best time to come, and let me know as soon as you can. Then I can make arrangements about the house.

I don't want you to take any chances about coming, because I would rather wait a little longer and have you all all right.

Well, I must close and go to dinner. It seems useless for me to keep writing over and over how much I miss you, how much I love you and all that, because you must know it.

((Sounds like an Eaton!))

Tacoma,

Aug. 10, '96

My Dear Wife;

This is just to let you know I am still here and kicking around. I am working most awful hard and don't feel so well and don't have ambition enough to write.

((These remarks rather surprise me; they sound so much like a husband, and I always imagined Dad was an exception, for no good reason. One has to remember, tho, that he was an Eaton!))

I thought I told you to have some of those pictures of James finished up and send me one and Grace one; now why don't you do it? Oh well, I won't be cross with you because I guess you have plenty troubles of your own. I am glad the babies are getting along even as well as they are; I wish you had more help and wouldn't tire yourself out so. Don't think of starting home as long as it keeps as hot through the country as it is now; you could not possibly stand it, and that's all there is about it.

I wish you would let me know about how much money you think it will require to come on. I hardly think you better try to come tourist, even from St. Paul, but you will have to figure out those things yourself. I think you know more about those things than I do, having made the trip with the children and I haven't.

The weather is delightful since the rain and I wish you were all here to enjoy it. I send you all a great deal of love and innumerable kisses-----

Aug. 11, '96

-----I had Lyon go out and take some pictures of the house, and if they are good maybe I will send you one about the time you send me that one of James I wanted; will that be soon enough? I have been greatly worried over the reports in the papers the past few days of the extremely hot weather in the east. Oh dear me, how I wish you were all back here safe and sound!

Take the very best of care of yourself and the children, even if you have to spend more money to do it.

I just got so far and a couple of fellows came along and interrupted me, and now I have to go back to court, and will have to mail this as I go or it won't get off tonight. Lots of love to you all, and don't I wish you were here though? I guess yes.

Aug. 16, 1896

Aug. 16, 1896

My Dear Wife;

I was going on a picnic on the sound with a gang of toughs today, but didn't get up in time, and having read the papers all through I have nothing else to do the livelong day, so guess I might as well write you a few lines. Its now most 3 o'clock, so you see I have done pretty well killing time; didn't have breakfast till noon.

I am so glad that the children are better and that the weatner is cooler. Just as soon as they get well enough so you think it is safe, and its cooler, you had better light out for home. I will know this week whether I can get you a pass or not; will send it to you if I can.

I saw McIntyre about the house the other day and he said they would get out anytime if I would give him as much notice as I could. I told him to make his arrangements to move by the first, and then if you didn't come by that time I would let him know a week or ten days before you got here. You can draw for the money to come on any time, but don't draw until you are ready and have to have it. I suppose if I should wire you that I was starting east you would wait till I got there before starting, wouldn't you? I don't think that is possible, however, although I wish it were.

I got your picture yesterday and was glad to have them, although I don't think they were very good. It seems to me I could make a prettier picture of you than that. How did you like the pictures of the house? Didn't they make you homesick? I was out by there the other night and the place looked fine; Mac said you could move right in and find things just as good as when you left; I shouldn't wonder if you'd find it better.

I don't know any news; Grace has stopped working and is to be married "this Fall", she says. I said that was pretty indefinite and she said the first of September would be "this fall." Then I met her on the street and she had bought a rose jar and said she was all ready to go to housekeeping with that. So that's all I know about that.

I haven't seen or heard a word about Bertha. Bee Griffin says she thinks she will marry James Eaton, although Newman is a pretty nice boy. So tell him to look out, and didn't he have whopping cough?

I perceive that you are getting much stuck on Philip; I think I am more anxious to see him than any of them because he must have changed more. At least I am more anxious to see him except for Ruth, Alice and James. I can hardly wait till you come; so far as weatner and climate are concerned this has been a beautiful summer, but I haven't enjoyed it a tail. I have not been anywhere or done anything all summer except work, and there has not been enough in that to make it enjoyable. I think I will go places and then when the time comes I don't wanna. Oh well, there ain't much in living nohow.

I feel better now that I know the babies are all better and the weather is cooler. The hot spell must have been dreadful; how do you like that for a summer climate anyhow? The papers for two weeks have been full of the terrible heat in the east and now they are just as full of the terrible storms that followed the heat. Heat, cyclones, blizzards--burning up for six months and then freezing to death the next six; excuse me, this is plenty good enough right here for your Uncle Parker. We haven't had a disagreeable day since you went away; the most loveliest summer I ever seen. Well, you'll see those poorblokes back there catch on some day that this is the country and all up and down the coast there'll be a heavy population, you see! In short, I think you would do well to locate in this country; at least come out and look around before making up your mind on any other locality!

I don't like the idea of your coming alone a little bit, and wish those Pearsons were coming right through with you. Maybe I'll go fishing and then you won't hear from me, though I don't much think I'll get to go. Guess you must be having a pretty good time and do wish I could be with you. Have you seen any children as nice as yours?

I consider it very important that you should get a few days of solid rest before starting west; what on earth would you do if you should get sick on the way? Come as soon as you possibly can safely. Your loving husband---

Aug. 22, 1896

------(part gone)---It takes longer, though, five and a half days from Toronto and I suppose it would take you about a day to get to T. The fare from Toronot is \$55.50 and from Montreal \$61.60. You would come through direct to Seattle without change, and if Charlie could go to one or tother with you it would perhaps be your best way. I don't think I'd come back over the NP, unless of course I get a pass. Think either the Cnadian Pac. or

THAD. HUSTON,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MASTER IN CHANCERY U. S. CIRCUIT COURT  
BERLIN BUILDING,  
TACOMA, WASHINGTON.

MY DEAR JAMES, ALICE, RUTH AND PHILIP:

IT MADE ME FEEL VERY HAPPY WHEN MAMA TELEGRAPHED ME THAT YOU HAD GOT "BACK EAST" ALL SAFE AND WELL. I AM GLAD THAT YOU DID NOT HAVE ANY TROUBLE AND DID NOT GET HURT OR SICK ON THE CARS. I THINK IT WAS BECAUSE YOU WERE GOOD CHILDREN AND DID AS PAPA TOLD YOU TO AND MINDED MAMA AND ABBIE.

I HOPE YOU ARE HAVING A FINE TIME THERE NOW AND I KNOW YOU ARE. HAVE YOU BEEN DOWN TO SEE ALBERT BURCHARD YET, AND HAS HE TOLD YOU ABOUT "BURNING CHUNKS" OR "BUNTING CHUNKS," AS ALICE SAYS? YOU MUST NOT FORGET TO HALLOO "WARHOOP" TO HIM EVERY TIME YOU SEE HIM, BECAUSE MAY BE HE WONT KNOW WHOSE CHILDREN YOU ARE UNLESS YOU DO.

I KNOW YOU ARE ALL GOING TO BE VERY GOOD, NICE CHILDREN, BECAUSE YOU LOVE PAPA AND IT WOULD MAKE HIM FEEL VERY BADLY IF YOU WERE NOT ALWAYS NICE AND POLITE AND GENTLE TO ALL YOUR COUSINS AND AUNTS AND GRANDMAS BACK THERE. PAPA WOULD FEEL AWFULLY BAD IF YOU WERE RUDE OR ROUGH OR SAUCY TO ANYBODY. BUT I KNOW YOU WILL NOT BE JUST BECAUSE PAPA WANTS YOU TO BE GOOD CHILDREN.

HAVE YOU ALL BEEN UP TO THE SPRING AND HAD A DRINK OF WATER OUT OF IT YET? THERE USED TO BE A GREAT BIG LIZARD THERE WHEN PAPA WAS A LITTLE BOY. MAY BE HE IS THERE YET AND IF YOU TELL HIM ABOUT PAPA LIKE ENOUGH HE WILL REMEMBER THAT LITTLE BOY THAT USED TO LOOK IN AT HIM WHEN HE WAS LYING ON THE COOL WET STONES INSIDE THE SPRING HOUSE. YOU GO AND SEE IF HE IS THERE YET. DO YOU THINK THERE WILL BE MANY APPLES ON THE TREES UP TO GRANDMA EATON'S? IF I COME BACK THERE THIS SUMMER I WANT YOU TO BE ABLE TO TELL ME WHERE ALL THE BEST APPLES ARE BECAUSE MAY BE I HAVE FORGOTTEN ABOUT THEM, ALTHOUGH I HAVE CLIMBED EVERY TREE ON THAT FARM WHEN I WAS A BOY. I WONDER IF THERE ARE ANY LITTLE

CALVES OR LAMBS UP ON THE FARM, DO YOU KNOW? THERE USED TO BE SUCH LOTS OF THEM, AND CHICKENS AND SOMETIMES LITTLE COLTS. DID ANY OF YOU EVER SEE A LITTLE COLT? THEY ARE AWFULY FUNNY, WITH THEIR LONG THIN LEGS AND LITTLE BODIES.

IT IS AWFULLY LONESOME HERE FOR PAPA WITHOUT ANY LITTLE BABIES TO PLAY WITH. THERE ARE TWO LITTLE CHILDREN THAT COME TO THE OFFICE NEXT TO MINE AND WHEN I HEAR THEM RUNNING DOWN THE HALL MY HEART JUST STANDS STILL, BECAUSE FOR A MINUTE I ALWAYS THINK IT IS JAMES OR ALICE OR RUTH, PERHAPS ALL OF YOU. DO YOU REMEMBER HOW YOU USED TO COME DOWN TO THE OFFICE TO SEE PAPA AND RUN THE "TICK WRITER"? I AM WRITING THIS LETTER TO YOU ON THE TICKWRITER, AND ALL IN GREAT BIG LETTERS, SO THAT MAY BE JAMES CAN READ SOME OF IT. YOU MUST NOT FORGET ABOUT YOUR PAPA AND DON'T FOR GET TO LOVE HIM HARDER THAN EVER, BECAUSE HE LOVES YOU MORE AND MORE EVERY DAY AND WANTS TO SEE YOU SO BAD THAT HE DON'T KNOW HARDLY WHAT TO DO.

AUNT AMANDA WROTE ME A LETTER THAT I GOT THIS MORNING AND IN IT SHE TOLD ME WHAT NICE CHILDREN SHE THOUGHT YOU ALL WERE AND WHAT A FINE LOVING YOU GAVE AUNT LIZZIE. THAT IS VERY NICE IN YOU, AND IT WOULD MAKE PAPA FEEL SO BAD AND SO ASHAMED IF SOMEBODY WOULD HAVE TO WRITE HIM THAT ANY OF YOU CHILDREN WERE NOT NICE, THAT YOU WOULD NOT MIND OR THAT YOU WERE ROUGH OR SAUCY.

I HOPE SWEET ALICE FINDS ALL THE FLOWERS SHE WANTS, THAT "THE DUTCHESS RUTH" HAS SOMEBODY TO SING HER ALL THE SONGS SHE LIKES TO HEAR, THAT JAMES HAS A HORSE TO RIDE AND THAT LITTLE PHILIP HAS A GOOD TIME WITH THE TWINS. DON'T THE BIRDS SING LOVELY BACK THERE? DO YOU HEAR THEM EVERY MORNING BEFORE YOU GET UP SINGING TO YOU AND TRYING TO GET YOU TO COME OUT DOORS, WHERE IT IS SO WARM AND SOFT AND FRESH AND LOVELY AND WHERE IT SMELLS SO SWEET WITH THE SCENT OF THE BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS?

ALTHOUGH I AM AWAY OUT HERE I CAN SEE JUST HOW BEAUTIFUL EVERYTHING LOOKS THERE THESE MORNINGS. YOU MUST HAVE MAMA WRITE ME ALL YOU THINK AND FEEL ABOUT THINGS AND TELL ME WHICH YOU LIKE BEST, THE EAST OR THE WEST. I WISH JAMES HAD HIS BUCKBOARD THERE, BUT MAY BE HE CAN FIND SOMETHING ELSE THAT WILL DO HIM JUST AS WELL. I HAVE ONLY BEEN OUT TO OUR HOME ONCE SINCE YOU WENT AWAY AND THEN I WAS THERE ONLY JUST A FEW MINUTES. I DON'T WANT TO GO OUT THERE BECAUSE IT LOOKS SO LONESOME AND HOMESICK WITHOUT ANY LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS PLAYING AROUND. I GUESS IT WOULD ALMOST MAKE ME CRY TO GO OUT THERE, AND I AM SURE IT WOULD MAKE ME JUST SICK TO SEE JAMES BUCKBOARD OR STILTS OR ALICE'S DOLL CART OR ONE OF RUTH'S OR PHILIP'S OLD DOLLS. MAMA IS GOING TO TAKE YOU ALL DOWN TOWN TO HAVE YOUR PICTURE TAKEN FOR ME. SHE MUST FIX YOU UP REAL PRETTY AND YOU MUST ALL TRY TO LOOK JUST AS NICE AS YOU CAN BECAUSE ITS FOR PAPA, YOU KNOW, AND FOR HIM TO LOOK AT ALL THE TIME YOU ARE AWAY.

WELL, I THINK I WILL NOT WRITE ANY MORE NOW. DON'T FORGET ME AND DON'T FORGET TO LOVE ME. I SHALL EXPECT TO GET A LETTER FROM JAMES AND ALL OF YOU MUST TELL MAMA WHAT TO WRITE TO ME.

I SEND YOU LOTS AND LOTS OF LOVE AND KISSES AND OH! SUCH LOVINGS! PERHAPS YOU WILL NEVER KNOW HOW BAD I WANT TO SEE YOU, AND I HOPE YOU WANT TO SEE ME. BE GOOD CHILDREN, HAVE A GOOD TIME AND MIND MAMA.

YOUR LOVING FATHER,

C. B. EATON.

TACOMA, JULY 23, 1896.

MY DEAR LITTLE ALICE:

I GOT YOUR LITTLE LETTER THIS MORNING. IF I POSSIBLY COULD COME TOMSEE YOU I CERTAINLY WOULD AND WOULD BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO BRING YOU HOME. BUT I GUESS THAT MAMA WILL HAVE TO BRING YOU BECAUSE PAPA CAN'T GET AWAY, I AM AFRAID.

MAMA WROTE ME THAT YOU HAD THE WHOOPING COUGH. I AM VERY SORRY YOU ARE SICK, BUT I HOPE IT WILL NOT SPOIL YOUR GOOD TIME THAT YOU ARE HAVING THERE. YOU MUST BE JUST AS GOOD AS YOU CAN AND GET WELL AS SOON AS YOU CAN. IT MAKES PAPA FEEL AWFUL BAD TO THINK THAT HIS LITTLE SWEETHEART IS SICK. BE VERY CAREFUL AND DO JUST AS MAMA TELLS YOU TO AND THEN YOU WILL SOON BE WELL AND MAMA WILL BRING YOU BACK HOME AND WE WILL HAVE THE BEST TIMES THEN YOU EVER SAW. WE WILL GO DOWN TO THE PARK AND SEE THE BEARS. YESTERDAY THE CHILDREN OF THE CITY HAD A PIC-NIC AT THE PARK AND THERE WAS JUST LOTS ~~LOTS~~ AND LOTS OF THEM WENT OUT THERE. I WAS GOING OUT IN THE AFTERNOON TO SEE THEM HAVE FUN AND TRY AND HELP THEM HAVE SOME BUT HAD TO WORK AND COULD N'T GO. I WILL SEND YOU THE NEWSPAPER THAT TELLS ABOUT IT AND MAMA CAN READ IT TO YOU. SO YOU SEE, MY DEAR, WE HAVE NICE TIMES OUT HERE ONCE IN AWHILE.

I ALSO GOT A LETTER FROM JAMES THE OTHER DAY THAT MAMA SENT IN ONE OF HER'S. HE MUST BE GETTING TO BE A GREAT BIG BOY NOW, IS N'T HE? I GUESS NEXT SUMMER WE WILL HAVE TO GET HIM A SAFETY, DON'T YOU THINK SO? THEN PHILIP CAN HAVE HIS OLD TRI-CYCLE, BUT THEN WHAT WILL RUTH AND YOU HAVE? OH DEAR! I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO WITH SO MANY BABIES! BUT THERE IS NOT ONE TOO MANY AND I WOULD LIKE A WHOLE HOUSE FULL OF SUCH NICE BABIES AS YOU ALL ARE.

WELL, I MUST CLOSE THIS LETTER NOW AND GO TO WORK. GIVE MY LOVE TO MAMA, JAMES, RUTH, PHILIP, ALL THE GRANDMAS, AUNTS, COUSINS, NEICES AND EVERYBODY AND KISS THEM ALL ROUND FOR ME.  
YOUR LOVING PAPA,

TACOMA, WASHINGTON, AUGUST 16, '96

MY DEAR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS:

I THOUGHT PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO GET A LITTLE LETTER FROM YOUR OLD PAPA, AND SO I HAVE TAKEN MY TYPEWRITER IN HAND TO SEE IF THERE IS ANYTHING THAT I CAN WRITE YOU THAT YOU WOULD BE GLAD TO KNOW.

IN THE FIRST PLACE I MUST TELL YOU HOW VERY GLAD I AM THAT YOU ARE GETTING BETTER OF THE WHOOPING COUGH. I HAVE BEEN VERY MUCH WORRIED ABOUT YOU AND VERY SORRY THAT YOU HAVE BEEN SICK, BUT NOW THAT YOU ARE GETTING BETTER YOU WILL HAVE A GREAT DEAL NICER TIME AND WONT FEEL SO KIND OF CROSS AND FRETTY. I THINK YOU HAVE BEEN VERY GOOD CHILDREN WITH ALL THAT YOU HAVE HAD TO PUT UP WITH, BEING AWAY FROM HOME, SICK AND WHERE THE WEATHER IS SO AWFULLY HOT, AND NOW THAT YOU ARE FEELING BETTER YOU MUST BE VERY CAREFUL TO BE JUST AS GOOD NATURED AND GOOD AS YOU CAN ALL THE WHILE. BE GOOD TO POOR MAMA AND DON'T MAKE HER ANY MORE TROUBLE THAN YOU CAN HELP. SHE MUST BE ALL TIRED OUT WITH WAITING ON YOU AND TAKING CARE OF YOU, AND NOW YOU MUST ALL WHIRL IN AND WAIT ON HER AND TAKE CARE OF HER.

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT HOT WEATHER ANYWAY? DON'T YOU THINK ITS JUST HORRID? IT IS N'T VERY MUCH LIKE OUR NICE TACOMA WEATHER IS IT, WHERE IT NEVER GETS SO HOT BUT YOU CAN RUN AROUND AND PLAY AND HAVE A GOOD TIME, AND WHERE THE NIGHTS ARE ALWAYS COOL, SO THAT WHEN YOU HAVE THAT NICE, GOOD FEELING "TIRED FEELING" AT NIGHT, AFTER YOU HAVE BEEN PLAYING HARD ALL DAY, YOU CAN JUST CRAWL IN UNDER A BLANKET STRETCH OUT AND SLEEP GOOD AND SOUND ALL NIGHT. WE HAVE HAD SOME PRETTY WARM WEATHER HERE THIS SUMMER, BUT NOTHING LIKE

AS HOT AS IT HAS BEEN BACK THERE. MAMA WRITES ME THAT UNCLE  
GEORGE FLETCHER, AUNT AMANDA AND COUSIN SADIE ARE COMING OUT  
TO MAKE US A VISIT SOME TIME. YOU JUST TELL THEM TO COME  
ALONG NEXT SUMMER AND THEY WILL THINK ITS SO NICE HERE THAT  
THEY WONT EVER WANT TO GO BACK THERE AGAIN. "THE STATE OF  
GEORGE WASHINGTON" IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR US, IS N'T IT? YOU  
MUST ALL HURRAH FOR THE STATE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON EVERY  
CHANCE YOU GET, BECAUSE ITS ABOUT THE ONLY PLACE GOOD TO  
LIVE IN.

I GUESS RUTHIE IS N'T QUITE SO FAT AS SHE WAS WHEN  
SHE WENT AWAY, IS SHE? WELL, NEVER MIND, WHEN WE GET HER  
BACK THERE WE WILL FAT HER UP SO SHE WILL BE JUST AS BIG ONE  
WAY AS THE OTHER AND THEN WHEN SHE GETS TIRED OF WALKING SHE  
CAN JUST FALL OVER AND ROLL. THE GRASS OUT HOME LOOKS AW  
FULLY NICE AND SMOOTH AND GREEN AND IT KINDER LOOKED TO ME  
THE OTHER NIGHT WHEN I WAS OUT THERE AS IF IT WOULD LIKE TO  
HAVE SOME CHILDREN ROLLING AROUND ON IT AND RUNNING OVER IT  
AND HAVING A GOOD TIME. I HAVE NOT SEEN MR. GRAHAM SINCE  
YOU WENT AWAY, BUT I DON'T THINK HE HARDLY KNOWS HOW TO RUN  
HIS TRAINS WITHOUT JAMES TO HELP HIM. ALL THE NEIGHBORS SAY  
ITS AWFULLY LONESOME OUT THERE AND THEY WANT TO KNOW WHEN  
THE BABIES ARE COMING BACK. I DON'T SUPPOSE JAMES CARES  
ANYTHING ABOUT COMING UNTIL THAT LITTLE CLARK GIRL GETS HOME  
AND SHE HAS NOT COME YET. YESTERDAY I GAVE BEE GRIFFIN ~~XXX~~

I THINK I WILL NOT WRITE YOU ANY MORE NOW. YOU DON'T  
ANY OF YOU HARDLY EVER WRITE TO ME, COURSE YOU DON'T. I  
DON'T EVEN KNOW WHETHER YOU EVER THINK OF ME OR WHETHER YOU  
LOVE ME ANY MORE, BUT I GUESS YOU DO BECAUSE I THINK OF YOU  
ALL THE TIME AND LOVE YOU MORE AND MORE EVERY DAY. I WOULD  
RATHER COME AND SEE YOU THAN TO DO ANYTHING ELSE ON EARTH, BUT  
AS I CAN'T YOU WILL HAVE TO GET MAMA TO BRING YOU HOME TO ME  
PRETTY SOON AND THEN WE WILL TRY TO HAVE FINE TIMES TO MAKE  
UP FOR ALL THE LONESOME ONES THAT I HAVE HAD WHILE YOU WERE  
UP THERE. THE GRANDMAS AND ALL THE AUNTS AND (GIRL) COU-  
FOR ME. I  
YOUR-LO

August 12, 1896

My Dear Wife;

I am so sorry for you that you have had such a hard time with the children and are so tired, and I am so worried about the hot weather there now that I can't sit still, work or do anything else. How I do wish you were home! I think it would be well for you when it gets cooler to go away somewhere for a few days alone and rest up. Go somewhere where you won't have to visit too hard and can just sleep and rest till you are thoroughly refreshed. Now do this and don't think about starting back till you do. You must take some kind of care of yourself or you will be all tired out. Why can't you get Abbie (her sister) or Em (another sister) to give up work and stay with you and take care of the children. I would be willing and glad to pay them as much as they are getting now. I am so worried about you all that I am nearly crazy and if I possibly could I would come to you at once. But I absolutely can't unless I walk and I don't think I could do that the way I feel.

I sent you today the pictures of the house. I think they are pretty good. You ask how long I want the loan for. I don't care; the insurance rate you ask about I don't know but I suppose what you mean is the amount of insurance which is \$3,000. Of course I would have to keep it insured so the rate wouldn't cut any ice with the party who loaned the money. Curren, a good builder and contractor, examined the house you know and said it couldn't be built in these times for less than three thousand dollars and of course the barn and other improvements would cost now six or seven hundred dollars. The lots as they are would be worth unimproved at present value fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars, so the value of the property at present prices would be at least \$4500 at a very conservative estimate.

The house cost about \$5600 (it has only been built about 2½ years) the lots as they are now about \$3500 and barn and other improvements about \$800 in all about \$8,000. Now I guess that gives you all the data you need to go on and it is a perfectly safe loan, considering the property alone, at \$2,000. But outside of that I would consider I was good for \$2000 without the mortgage. Its a good straight proposition all right if you can find anybody who has money and isn't scairt to death of the West.

I wrote to the Macs today that I wanted the house by the 1st although I don't much think myself that you will start by that time. I want you to come of course as quick as you can and could give anything if you were here now, but I don't want you to take any chances by starting while its hot or before you and the children are in Al condition for it. I kinda imagine that some things have not been entirely pleasant and agreeable there all the time, but don't get excited, don't go off half cocked and when you get back we will try to make up for it all. I know that I shall appreciate my home, my wife and my children more than I ever did and I think we will get along better than we ever did. At least I shall try to see that it is not my fault if we don't and I feel sure you will do your best as you (almost) always have done. I think probably we could both have done better in the pastat times, but let the dead past, etc.

US Court adjourned last night; I have been taking testimony in a case in the office today, have a little work on hand and then I guess I'll have a loafing spell for awhile. Well, if I could only enjoy it I wouldn't care, but I can't and expect to be bluer than a whetstone. However, I hope to get rested up some if nothing more. I don't think it agrees with me to live away from home.

By the way, I wouldn't need that money for several months yet, although I suppose I could take it any time, that is well for you to know because if you can't find anybody that wants to let go of it now you might get them on a string. for later.

Its warm weather again here but lovely; how I wish you could snuff in this nice fresh north breeze. I think it would rest you quicker than anything else. I have looked a number of times for something to send the babies but it is so hard to find anything that will go by mail that I think they would like, that I haven't sent anything.

Well, you must get along the best you can and may the Lord be with you and take care of you. I wish I could be of more help and wish more than anything else that I could come to you. I hope and pray that you will get along all right, and you may know that you have all my sympathy and love, if that does you any good. I wish that I had always been better than good to you, but as I haven't why you will have to make the best of what good there is in me.

I send much love to all of the folks. I am glad Em Brown got there all right. Tell her I have been trying to write her for months and feel very sorry for her in the loss of her friend. Ask her to write to me, and also Mother, Amanda and Lizzie, and be awfully careful what the babies eat this warm weather.

With lots of love to you and the children,  
Your affectionate husband,  
CBE

August 18, 1896

My Dear Wife;

I will write you a little letter but not very much because I'm sleepy and tired and ph! so blue. I went to the circus last night. Ben Sheeks took me along with Mr. and Mrs. Harrison and their boy Clinton, just about James' age. I had Clinton with me and tried to imagine it was James but 'twas no go. I haven't found any babies yet that can come any where near ours. And I don't think it is so much because they are ours either. I think Philip must be awfully sweet, as they all are.

I have been too busy to see about your pass yet. Will do so the last of the week. Sunday afternoon I went up and got Mr. and Mrs. Ramare and took them out to the Park, back home on a private steam launch that we thought was public till we got aboard and then to Chibergs to lunch. It was quite pleasant especially as he had one of his fits and they did not speak to each other the entire time. Wouldn't that jar you. We must go out on the water more when you get back; its grand out there in those little boats. The phosphorous (?) in the water is the most beautiful sight. We ran into school after school of fish, millions of them, little smelts; its fine.

Nothing new here, same damnation old grind. I hope the babies are improving and wish I could come and get you. I thought one time within the last week or two that maybe I could as I have been getting ahead of the game but great scott there is life insurance due of \$122; fire ins. of \$36, interest coupon of \$35 and none of the little bills around town have been paid since you went away to amount to anything so I can't see any daylight anywhere. By staying here I think I can work it out so as to pay up and get rid of all these matters by another month. I have spent lots more money than I ought since you have been away, but I am plenty sorry for it now. Oh dear. oh dear, oh dear.....

Well, there is no use of crying over stale beer as they used to tell me when I was a boy. If I can get you a pass it will be quite a saving. I know I ought to have one, but I don't feel at all certain that I can get it. If I can't you can walk part way, can't you? I think it would be nice for Charlie (Ida's brother) to take you to Chicago in his carriage, don't you?

The weather is lovely here now. The papers have stopped talking about it so I suppose its cooler where you are. When I find out about the pass I will write you more fully about coming. I do so want to see you and my lovely little babies; seems like it would make me feel a whole lot better if I could hear Alice laugh once. Well, it will be sure right good when you all get here.

Goodnight now and love to you and the babies and all  
the folks,

Your loving husband,  
CBE

Sunday A. M.  
Aug 23-96

my dear Charles:-

I enjoyed your Sunday letter, that came Friday evening, oh! so much, and I felt like a new person after reading it. The children enjoyed theirs just as much and when I read what you wrote about Ruth's getting fat again she flirted out her hand and said, "you stop that". I guess she is sensitive on that point so you better be careful what you say or you may offend the "Duchess".

This is a regular old-fashioned "rainy Sunday" and none of us are going to church. All it lacks to be perfectly enjoyable is your presence and right here I want to ask if you have any idea of coming east. You know you wrote in this last letter and asked me if I would stay longer if you should wire that you had started. That passage set my heart thumping and my head whirling and made me think that perhaps you could come after all. I told your people and Manda said she felt sure you would come she wanted you to so much, and your mother said she "wished it could be possible" and your little wife went right to planning nice things we'd do if you could only come. You see you are a great big "It" in some peoples world and we need you to "round out the completeness" of everything.

All that night I kept waking up and thinking of you and wishing for you, so you see you stirred up quite a commotion.

You ask what ~~will~~ I'll do if I get sick on the way if I should come alone, and all that I can say is there are lots of things one could do in such an emergency but I'm not one of the kind that gets sick when there's so much depending on me, you know that. The past few weeks have been much harder on me than the trip could be, and I've pulled through in pretty good shape- I don't think you need worry in the least. Of course, if you could meet me, say at Spokane it would be a great help as the last day is always the hardest.

If you can't come east, I think I'll start the 31st or the first Monday in September depending of course on the health of the children and the weather.

The people in Manda's house move out Sept. 1st and then they will all resume their old quarters and that will seem more like home to you than it would the way they live now. Em Brown is still here, but is uncertain how long she will stay. I think, like myself, she could be prevailed upon to stay longer if she thought you were coming.

Your mother and Lizzie are both coughing quite hard and it has weakened your mother so that I feel quite worried about her, although I don't know as there is any reason to be so, for she is about the house all the time.

I don't know how I can "rest up for a few days before starting" and I haven't the slightest idea where I could go to do so. I shall be all right, and you needn't worry a bit about me. If I don't feel equal to it I'll wait until I do.

There were about a hundred at the party at Wilcox's Friday eve and Em and Manda said I looked the best of anyone there. What do you think of that? I suppose you'll think Oxford people must be growing

August 26, 1996

My Dear Wife;

State Convention here and I have no time to write letters. I just send you this to let you know I am still alive and looking for you anxiously. I hope you will start soon. I don't think I will get a pass. It seems so doubtful about getting it that I hardly think I will try. Saw McIntyre yesterday and he said they would like to stay in the house till the 7th, but I told him they would have to get out when you came regardless of when. He said they would do that, so you can have the house whenever you get here and I will have things ready for light housekeeping.

Your last two letters have been so good that it makes me anxious for you to come. In fact I have been that way all the time. You had better make up your mind about the route you will take at once and let me know. I don't know what to advise about it. They say it is very hot over east the mountains yet although Tinling told me last night they had had rain all along and it was not dusty. I have no doubt the Canadian Pacific would be the most comfortable, but it takes longer; I don't feel that I could go a great way to meet you. Of course I would like to, but money is SCARCE! We will need all we have and all we can get before spring I imagine. So I will have to leave it to you to do the best you can, assuring you that anything you need that I can get you I'll be only too glad to get and will certainly give you a very warm welcome.

Then we will try to have good enough times to make up for the separation. I am so anxious to see you and the children that I can't wait for you with any patience. I think just as you do that we ought to be very thankful for the sweet little angels that have been put in our care; they certainly are the dearest and best children on earth.

I hope you will be able to get rested before you start---you must. You might find the Great Northern a good route to come; that is quick and they claim free from dust. I expect CWS (Ida's brother) to look up these matters for you; also expect him to get you well started. I can't write you many more letters; in fact if you start on the 31st they would hardly have time to reach you.

I have been so busy for a week getting Charlie Sullivan nominated for Governor that I haven't had time for anything else. Now I must get out and rustle. I send lots of love to you all and hope you'll start just as quick as you can. Draw for as much money as you think you'll need; you don't have to spend it all because you've got it, you know! Every minute will seem like an hour till you get here.

Your loving husband,  
CBE

Great Northern would be preferable this time of year. I am rather stuck on the Canadian Pac. on account of their high reputation for taking care of women and children. You had better look sharp or they will charge you half fare for James, and you'd better have the money in case you have to put up. I believe he won't be six till November, will he? I want you to be safe and comfortable and you must see that you are, and expense is not to be considered in attaining that end. I hate to have you come back alone, but don't see how it can be helped.

If I could possibly afford it I would come back, or meet you on the way out, but I'm too awfully poor and you will have to do the best you can without me. It seems like you could be here about two weeks from tomorrow and I hope you can arrange to be.

On thinking it over I decided to tear off the first part of this letter for fear you wouldn't like it. It was in answer to your last letter and the one I sent you an extract from; I'll just let it go.

I know I shall go crazy when you start from worry and impatience; there will be long weary days and long sleepless nights for me that you are on the road; I hope they won't be for you. You must have everything you need to make yourself and the babies comfortable and happy. If you want to stay until after the circus you can (now I suppose I'll hear from you again) but start as soon as conditions are favorable.

Get rested up as much as you can before you start; let somebody take care of the babies and you go somewhere and get a good sleep---alone. I hope Charlie can go a ways with you; I wish he would get passes and come out and stay awhile; we'd show him some fun! It doesn't make so much difference about you getting here Saturday night. Would be pleasanter, I suppose, but any old day will be the finest day I have seen in one long time. Write me full particulars when you make up your mind about coming.

Which one of the babies does Em Brown cotton to most? Manda says she don't know which she likes the best. If Manda knew how many times I've read her letter I guess she'd write me another one. I would like to have them all write me and will answer all their letters just as soon as I get ~~them~~ you off my hands as a correspondent.

Well, I must close. Great Scott! just think, it won't be but a little while till I have all my little darlings with me again; Don't delay starting any longer than you have to.

Aug. 29, 1896

My Ain Wife;

Say! you'll swell my head awfully if you keep on writing about me as you have in your last two letters. I ain't so frightfully good, y'know. I hope you will be on your way back to me when this letter reaches Oxford, but will send it on because you say in the letter I got this morning that you may not start till the first Monday in Sept. I hope, however, you will start day after tomorrow.

I didn't write to you very good this week because it was busy times at the convention. Things were pretty tolerably lively I can tell you. Charlie Sullivan got hisself nominated and everything came our way from start to finish and top to bottom. I was putting in some time to get Ombra the job of steno to the State Committee and I guess made it all right. It will be a good thing if she gets it, and I guess she will, although there are others.

I haven't been to see Grace yet and haven't seen any of them; will try to get up there this eve. I'm all tired out; haven't had only about five hours sleep out of any 24 for over a week. However, I slept from ten o'clock last night till ten this morning and feel pretty rested. I have got just about enough work on hand to keep me busy until you get here. Then I hope to have fun with you for a coupla weeks until things open up. How I do wish it was tonight you were coming! Why do you think it necessary or desirable to start on a Monday? Just wondered.

I am sorry I raised hopes about coming east only to dash them, or blast them to the skies by not coming. In fact I thought for over a week I could come and had it all figured out how, but things didn't work out right so I could. It would be impossible for me to make the trip the way things are; I don't even think I could meet you on the way anywhere, except Seattle or something of that sort because of the expense. We have to go careful in these kind of times I tell you. Though of course I'll meet you if I can. I know you can't want to see me more than about one fifth as much as I do you, because there are five of you and only one of me'.

I am glad you were the belle of the ball; I would that I could have seen you. I always knew you were the sweetest on earth and always told you so, haven't I? You used to pretend not to believe me, but I guess you will now. If this is the last week I have to be

by my own aloneself, I shall be thankful and happy. The weather is lovely now and we can have lots of good times together.

The Ramages are still going to California, but can't get the mon. Ram was around yesterday to touch me up for \$100, but that cock wouldn't fight. Then he came back this morning to sell me some of their furniture, but that didn't go either. I would like to help him but positively can't now. Well, Hall is here (for the usual) and T. Huston and they are talking politics so I will have to stop and help them. Come home, do you hear?

CBE.

P.S. It is now the witching hour of evening and I just thought I'd write you a few more lines in this that I hope you won't get till after you get back here. I wish I could go down to get you off the train tonight, but barring that I hope I can a week from tonight. You had better wire me when you start and also from some point along the road because I shall worry about you a good deal, although I know you'll get along all right, you're such a good little feller.

Take good care of yourself and the babies; of course I approve of anything you do; I always have. All I can do is to let you do the best you can and give you a warm welcome when you get here, and I promise you that. Well, good night, my dear----

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TELEGRAM, Sept. 7th, 1896 from Garrison, Montana.

With you Tuesday A.M.  
Ida.

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Postcard, Dated from Wayne, Ind.,

Sept. 5, 1896.

To Mrs. Susan C. sherwood, Oxford, N.Y.

Dear Ones;

We are somewhere enroute to Chicago and doing nicely. I got my two lower berths all right at Bing. and the children all slept well until morning. I've not had time to sleep at all yet, but will tonight. Will get to Chicago at 9 and leave at 10:15. The babies have all been pretty good and happy but keep telling me they are "going to tell Abbie" on me for something or other. Everyone has been kind and I've had no difficulty so far, and I've made two changes. Send lots of love to you all,

Ida.

---

Tuesday Eve.,

Sept. 1, 1896

My Dear Husband;

I expect when this reaches you I'll be almost home and I want you to have that welcome already for us that you mentioned in your last letter. I don't know as you'll approve, but I've concluded, after studying all the routes with George Mead's help, to come the same old way that I've always come, by Northern Pacific.

CWS cannot go with me any distance and I would have three changes between here and Toronto, to say nothing of the extra time I would have to be on the way. Therefore I expect to leave here Thursday night by the way of Binghamton and be with you (just think of it!) Tuesday morning. I will either have to start out at 11:45 at night or spend a whole day in Chicago, and I've concluded to do the former, as I'd rather put in what time I have here than there.

I drew on you this morning for \$160 and I have some little bills to settle out of it before I start. I am coming home the same way I came east, i.e. first class to St. Paul and tourist the rest of the way. I hope you can get down to the depot to meet us, for I expect to be pretty tired when I get there. I've had a lovely time, but it will seem good to get home and be with you once more. Just think, it is only one short week to wait now!

Here is a little conversation I heard between your two daughters this morning as they sat in my bed while I was dressing--

(Alice) Just think, Ruth, in just a couple of days we are going to see papa!

(Ruth) Ya-as!

(Alice) Do you know what a couple mean, Ruth?

(Ruth) Yes--four.

(Alice) No!! Three!!

I won't write more but will kepp everything until I see you, and what a happy day that will be!

Tacoma,

Sept. 10, 1896

My Dear Ones;

Well! here I am again way back in Tacoma and missing you all more than you can imagine. But I'll begin at the beginning and tell you all that has trasnpired since I left you. I don't think I ever felt so alone and forsaken as I did when I left Abbie, Fred and all of them at B. It seemed as if there were so many to stay there and nobody but me to start off alone made it lonesome. I got my berths all right and made my changes at Buffalo and Chicago all right, but the train was late into Chicago and I had less than  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour to cross the city and catch my other train. But I made it all right.

The Pullman porter would only help me off the train at Chicago and I couldn't see for a minute how I was going to manage everything, but a gentleman and lady came along and took pity on me and helped me through all right. After we got started for St. Paul that night Ruth was taken with vomiting and a high fever and was sick all the way home. A lady on the car had some of Humphrey's Specifics, and with what I had in the way of medicine we doctored her up and kept her from getting worse.

At St. Paul I struck the breaking up of the GAR encampment with two hundred thousand strangers leaving the city and I could not buy a berth for love or money, but I boarded the train and about two hours after leaving the city I syceeded in getting a section and began to feel as if the worst of it was over.

Ruth kept sick all of the way through. I got in here Tuesday morning as I expected and all I could think of was the emigrant's return, for a dustier, more travel stained lot you never saw. Charlie was at the depot with a carriage waiting for us and I tell you it seemed good to have someone take the responsibility off me. He staid home all day and helped me get the meals and get straightened around.

In the afternoon we sent for Dr. Hicks and he said Ruth acted like malaria fever and wanted to know if we had been in a lararious country. I told him how I felt and had felt in the east and he said I had a touch of it, too. He doctored Ruth up well and she is feeling much better today. I forgot to say I was taken sick Saturday on the way, which didn't help matters much.

I got home just in time to see the guests going to Miss Pentocost's wedding, for she was married at noon Tuesday. She left the same day for 'Frisco and from there she is going back east to live; her mother is nearly heart broken at losing her. Charlie has invitations for us to Bryan's and Miss Lee's marriage the 23rd. The County Fair is to be up here on the race track and you can see the swings and tents from the house; I wish you were all her to go.

You will never ealize, Abbie, how lonely it was coming in the house without you. I miss you everywhere and all the time and I guess I'll never get used to being without you. I don't think we ought to have been parted after being together for so long. All the way home, when Philip began to get tired he'd say, "Go shee Abbie." I hate to think they won't have you with them when they all love you so.

They were petty good on the way, only if I went to the closet they'd all come down and stand at the door and cry until I came out. I found the house and yard all in fine shape. The curtains were all span clean and the beds all made up with clean spreads and everything, which was a great help. My trunk was a day late and we did not get it up to the house till last night.

I was greatly surprised and pleased when I unpacked it to find the glass I know CW must have put in, and that quilt of Abbie's. What made you do it, Abbie? I just bawled when I saw it for I know how much you prized it. I will take the best of care of it and save it for you when you come back, for I can't give up the thought that you will come some day.

Tell CW that Charlie said that reading glass was sometning he'd wanted for sometime, and he was very much pleased with it. Mr. Ramage sold his furniture and has gone to Cal; Mrs. Ramage is staying with Mrs. McFarlane. I haven't seen anyone yet, for I haven't been

by my own alonesself, I shall be thankful and happy. The weather is lovely now and we can have lots of good times together.

The Ramages are still going to California, but can't get the mon. Ram was around yesterday to touch me up for \$100, but that cock wouldn't fight. Then he came back this morning to sell me some of their furniture, but that didn't go either. I would like to help him but positively can't now. Well, Hall is here (for the usual) and T. Huston and they are talking politics so I will have to stop and help them. Come home, do you hear?

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Take good care of yourself and the babies; of course I approve of anything you do; I always have. All I can do is to let you do the best you can and give you a warm welcome when you get here, and I promise you that. Well, good night, my dear----

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Tuesday Eve.,

Sept. 1, 1896

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Here is a little conversation I heard between your two daughters this morning as they sat in my bed while I was dressing--

(Alice) Just think, Ruth, in just a couple of days we are going to see papa!

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out since I got here. I want to get thoroughly rested before I try to do any visiting, for I was thoroughly exhausted when I got here.

Dr. Hicks wanted to know what I came home looking so pale for; he was quite surprised when he found out Abbie did not return with me, and said he didn't see how I ever got here with those four babies. He said he went away with Chester Thorne and his wife and baby and they had a nurse girl and trained nurse and it took them all to take care of that one baby and keep it from "bawling."

You'd laugh to hear the children tell Charlie about you all and the good times they had there. James had out the buckboard in about 30 minutes after we got here. Gertrude Clark and Hazel Hoge have been here all the afternoon playing with them and Alice said tonight she was too tired to say all of her prayers and she was just going to say "Bless Abbie" and that was all. Charlie acts as if he could eat them all up, he's so glad to see them.

Well, how are you all? I hope you don't miss us very much, and yet it is sweet to be missed by those we love. Dear old Em and Mother, how good they were to us and how I hated to leave them! It seems to me I'd give worlds to have you all here and have Charlie run in as he does there, with the twins.

Tell Nellie I think about her all the time and wish I could see her; tell Anna I'll wear the dress she gave me to Bryan's wedding and think about her all the time, I'm too tired to write more this time, but will try and write often and I hope none of you will forget that I am all alone out here and that I shall watch all the time for letters from the dear old home. Mother, I hope, is better, and if there is anything that I can do for her just let me know, won't you? Or for you, Abbie, or Em. I like to be reckoned in as one of you and hope you will tell me all your troubles as well as joys. Take good care of Mother, and give our love to C's folks when you see them.

I just happened to think, Abbie, that I didn't pay you for Alice's shoes and rubbers and I'll send it in my next. Your lunch was delicious and we ate it all but a few pieces that got too dry. I had a dollar and ten cents left in my purse when I got here; didn't I figure it pretty close? My love to you all-----

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Tacoma,

Sept. 16, 1896

My Dear Em;

I want to write to you all this afternoon and I ought to mend stockings; which shall I do? I guess I'll write to you.

I got your letter Saturday as I gave mine to the postman, and was delighted to hear from you; mine was a little aged, as I had to wait for Charlie to bring me some envelopes. I've looked all of this week for a letter from Abbie and I don't see why she doesn't write. It seems awfully queer and lonesome here without her and I don't think I will ever get used to it. I remember when she was off alone in Tacoma I wrote her regularly every week, but I guess I'm not of much consequence anyway.

I've not had a minute to rest since I reached home, for I've done all my own work so far with what Charlie has helped me, and he has done all he could. Can't find a girl anywhere. I've had Mrs. Thompson here yesterday and today washing and ironing and I get three warm meals a day, so you can see I've not been idle. I've not been outside the dooryard since I got home and don't expect to unless I get some help.

Ruth is much better, and if you could see the way they eat you'd laugh I know. They eat anything and everything and don't act like the same children they were in the east, they are so much better natured.

The County Fair is running this week, right within sight of us, but none of us have been yet. We are waiting for Charlie, who is finishing up some work the parties are in a hurry for; I guess we'll get to go tomorrow. Ask CWS if he doesn't wish now he had come with me and could go to the fair. I was stirring a cake yesterday and Philip wanted to know if I was "making a cake for Grandma"; he talks about you all and the "tin" babies and doesn't seem to forget any of you.

How is mother? I'm glad she stood the excitement of my coming away so well; I hope she'll take things easy now and rest up for the strain of cold weather. I would give lots to see her today and wish I could. I send you all a great deal of love----

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Tacoma,

Tacoma,  
Sept. 28, '96

My Dear Em;

I've just got your letter of Tuesday and I guess I'll sit right down and write an answer for I don't think I wrote at all last week I was so busy. I have no girl yet, but expect one tonight, and I am glad, for I don't think I was ever so tired in my life. I'd like to do it all myself, for times are so hard, but I'm afraid I'd get sick if I did and the Dr.'s bills would come to more than a girl's wages.

I've done everything so far except washing and ironing and kept up my mending and managed to keep the children tolerably clean, but it's a dog's life to live and takes me all my time to do it except for an hour or so in the afternoon. This morning I've cleaned up the girl's room and attic besides the rest of the work and Saturday I nearly killed myself, for I found my mop broken and I got down on and washed the kitchen floor on my hands and knees. Bet you I won't do it again!

I am so sorry Nellie is sick and wish I was there to do something for her. Give her my love and tell her the visits and rides I had with her while I was there are some of the pleasantest things I have to remember. Do you know, Em, your letter has given me a "homesicky" kind of feeling and makes me wish I was there with you all again. I had such a good time with you all!

The children talk about all of you and say quite often they'd like to see you. I was going to send James to school, but found he has got to be vaccinated first. Charlie, Alice and I attended to wedding last week and I'll send you an account of it. It was very pretty indeed. Alice got some cake to dream on and she said she was going to save it until next summer for Abbie and then if she didn't come she was going to eat it up. I will also enclose the picture of the stove that Abbie wanted.

Ask Mother if she will send me the rule for her molasses cookies; I'd give a good deal to sample them this minute. You are mistaken, Em, in thinking you have not as warm a place in my affections as Abbie. You were intimately connected with my early life, and Abbie with my past few years and I could not tell which I think the most of. You have both done more for me than I can ever repay you for and I may have seemed ungrateful, especially so to Abbie, but I never was. I always felt she was doing more for me that I could ever repay her for and it always worried me.

I'm not of much account anyway, I don't think, but C. is awfully glad to have us home again even if I am not. Tell Mother I wish she could see my rose bushes and a bunch of roses I picked Sat.; I just long to show them to her. I wish, Em, I had your nice pen to write this with, for this is a miserable thing.

We have had magnificent weather ever since I came home, but today it begins to look like some rain. Tell Nellie C. says he will have that coin she gave me made up into some kind of a pin if he can. I'd give lots if Nellie could come in and roam around my pantry as she does yours. But she wouldn't find as much to eat there, while I'm doing the cooking. Tell Charlie that Philip said the other day, "When Uncle Charlie comes with old Fan I'm going to take a ride." He grows cute all the time.

Well, it's about time to start my dinner, so I'll have to stop. Did Abbie order Philip's photos, and are they finished yet? I will write oftener when I get a girl I guess. You are awful good, Em, to write me so often, and I will write just as often as I can. Tell C's folks I'll write soon and send Manda the pictures that she wanted. Again, with love----

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Oct. 1, 1896

My Dear Mother;

I can't set myself at anything in the way of work this afternoon, so I'm going to write to you, for I've had an awful longing for you all day. How are you anyway? Did you get over that cough all right? I've got rheumatism in my hands and wrists so I can scarcely use them, and I don't know what I would do if I hadn't a girl. I've managed to keep pretty busy so far, since she came, but I've been a great deal lonelier than I was when I was doing my own work. I'll keep her a month until I get the house clean again, and then I guess I'll try doing it alone again.

You can't imagine how I miss you and how I want to see you. I went over today and looked in the window of that vacant cottage and wondered how it would seem to have you all living there. My! wouldn't it be nice?

We had a rainy day yesterday, and have had rain for a half day before since I came, but aside from that the weather has been fine. Today it is just magnificent and the children have been out all day without anything around them, the rain has cleared the smoke away and the bay looks fine. I picked a big bunch of Marchaneil roses this morning that are exquisite. I wish I could give them to you.

Charlie was elected a delegate to the State Convention from this precinct and is attending it today, so I don't expect him home to dinner. Everything is politics here now and business is at a standstill. Mr. Huston is trying to get the nomination for Judge and I hope he will and get elected, too, he is such a good friend of Charlie's.

Have you heard anything from Fred's folks? I am so anxious to hear how Nellie is; I hope she'll be careful and get well soon, for I hate to think of her being sick. The children are looking finely. Alice has been having a time, for a couple of days, with an ulcerated tooth; she gets pretty nervous. I've got to get down town soon and lay in another stock of shoes, for they are all nearly barefooted again. My! but they make the money fly!

I'm glad Em got the new dress, for I didn't see how she could along much longer without one; that organdy would have been so cool about January! Oh dear! I wish I could see you all tonight! I miss Chub so much; ask him if he misses me any. How is Mrs. King? I felt badly not seeing them again, but I don't enjoy saying goodbye much.

Mr. Hall was up night before last to tell us of his mother's death. It was sudden to him and quite a shock, for he got the letter telling of her illness and the telegram announcing her death at the same time.

Can't you send me a jar of those tomato pickles? I think we'd know what to do with them; I haven't put up a thing yet, for I haven't had time.

It is evening now, and I have gotten the children to bed and will try and finish this. I wish Em would make apologies to those whose calls I did not return; I hate to have them think I was impolite. James wanted to know yesterday "why all the grandmas had to live way back east." They all talk about their visit and it was amusing to hear them tell Charlie about it. I think from Philip's looks that he must weigh several pounds more than when he was east.

Well, mother, I think I'll have to close for tonight, for I don't feel a bit good. I often wonder if you are all thinking of me as much as I am of you. I send all lots of love---

Tacoma,

Oct. 29, '96

My Dear Em;

I rec'd your letter of the 22nd today and am awfully sorry to hear you are sick. I wish I was there to do something for you, but as it is I can only send you lots of love and sympathy, and hope you'll be all right long before this reaches you. Don't you think it would have been cheaper in the long run to hire that washing done?

I remember that I wrote in my letter to Abbie that I would write you the next Sunday, but I was out of writing paper and have neglected ever since to get any. Tonight I've skirmished around and found this among the children's traps and you can judge by that how badly I want to write to you. I've been trying to get a little cleaning done, too. Last night I got some pork chops for dinner and ate quite heartily of them and consequently I've had a sick headache all day, but Fanny and I cleaned the kitchen pantry this forenoon and yesterday I took up the carpet in the bathroom ((imagine! a carpet in the bathroom!)) and cleaned that, so I feel that we have made a beginning. This afternoon I've lain on the couch most of the time, with the children climbing over me, for it has been stormy and they have had to be in the house. I'm feeling better tonight and will be all right again tomorrow.

Yesterday Mrs. Pentecost and I went down to Mrs. Shafer's auction of hand painted china but we did not stay long enough to buy anything. Tell Abbie the Shafer's are going back to Syracuse, I think, to live and she may run across them.

Yes, Em, I think this girl is very safe to leave Philip or any of the children with, for she likes them and is good to them and will do anything for them. I don't leave them for long at a time. She worked for Mrs. Garvin before I got her and Mrs. G. told me how trusty she was. The children play out of doors most of the time and are as happy as the day is long. They grow so fast you can almost see them, and Philip especially seems to grow so fast. Every night he says his little prayer and when he comes to the list of who he wants God to bless he puts in "Maud" of his own accord.

They were all very much concerned today when I read them your letter about being sick. They get Abbie's letter every little while to make me read it over to them. James is very

much worried as to how Santa Claus is going to get to Abbie and him on the same night; he thinks its a good long trip for one night.

I see you've had snow back there; we have had the loveliest fall I about ever saw. Just think, only two and a half days of rain since I got home, and the children have played out every day with just their hats on.

I wish you'd write me more about the twins and Nellis and Fred's folks. I shall write them just as soon as I pssibly can. I thought of Nellie's birthday and wished I had something to send her. Tell Abbie I went to see Bertha last week and found her on Fife St., just off from Prospect in Glendale. She has been very miserable ever since her baby came and is just getting so she can walk around some. She has a great big nice looking baby, and just as sweet and clean as it could be. She showed me all the clothes she had made and I was surprised, they were so tasty and made so nice, with hemstitching and lace edges just as Abbie made mine. Then she has a new brussels carpet on her parlor and a new sideboard and altogether looked very comfortable indeed.

If election goes all right we are going to send Alice and Ruth down to Miss Dewey's kindergarten. Miss Wolbert has moved hers way over by the high school, and James is going to public school. Won't I be lonesome though? Philip and I went down the other day and had his hair cut again and he looks real nice.

Charlie has just one more pair of those pictures of James and Alice and I will send one of them to you and one to Abbie. I don't want to order more of them for we are going to have some others I think you will like better. They are down to the office and I will send them when I can think to bring them home.

I wish I could get my arms around you all tonight, and I wish I'd shown you all more of the love I feel for you when I was there. But it isn't myway, and so I have it to regret. I want to see Mother so much, and Chub and all fo you, and the children and I have lots of good times talking about you all. I told James they had snow back east and he said, "Goodness, I wish I'd staud there!"

Well, Em old girl, my head is cracking like all possessed, so I guess I'll have to close. Write as often as you can and don't wait for me, for you know I have a family of little ones to look after. I send you all lots of love----

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Nov. 4, 1896

My Dear Mother;

I've just finished letters to Fred, Aunt Sue and Uncle Gene and now I am going to begin one to you, but I don't know whether I can finish it orn not, for I am getting so sleepy. Em wrote that she was quite sick, and then I have heard nothing more from any of you. I hope she is all right again, but I can't help but worry for I know how little care she takes of herself---you just make her be careful!

I've just got the children in bed; they all have colds started, but I've been doctoring them up and hope they'll come out all right in the morning. Ruth had a letter the other day from Em Brown and Alice had one the next day from Amanda. James felt pretty blue and said, "None of them liked me back there, but I don&t care, for Abbie will write to me." I felt sorry for him.

Em wrote that you had had some cleaning done and I suppose you have cleared away every trace that we left behind us this summer. I would like to walk in there tonight and see what you are all up to; I am homesick for a sight of you, Mother.

Charlie has been electioneering all week and is tired out tonight and half sick over the way election went here, for the county went populist. We don't know yet whether it will make any differnece with our bread and butter or not, but it is quite safe to suppose it will, so we are going to prepare for it. I shall let the girl go the last of the week and "go it alone" again. She isn't very good, so I am nat sorry to part with her.

James and Alice have gotten so they can dress and undress themselves, and help a great deal in other ways, so I think we'll get along finely. Tell Abbie that I worked all day yesterday fixing up the old couch and she would hardly know it. I turned the cover and made two large pillows of the back and it looked about as good as new. Tell her, too, that my scissors have come back; Mrs. Jamieson found them in Lydia's doll buggy after we went east.

Mrs. Pearsall, of Oxford, called on me last week and it seemed good to see someone that knows you all. Mrs. Scudder also called yesterday; he looks just like Frank Mungor to me. Oh by the way, my neighbor, Mrs. Jackson, has a siste living in Helena that was a neighbor of Jennie Fearsall and knew Mrs. Lewis well.

I am feeling first rate, and am getting fat, I guess, for I can't wear that brown dress Abbie made for me it is so tight for me now. I haven't bought a new thing, excepting shoes and stockings for the children since I came home, and I'm not going to this winter if I can help it.

(Thursday eve)--I got so sleepy last night that I couldn't finish this, so I'll try again tonight. I've been kind of "off the hooks" all day because I didn't sleep well last night. Philip came very near having the croup and was restless and kicked all night. He seems better tonight and is sleeping nicely; last night I was quite frightened about him.

This has been a lovely day and James, Alice and Ruth have been out all day long; Ruth doesn't take naps now, or Alice either, so they sleep like tops all night. There was frost on the walks this morning and James got up and dressed himself and was out sliding before any of us were up. Mr. Ramage left his big sled for him, but we haven't got it home yet. I expect he will have lots of fun when it comes. Alice is trying to do some embroidering to send Abbie for Xmas, and she says every little while "I guess Abbie won't think I'm forgetting her when she gets this." They talk about Abbie a great deal and in their prayers say, "God, bring Abbie home safe" every night. Does Abbie have work all the while?

I watched for the postman very anxiously today to see if I did not get some news of how Em was; I am very anxious about her and hope I'll hear soon. Did Nellie get all right again? Tell Chub I wish he would send some more pictures, I would enjoy them so. I can't write any more now, but send you all lots of love-----

Nov. 16, 1896

My Dear Sister;

Your letter was rec'd in due season, also a nice one from Mother and today a good long one from Em. I've written both of them since I have you, so I'll give you the benefit of my sleepy, confused brain tonight.

I've been "off the hooks" for a week now with rheumatism in my shoulders and arms, and it is a week today since I've been out, although I am feeling better now. One night C, rubbed my shoulders for me, they pained me so, and he rubbed as carefully as he could, but it hurt me so I "kied", as Alice used to say.

We've had a week of steady, hard rain with the wind blowing a gale, until yesterday when it turned to snow and today the ground has been covered a couple of inches deep. James has been in his element, you may believe, and he was so delighted when it began to snow that he couldn't keep from laughing. He wanted me to sit right down and write to Abbie that we had snow here, too.

I worried lots about Em, and was glad to hear she was better. She wrote me how good you and Mother were to her, and I can't be thankful enough for their sakes, that you were there with them.

I had a great fright today, for Alice fell over the bannisters in the upper hall and went way down, striking the middle of her forehead on the corner of the hatrack, and cutting quite a deep hole in it. It bled fearfully and I was afraid it had nearly killed her, but she was up and around in a little while apparently all right. I don't think it will make a scar on her forehead ((did it?)) and if it does it is way up in her hair where it won't show much.

(Wednesday eve) I'd written so far the other night when C. took it into his head that he and I must go over on South L St. and get that sled for James, so away we went and this letter didn't get finished. But we got the sled and James has been happy ever since.

Yesterday I went down town twice getting shoes and rubbers for the three oldest, and helping Alice celebrate her birthday. I bought her a doll and little flatiron and stand with what Amanda and Lizzie sent, and C. bought her another doll and some candy. Ombra is working over in Victoria and she sent her a pair of kid gloves, and Miss Fletcher wrote her the usual letter with a birthday card, so she thought she had a fine birthday. Today they and I were all invited to Grace's to celebrate Helen's birthday. I didn't take Philip as it was cold and slushy. Grace had a lovely lunch and she wished two or three times, and so did all of us, that you were there with us, for I know you would have enjoyed it all.

The mails from the east are all two or three days late on account of the floods in eastern Washington, so I don't know when you'll get this.

You can't imagine how funny Philip is now; he sings "Yankee Doodle"; "There was an Old Nigger", and "We got to Church in the Early Morn" as loud as he can yell; its awfully cute to watch him.

I'm glad, Abbie, that you have the new things and that you have all you can do. I know your purse used to get pretty thin out here and I wish we could have done better by you. I can't help but be glad on your account that you are back there now, for I think this is going to be the poorest winter, for us, we've ever seen, and while we can stand it, I wouldn't want to have you. We don't know yet what we are going to do, things are so unsettled here, but we expect to give up this place and you may hear of us back at 712. I would go anywhere to relieve C. of his present anxiety, although he takes things very philosophically.

When he read your last letter he said he guessed Abbie had forgotten I was a married woman. I asked him what he meant and he said you never mention my husband in your letters. Mr. Scudder has called on me, but I have not met Mrs. S. yet. I didn't take to him very much; he said he'd need a much larger salary here than in the east for his children ate so much more!

I wonder if CWS got my letter, I've never heard anything from it. I'd give lots to see the twins and Nellie, and all the rest of you for that matter. I had such a good time there with you all! I'd like to see your new clothes and wish you'd have a picture made for me. The children talk about you every day and what they'll do "when Abbie comes home." C. told James the other night he guessed we'd all go back east to live and he said if we did he was going to Grandma's every night and sleep with Abbie. They play together fine now and have such good times. I expect before you get this you'll get James' and Alice's letters and I hope you'll find time to answer them, they are counting so much on that.

I've got my two pillows fixed you gave me and they are lovely, admired by everyone. I must stop now, as I am so sleepy I can't see to write. I send lots of love to you all----

November 24, 1896

My Dear Em;

Ever since I rec'd your last letter I've been thinking of you, more than ever, and I would have answered sooner only the mails have been delayed and I knew you would not get it. Yesterday a five days eastern mail came through and in it were the children's letters from Abbie with Alice's birthday money.

Tell her they were perfectly delighted with them, and if she could hear all that Alice has planned to buy with the money she'd be amused. James seems to think if they invested it in a fire engine it would be a pretty-good thing.

Last week we had a long storm that terminated in a snowstorm on Saturday; how it did snow all day long! It fell about a foot deep and Monday it cleared off cold with a wind blowing a gale from the north. I am sitting now where I can see the Bay and the water is covered with white caps that are beautiful to look at but most too cold for yours truly.

C. and I were going down to Mr. Scudder's last evening to call and see about Abbie's letter, but the wind was so cutting and it was my "poor day", so we postponed it for a week as Monday night is their "at home" night.

I suppose you will have a good time Thanksgiving; we are to have a turkey dinner, but no company that we know of yet. I am sorry, Em, that you feel so blue and out of sorts, and if I can get down town today I am going to send you my prescription for a nerve tonic and I want you to get it and see if you don't feel better after taking it, and above all things, put on flannels and a thick dress. I can't see what you are thinking of, for you must see that a sick spell like the last you had comes to more than flannels, to say nothing about your comfort and the pain you'll have to suffer without them. So if you don't do as I want you to, and tell me that you have in your next letter, I'll do something dreadful, maybe I won't write to you again in a year! How'd you like that? I hope and pray, Em, that you'll live a good many years yet and I see no reason why you shouldn't if you take care of yourself.

Why just the other day here I had the blues and could have sworn I had consumption, cancer in the breast and lots of other things, but something else happened and now I'm all right again. So cheer up, old girl, and make the most of what you have and of those you have with you; "laugh and the world laughs with you", you know!

Tell Abbie that I have moved the children's bed in my room and Ruth and Alice sleep in it, and I sleep with the two boys in my bed. Then I've put C's bed in the little room off his, moved the stove into his room, put up some madras curtains, and took the ones that were at the window for the door between the two rooms, and I have a very cosy little sewing room. I've shut up the front room until warmer weather.

Sunday Eve,  
Nov. 29, 1896

My Dear Sister;

The children received your letters last Monday with the money enclosed for Alice's birthday and I thank you for her. You should have seen their eyes when they opened the letters. I went down town with them Tuesday afternoon and Alice picked out a very pretty set of doll dishes for 95¢ and was going to spend the nickel for candy but lost it. She is keeping the dishes very nice so far and they all have great tea drinkings with them and the doll Amanda gave her and the one C gave her, and the cat. I often wish you were here to see them; she named one doll "Nellie" and the other "Sadie". James was wonderfully pleased with his letter and he got one the next day from Amanda so he begins to think they really do like him "back east."

I am awfully tired tonight and I hope you won't expect much of a letter. The girl went down to Old Town Thanksgiving night and didn't show up the next morning. In the afternoon another girl came and said Fanny was sick down there at her house. Before I got my breakfast dishes done that morning Grace and Ray came to spend the day and stayed to lunch. I had enough left from the day before so we managed to get enough to eat. I am still pegging away at my own housework and we are having the coldest weather ever here, and to "clap the climax" we've had no water in the house for two days. You will understand what that means here for you will remember the few days we had of it last winter. It was ten o'clock this morning before I got breakfast on the table and I was up and dressed at seven. My hands are so chapped and sore I can hardly hold a pen, but aside from that we are all well and feeling good.

We only had our own family at dinner on Thanksgiving, but we had a nice turkey and everything else that we needed to make a good dinner. I thought of you all and of the day last year when you and I, Abbie, watched so anxiously for news from Mother and of the telegram you sent. I think we all had cause for thankfulness this year because we still had her with us.

I was so surprised to hear of Aunt Franc's death. I thought when I was home that she .....(there is a page missing here.)

...and ~~he~~ since I've been without help he does everything he can to help me.

Alice is about the same as ever but grows tall very fast. The sleeves to those guimpes you made her last are way up to her elbows; it seems as if she is getting to be all legs and arms. Philip is too cute for anything and the sweetest little fellow you ever saw. Fanny said he was the best baby she ever saw. Do the twins wear pants yet? Philip has had them on several weeks and we hardly ever have a diaper in the wash now. Just think of that!

I am too tired out to write more but I did want to thank you soon for A's present so I'll send this along. I enclose two pictures for you; tell Em I am having some more made and will send her some soon. Kiss Mother and Em and all of them for me and I'll write whenever I can find time.

We all send lots of love,

Your loving sister,  
Ida

I don't know whether we are going to keep the place yet or not; things look pretty blue here for us. Charlie sits here evenings and tells what place he is going to buy in Oxford if we go back there. We've about made up our minds that Dr. Greene's is the place for us, so if you see any of them soon you might tell them they better be moving out. Do you think you could stand it to have us so near? It seems to me it would be heaven to live where my dear mother could come in often and see me.

Ruth asked me yesterday if she couldn't sleep somewhere's else the next time she went to Aunt Emma's because she "fell off that cot bed so often." There are 200 cases of measles in the city, but I do hope we'll escape.

I can't write any more this morning, Em, for it is time to put Philip to sleep, and I want to go down town this afternoon if I can. Thank Abbie for the money and tell her I'll write just as soon as I can. Kiss Mother for me, and keep lots of love for yourself-----

Tacoma,  
Dec. 11, 1896

My Dear Em;

It is half past eight and I am just through with my dinner work, and I'm dead tired for I've been on the go since six this morning, but I feel as if I ought to write you a few lines to let you know I got your letters and they are very welcome, and every time one comes I feel as if I couldn't wait a minute to see you.

It is two weeks tonight since Fanny went away and I've been doing the work, and I must tell you how I've occupied myself this week. I've had a woman here two days washing and ironing, and as I did not have any done last week she did not get all the ironing done and today I've finished it and had the clothes bars full. Besides that and the ordinary housework I've made a two gallon jar of mincemeat myself, chopped and prepared everything. Don't you think I've done well? It is pretty good mincemeat, and I wish, Em, you could try it.

C. has gone out this evening for the first time since Fanny went, and its kind of lonesome here all alone, for the children have been asleep for a long time. They do talk about you a great deal, Em, and James said the other day that Aunt Em was the only one that ever thought he wanted to go to a ball game, for she took him last summer. Ruth often speaks of the time she staid with you when we went to Bing.

Philip is a great big boy now and is as plump as can be, and he is sweet and good and not a bit of trouble. I have to sing about going to see you all on the steam car every time I put him to sleep. He calls himself "Abbie's Nippikins" all the time, and if he gets mad at me he says, "I'm Abbie's Nippikins all alone!"

No, Em, I'm not on any "road to Boston", so you won't have to worry about me. I am not even as fat as I was.

We are expecting to have a pretty lonesome Xmas and New Year's, for there won't be anyone to come and see us. I don't want you or anyone else to send any Xmas presents to me, for I can't believe I will be able to send you anything much. But I shall think of you all with a heart full of love and wish I had a big fat pocketbook. I know you'll all realize I would like to send if I could. I shall fix a little tree for the children and I wish all of their cousins could be here to help them enjoy it.

Tell Mother I just "hone" for her, as the darkies say, I want to see her so very much. I think Abbie made you a lovely birthday present, Em, and if your other sister had done as well you would have had quite a birthday, wouldn't you?

Write often, for your letters do me lots of good. With best love----

Dec. 15, 1896  
My Dear Mother;

I have an hour to spare before it is time to get dinner, and I'm going to spend it in writing to you. How are you feeling now? I want to see you so much I don't know what to do. I am still doing my own work except the washing and ironing, and get along pretty well with it I think. I get up at half past six in the morning and start the fire in my little airtight stove and while I'm dressing the children C. goes down and builds the fires and has everything ready to get breakfast in a hurry.

Some nights when I'm doing the dinner work he takes the children and puts them to bed for me, and he can do it as well as anyone too. All these things help so much, you know, that it isn't very hard to do the work. Today I've made three mince pies and a rice pudding

for the children, besides all the rest of the work, and you see by this I even have some time to spare. The worst thing about it is that I can't get out anywhere, but I don't mind that as long as the weather is so bad.

James and Alice were much pleased with the letters they had from Abbie the other day and Alice said, "if it didn't hurt so bad she'd go right and fall again if it would make Abbie come." Tell her the parents would like to have her come as well as the children.

They are all out in the kitchen now trimming up Xmas trees, and have been at work at them all day as busy and as happy as mice. I've had two of my Xmas presents all ready; one night Charlie brought me one of those "Enterprise" meat chopping machines and the other day, I went down and picked me out a lovely new Japanese rug for the dining room. Tell Abbie she'd hardly know the room its so dressed up. If you will come out we will make our own sausage in the new machine and lots of other good things. C. keeps me making "hamburger" steak all the time; it is a fine machine and saves a lot of hard work.

Mrs. Jackson, a neighbor, wants me to go with her to hear "Nordica" sing in the Messiah January 4th, but I haven't decided yet, for the lowest priced seat in the house is \$1.50. She says she and her husband can't both afford to go and that's about the way it is here.

I wish, Mother, that you would ask Uncle Jim again what town in Connecticut that his grandfather went from to join the Revolutionary Army. Mrs. Harvey, a neighbor, has kindly offered to help me get proofs so I can join the Chapter here. If I succeed I will send them to Em and Abbie so they can use them, too, if they want to. It will cost about \$3 she tells me, to get the proofs, but I think the "glory and honor" (ahem!) will cover all that.

How I'd like to step in on you all tonight. I know, Mother, that you would be sitting there by the table reading, and I can see you as plainly as if I was there. Can't you get Chub to take a picture of you now that you are getting fat and send to me? I'm soglad Em has gotten some under flannels; tell her if they should happen to shrink any they would be just right for the twins next year.

The "fat one" is coming to work for me tomorrow and I dread it. I hate washing anyway and think sometimes I'll never have any more done. The children having all been up in the big chairs "taking a drive" this afternoon. James was CWS and another rocking chair was old Fan. They remember things about their trip and visit that I had forgotten.

Well, I'll have to close now, mother. Write if you can and tell me all about yourself and all the deaf ones. I send lots of love-----

January 4, 1897-

Dear Mother;

I have just gotten the babies to bed, and as I do not feel like sewing, I am going to write and answer your letter that came this morning. I can't tell you how glad I was to get it, for I love dearly to hear from you directly.

I am more than sorry to hear you suffer with rheumatism and I can sympathize with you, for I am troubled with it quite a good deal. For the past two weeks my right hand and arm have troubled me so much that I have felt worried. It begins by my fingers getting numb and then it will streak way up my arm and pain me so it makes me holler. I've had to wake C. up in the night to rub it for me; two of my fingers keep pretty numb most of the time and I don't know what to make of it.

I had a new girl come Saturday a.m. and I guess it was a good thing, as I was about as nearly played out as I could be. Mrs. Squires and Sara came Saturday and staid until Sunday afternoon and I had such a nice visit with them. They seem the most like my own folks of any one out here now.

We had three big new pictures come tonight; one of you, Mother, and one of C's father and mother. You know I have one of father. They are all fine and we are very proud of them. The three cost us \$25, but we think we will get a great deal more than that in comfort out of them.

I am glad you had such a nice Xmas; I wrote about ours in my letter to Em, so will not repeat. Charlie is so anxious to hear from CWS in regard to the coal business that he went way down to the postoffice yesterday to see if there were any letters. Abbie wrote me that she had written to Fred to come up and live with you this winter, but I judge from your letter that they did not come. What reply did they make? If I was Fred and couldn't find anything to do in Bing. I'd go somewhere else. I think if he would write to Charlie Brown at Waverly that he could get him a job in the car shops and that wouldn't be very far from Candor and they might make some very good arrangement. I wish some of you would write to him about it.

Em must look very fly in her new eye-glasses. Measles have gotten on our street now,

Dec. 19, 1896

My Dear Sister; It is 9 o'clock and I've just finished my dinner dishes and as C is out I'll write you a few lines in answer to your letter of Sunday last that reached me today. I got up at six this morning and got my work done, after a fashion, so that I took James and Alice and went down town to do some much needed shopping. Mrs. Thompson was here ironing so I left Ruth and Philip with her.

I got Alice a lovely red jacket at the People's store marked down from \$8 to \$5. It is just the right shade of red to be becoming to her and everyone that saw her said "how sweet" etc. She wears that red hat with it that you gave her to travel in and she looks very fly. Ruth left her hat out in the rain and it shrunk so I can't get it on her head so I bought her a navy blue one like those James used to wear so much, and some shoes and rubbers. Philip had some rubbers, too, and James had his hair cut and a new hat. I was going to get him a new suit but didn't have time. He is wearing the coat and vest to that suit we got in Norwich with some seal brown curduroy pants and it makes a very good every day suit. CB had two new pairs of stockings and I had "soup."

Then I hurried home to get dinner and found your letter awaiting me, and I assure you it was just what I needed to rest me! am glad you are not going to send us any presents as I can't any of you this time. I had so much rather you gave all you have to give to Fred. My heart just aches for him and I do hope they'll accept your offer to come to Oxford for the winter, where you can all look after them and help them. Maybe Fred would find something to do there in a short time. I told C tonight how CWS was situated in the coal business proposition and he said, "You just tell him to take it and I'll be with him in the money proposition." But of course if he means anything of the kind he will communicate with him himself and I don't want to raise any false hopes, so keep "mum."

We don't know what we will do yet. We don't think it advisable to keep this place when such places as Cushman's on North 4th and Yakima, with three lots, can be bought now for \$3000, a thousand less than this and down in the city, too. Miss Wolbert has moved her kindergarten in to....(missing.)

Is Em sewing any now? How is she? Tell her to write oftener and be sure and write soon and tell me if Fred's (her brother) folks come.

Tell Mother for me that I'd like a piece of that head cheese and I'll swap some of my mince meat for it. C says my mince pies are fine. I'm glad you had a little company and hope you will often. Mrs. Squires wrote me this week to see if I had any plain sewing she could do for me and I wrote her to come and stay a week with me, for the children's night-dresses are all gone up and the mending is all I can do with the housework. I shall expect her right after Xmas. I shall enjoy having her here for company if for nothing else. Would you put Philip in pants next summer if you were me? All the boys of his age wear them here and they look very sweet with the leather leggings.

I can't find my rose pillow pattern anywhere, but shall look again in the morning. Grace has one I think I can get for you. I'm too tired to write more, so I will have to close with a "Merry Xmas" and lots of love to all,

Ida

Return to

THE

Adjutant-General,

State of Connecticut,  
HARTFORD, CONN.,

If not delivered in 5 days.

OFFICIAL BUSINESS.



Mrs. C. R. Eaton,

Tacoma

2802 Puget Sound Ave }

Washington Territory



Feb. 9, 1897

My Dear Sister & All;

I'm going to try and write you some sort of an answer to the two nice letters I've had from you recently, but my thumb has two big cuts (chaps) on it and that with two numb fingers makes writing very awkward work.

You are right in thinking I would be anxious about Mother and I've managed ever since she has not been feeling well to be home in the afternoon when the postman came at four o'clock to see if there was any mail and I get the blues if I don't get any. I do hope Mother has not had any more of those hemorrhages and that she is all right again. Give her a good hugging for me and tell her I just came to see her. We are all pretty well. Ruth had a little sick spell last night but is all right again today. Or is not right well but I think he worries a good deal all to himself about the financial outlook here, although he doesn't say much,

Mary came back a week ago today and I was so fagged out that I've not had much ambition since. We are having a little small pox scare here now. Last evening's paper said there were five cases. One case is a man who lives in that house back of Miss Head's where they had the murder, remember? I don't feel frightened yet, but shall if it spreads much.

We are having lots of rain but it is warm and that white rock you and I brought from Mrs. Pentecost's to set out by the front walk is all in blossom.

Philip talks about you lots and about Em and Mother too. I am sure he won't forget you. He is growing into a great big boy and wears a #6 shoe. They got the pictures you sent and enjoyed them hugely. James and Alice spent all of Sunday afternoon writing to you and I sent the letters yesterday. James feels big to think he can write his name so well. His teacher says he just devours learning.....

(page missing)

...this morning and I know it must be measles. We've sent for Hicks and I'll wait before I seal this and see what he says. They have it very light here and I'm in hopes they won't be very sick. I hope they all have it together for they quarantine three weeks and it would make a pretty long stretch if they were all sick separately.

Frank Crosby's wife expects to be sick in March, so Mrs. Stump told me down town.

Dr. Hicks has just been here and says Alice has measles all right enough, but that this is one of her worst days and she will have them light. I am so sorry to have to take James out of school he is doing so nicely.

I meant to write you a nice letter but here it is nearly time for the postman and I'll have to hurry. I've had to jump up every few minutes and it makes this letter sound rather choppy, but you'll understand how that is.

Do write what the Doctor says about Mother and I shall want to hear often, particularly now that I am shut up. I'll write whenever I can but don't worry if that isn't very often. Give Em my love and tell her I'll write her next.

Your aff. sister,  
Ida

These are excerpts...parts missing:

Yesterday I had Mrs. Squires, Ruth and Sara to dinner, and Mrs. Griffin and Bee came to call, and George and three of the children to spend the evening, so we had a busy Sunday and consequently have been lazy today. I ran over to Mrs. Jackson's today and Mrs. Swigert came and we had a very pleasant visit together. The children have all had colds the past week and Ruth fell in a big puddle Saturday and was drenched. She cried all that night with ear-ache. I guess that's all the excitement we've had lately.

I keep hoping you and Em will come to see me, and I hope you'll stick by each other through thick and thin. Remember I love you both and would give more to see you two dear sisters tonight than any one outside my own home. Nothing makes me happier than to see kind and affectionate words in your letters about each other. And nothing I know would make Father and Mother so happy as to know we were true to each other. Let's try and see each other's virtues instead of their faults for we all have some I know.

Write often, Abbie, for I am very lonely this winter and your letters cheer me up lots. I'm too lazy to write more tonight, so I'll close with lots of love.

Your sister, Ida

!...wetting his pants because he doesn't want to stop playing long enough to come in. The other morning he went over to Mrs. Mead's (he carries her our scraps for her chickens) and he came back with his pants wet. I asked him about it and he swelled all up and told me a big story about taking a drink of water over there and getting it in his nose and it ran down under his clothes and wet his pants! I could hardly believe it because he was wet nowhere but in the seat of his pants.

We are afraid James' school is getting too much for him for he acts when he gets home just as he did back east, fretful and nervous. Alice doesn't sleep with Ruth only once in a great while.....

And now what's become of Em and why doesn't she write me? I think of you both every day and love you both just for yourselves and not for what you've done for me, Abbie, as you seem to think. It's the dearest wish of my heart to have you both with me sometime when you'll not have to lift your hand to do a thing for me unless you want to.

Alice has just come in with four or five young'uns and I don't believe I can hear myself think to write more this time. I'd give anything if you could see the children now. Phil is a great boy; keeps us all laughing most of the time. I must stop.

Your loving sister, Ida.

Tacoma, Feb. 26, 1897

My Dear Sister;

The children and I were quite pleased to get your letters from you last Tuesday and I wanted to answer at once but was so busy I could not.

James and Alice were playing in the barn when the postman came and I called them and told them they'd got letters from you, and you should have seen them run. They opened them and before I could read them James discovered that there were more pages in Alice's than his, but he felt better when he found some of it was for me. I was so relieved to hear Mother was better for I'd thought about her and dreamed about her until I could hardly stand it. Mary gave out again last Monday and Tuesday started for her home across the Bay and I'm alone again, but it isn't much harder than to have a girl you have to favor all the time.

Mrs. Thompson is here ironing today and singing away to herself out in the kitchen as if she had everything to be thankful for. "Guina Bolena" goes to school now so she doesn't come. Philip came down with measles Tuesday and has had them a little harder than the other children; night before last he was quite sick and I was up with him a good deal, but he is much better now and is having a fine nap. You ask him if he is a good boy and he says "Why shirteinly."

C. is reporting the Bardsley case and last night thought he could not get home at all, so I went off to bed with the children and he came on the last car and said I had forgotten to shut a window in the kitchen and to lock the porch door. I was too sleepy I guess.

It is a lovely warm day and all the children except Philip have been out all day. C and I took James and Alice to the Athletic Meet at the Exposition last Monday, and now they run four races, wrestle and everything else. You'd laugh to see them. Mrs. Jameson's brother sent her money to go to Buffalo with and she got all packed and the house rented and now Jameson keeps putting her off; looks mighty queer I think.

I guess Fenley Bryan "ain't got no sense" for I hear she is several months along. I also strongly suspect Grace for her face looks like it, all brown patches etc. She told me Monday that Winnie Putnam was sick and they'd got to have a consultation of Drs. to see if she could live and Grace looked pretty scared. I haven't heard yet how she came out.

Well, it's evening now and I've just put the children to bed and now I'll resume. We had beef soup for dinner and it was very good considering who made it. C didn't get home and I don't know whether I've got to stay alone all night or not until the last car comes.

Bertha Billings (Pentecost) and her husband are home and are keeping the house for Mrs. P. who is in Indiana, called there by the death of her mother. Bertha makes a nice neighbor and runs in often. I enjoy having her in the neighborhood ever so much. The whist club met with them Wednesday night, but of course I couldn't go. They say Mrs. Mead has just gotten a couple of thousand out of his mining business; Mrs. M. runs the office for him when he is away.

Mrs. Ramage was here Saturday when I was down town and Mrs. Stump and Mrs. Crosby were here Monday; I was sorry not to see them. I see by the Ledger that the Sherwood girl who married a Manning has a son. I guess that's all the outside news I can think of this time. We are feeling pretty good over the fact that the mortgagee has agreed to take a deed of this place and call it square. We've rented it until the first of January.

When C. was reading your letter to James the other night he came to the place where you asked J to bring us all east again this summer and he said, he wasn't so sure but that we'd all go. You'd be surprised to see how much the children do to help me. They are all as busy as little bees and save me lots of steps. Ruth is the most orderly one of them all and will take all of their things and hang them up if they thrown them around. (Good for me!)

I am too tired to write more tonight and am afraid you'll think I copied this out of the news column, but such as it is I send it anyway.

Oh I forgot to tell you that I had an invitation to meet with the Mary Ball Chapter at Mrs. H.M. Thomas' last Saturday to a tea, but the invitation went to George's room and I didn't know about it until it was all over. There were 150 invitations sent out.

I don't suppose all of this letter will interest Em and Mother much, but somehow I felt like gossiping and I'll try and write a more interesting one for them in my next. Give them a lot of love and kisses from me and save some for yourself,

Your loving sister,

Ida.

Tuesday,  
March 16, 1897

My Dear Sister;

I'm almost worried to pices because I've not heard from any of you in so long, so I must write tonight no matter how tired I am. The last letter I had was from Em and was written February 22<sup>nd</sup> and since then I've not heard a word. Em wrote then that you had stuck a needle in your finger and was having quite a time with it, but I hope that was all right long ago and that you've been too busy or something of that sort is the reason I've not heard from you.

I can't write very often nowadays because I have so much to do, but I do the best I can and hope you all will consider that when you feel like blaming me.

We had a regular blizzard last week but it has been warming up ever since Saturday and today it was so warm that I put on a shirtwaist, but I've been sneezing ever since and think I won't venture it again until settled warm weather. I was awful sick last Friday and lay on the couch most of the day. At night I got up and managed to get a little dinner and when C came he went down and got me some medicine so I've been at work ever since, but not feeling very "bumkum." Oh how I did ache from the top of my head to my feet and I lay here on the couch and longed for that dear sister who used to take all of my cares upon herself. Charlie was worried about me and said he wished "Old Sherry" could show up about now. But it isn't only when I'm sick, Abbie, that I long for you, for Mrs. Jackson and I went to a concert last night and I just wished you were with us. Mrs. Thompson came and did up my dinner work Sunday and stayed with the children while C and I went over to Gillespie's and down to McFarlane's to see Mrs. Ramage. I had not seen Mrs. G. since New Year's and had not been out in almost three weeks so you see that was quite a treat for me. Mrs. Ramage expects to go to California soon but doesn't know just when.

The children grow livelier every day and noisy, too. Ruth got mad at Mrs. Thompson Sunday while we were gone and told her she was "altogether too fat to suit her." James grows nicer all the time and says "excuse me" and all those things and is quite polite. He helps me lots, you'd be surprised at all the things he does and seems to enjoy working.

Philip surprised me the other day by saying to Ruth "shut up your d---m mouth". I tell you he's a lively boy and dresses look out of place on him. Alice it seems to me grows faster than any of them, although James is a great big boy now. Alice is always telling what she'll do when "Abbie comes home". I heard her ask James the other day who he loved best, "Abbie or Jesus." James learns remarkably fast; can write everything he can read. He is getting a letter ready to send you now I believe.

How are Mother and Em? I hope they are real well and I hope your finger is all right too. I do hope I'll get a letter from some of you very soon. Mrs. Mead was in the other day scolding because you had not answered a letter of hers.

Wed Eve

I could not finish last night I was so sleepy and so I'll try again tonight. C had a letter from CWS today and he said you were all well so I feel quite relieved. C was awfully sorry because he could not help him out, but he couldn't do it because he didn't have it. At the time they were talking of the coal business he could have gone in for that amount but he has since paid out a good deal of it for insurance, taxes etc.

I enclose you, Abbie, an order for \$1.50 that the children wish you to get some gloves for your birthday. They wanted me to get them and send them but there's no knowing when I'll get down town so I guess I'd better send it to you and then you can get just what you like. I still have Ruth's dollar you sent and she insists that I shall buy her a pretty dress with it. I hope you won't care if she doesn't buy toys.

I am too tired and stupid to write more tonight so guess I will close. Tell Mother and Em I send them lots of love and ph, how I do want to see you all. I'd be willing to come that far alone with the babies again to be with you all this summer. Well, goodnight and write soon.

Your loving sister, Ida

and I suppose I am in for it. Ruth and Philip have been very peevish and fretful all day and I wouldn't wonder if that isn't what is the trouble.

Tell Abbie Miss Claypool is being married soon to a man from the east and they are going to Honolulu on a wedding trip, imagine! Everyone is glad for her good luck.

It is a great comfort to me to know you want to see me as badly as I do you. I am going to stop now; I send you lots of love, my dear Mother-----

(Seems to be quite a skip here; maybe these are some of the ones Jim has.))

June 2, 1897

My Dear Abbie;

I had a nice letter from Em yesterday, but I think I wrote her last, so this shall be to you. Since I wrote last I've been busy house cleaning and am all through now but the kitchen and back pantry and cellar. I haven't up all of my white curtains yet, but they are all clean and ready to go up. I put down the two carpets upstairs, hall matting and stair carpet myself, and did up the lace curtains, so I think I did pretty well. Miss Thompson did the cleaning. Would like to get new curtains for the back parlor and hall if I can.

Sunday George and Emma and C. and I were invited over to McNeill's Island to visit Mr. Palmer, the keeper of the pen. He met us at Steilacoom and took us across the bay in his sailboat and C. and I had our first ride in a craft of that kind. It was quite windy and rough but very delightful and we enjoyed it immensely. We had a fine dinner with the officers of the prison. Crossing the sound coming home we encountered a smart shower and I guess I caught cold, for yesterday I was laid up with neuralgia in my eyes, or that's what I call it, they pain me so. I can't ride in an open car without suffering from it now.

Today Ruth and I were invited to Mrs. G's to luncheon; Grace was there and we had a good visit. She expects any day now. The rest of this week I'm going to finish up my cleaning and mending and I guess that will keep me busy. I am feeling first rate now that I don't have to be on my feet all the time.

I am awfully sorry Mother doesn't feel any stronger and I want to tell her that if there's anything on earth I can do for her I'll be glad to do it. The children are all well as usual and growing like weeds. Philip wanted to know yesterday if he couldn't put on "that dear little dress that Abbie made him." He meant one of the white ones you made back east. Lynn hasn't got Ruth's photos ready yet, but I think they will be soon.

You don't know, Abbie, how much I'd like to have Nellie come out here for a year at the least, and I'd do anything in my power to bring about such an event. C. read your letter and he said "tell them to send her along", and then he said "maybe we could persuade her old Daddy to come out and see us if Nellie was here." George heard us talking about it, and he said it would be fine for her he thought. I am sure someone would be coming that she could come with. We'd do everything we could for her; better than we did for you, Abbie, for I can see where I was wrong and I'd like to have someone come so I could try all over again and redeem myself. You were such a good sister to lean on that I can see now I leaned too heavily and nearly "broke the camel's back." So tell Nellie to pack her grip and prepare to "rough it" for a year.

I'm so glad Fred has work and do hope it will prove a steady job. I'm glad you have a new organdie; don't forget to send a piece. I'm going down tomorrow and see if I can get a fit in a jacket. They are just marked down half and I've got to have something. C. got a handsome new suit, made to order, about two months ago, with an extra pair of pants, so he looks quite dudsish. He wanted me to tell you, for he said you weren't the only one who had new clothes.

I can hardly realize that a year ago tonight we were all together and now I'm so far from you all. I'm too tired to write more, so will send you all lots of love----

June 6, 1897

My Dear Mother;

Charlie took all of the children off to Pt. Defiance Park this morning, and it is so nice and quiet here I guess I'll visit with you. I've just been filling up all of my

vases with Marchaneil roses and I thought of you all the time and wished that you could see them, for I don't think you ever saw anything so beautiful in the rose line. I've picked two and three boquets every day this week, but you wouldn't know there had been any taken off the bush they are so loaded now.

I'd like to pull a big easy chair out on our porch this glorious morning and sit you down in it and have you look at the Sound, mountains and my roses and have you sniff the salt water, for I think it would do you lots of good. It makes me feel mean to think I can be on salt water when I don't need it, and you who do need it can't be.

I'd like, too, to be with you all today as I was a year ago and enjoy myself as well as I did then, but I tell you, Mother, there isn't many moments of the day when I'm not with you in thought, and we'll have to be contented with that until God in His providence brings us together again.

We are all usually well, and I am picking up again now that I have someone to help me, and am all right. I keep busy all of the time, but can get out and get rested when the work is done. I've gotten Amanda so that she can get breakfast and nearly get dinner, so I begin to feel quite relieved.

You never saw anything grow as these children do. James is getting tall all of the time and is as thin as a rail. Ruth wears a larger shoe and clothes than Alice does and will make a larger woman, I think. ((Ch?)) Little Phil is chuckfull, but is as sweet and affectionate as he can be. James has gotten into the third reader and you will see by the letter he wrote Abbie that he has done well. He went off by himself and wrote it without help. The wash suits I bought him in the east he can't wear at all they are so small for him. The children all talk of you and remember you well.

Everything is very quiet here now. Tell Abbie that Anna Griggs is to be the Queen of the Carnival; I wish every one of you were here to go with us, for they anticipate a great time. I think this letter will reach you about on my anniversary; does it seem as though I'd been married nine years?

I find it makes quite a little more work to have Little Emma here, but she will only be here three weeks longer now. They pay me \$2.50 for her board. Well, I must go and make shortcake for dinner. Take good care of yourself, and if you don't feel like writing send word in the girls' letters. With lots of love-----

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June 29, 1897

My Dear Abbie;

I rec'd your letter of the 22nd on Monday and have tried ever since to find a few minutes to write you in. Your letter cheered me up wonderfully, for I was so pleased to know that Mother was feeling better and that Fred was doing so well.

I've been down town today for the first time since a week ago last Saturday. Everything is being decorated for the Carnival and the Christian Endeavor Convention. There are to be 1500 people in town for that alone. I've been puzzling my head to make out how we could all go without being crowded to death. Mrs. Stone asked me today to bring the children down in their yard for the park celebration, and I think it will be quite a scheme. I've wished lots that you were here to go along with us. Besides everything else the dog and pony show are here for the week and C. says we've got to take that in.

Emma went home yesterday; she passed her examinations and will go into the high school in the fall.

(Wednesday) I had to stop yesterday, and will resume now. Amanda and I took all of the children to the dog show this afternoon and had a pretty good time, but it was hot and we all got pretty tired. It is raining like fun tonight and I'm afraid will spoil all the decorations and take away a good deal of the charm of the opening of the Carnival.

I will see about sending the guitar as soon as I can; I would rather you had it than not, for no one is getting the benefit of it here.

Mrs. Griffin's second girl-Ruth-is not a pretty child by any means, for she has one of those dead white complexions. They have had no end of trouble this past winter and summer, for besides the new baby coming they have had chicken pox and measles and now "Bee" is down with scarlatina. I guess they are kind of hard up, too, for Mr. G. borrowed \$12 of C. to help him out.

I had thought of sending some roses before you wrote; Mrs. Pentecost sent some two weeks ago and I was waiting to see how they went through before sending any. I had some fun with Mrs. Mead the other day: you know she is always quizzing me about our affairs and I got in

ahead of her and asked her why Mrs. Rust didn't come to see her now, and I told her Mr. Mead and Mr. Rust didn't speak, I'd heard, and a lot more stuff. Mr. Rust had some business deal with Mead, who chated him out of about \$2000. I thought she'd get mad, but she seemed to like me all the better for it. She can't afford to get mad at me, for I furnish her all her chicken feed.

I haven't seen "the Morse kid" yet, for I haven't been able to get over that way, there's been so much to do, C. and I were going over tonight if it hadn't rained. Fruit is very plentiful and very cheap; I want to put up a lot of it. I've canned some blackberries and have got to get up early in the morning and can some cherries. I've made cherry pies for a week now and they are fine.

Well, I must stop for this time. Give Mother and Em lots of love----

Tacoma,

July 12, 1897

My Dear Em;

I rec'd your nice letter last week and was glad to hear from you. I didn't think for a moment that you had forgotten me, for I know you too well for that. I waited today till the postman came to see if I'd get a letter from any of you, but none came and I feel worried for fear the hot weather has been too much for you all.

We had a hot day Saturday but didn't mind it much, for Jackson's folks and all of us took our dinner and went out to the park about five o'clock and staid until nine. It was simply delightful out there, and how I wished you could have been with us! A week ago Charlie and I had an invitation to go sailing with a party and were gone all day. Sailed about 25 miles in all; I never enjoyed anything more. It was quite squally and the boat lay on her side most of the time, but I wasn't frightened a bit. George was here when we started and we told him if we didn't get back alive to send the children back to you and Abbie, with the insurance. Aren't you glad we didn't get drowned?

Yesterday C. and I put on our best clothes--I wore my irgandie--and went down to the Tacoma Hotel to call on Fred Coville, but he had gone to Portland. We stopped in at Grace's and found her about whipped, you can tell Abbie, for she was without help and her baby cried all day before with colic. I felt sorry for her. Tell Abbie, too, that Mr. Griffin's folks have given up housekeeping and she and the children have gone way out to South 45th St. to board and Mr. G. has gone into the shingle business off on the Sound somewhere with Mr. Thomas. There are so many changes here it seems queer to me.

I wish I had the twins here through the hot weather. I think of them so much, and it is so hot where they live. My babies grow like weeds and are healthy; I think we are so fortunate not to have any more sickness among them. I feel first rate now and do more work than ever before since I was married. I sew quite a lot, too. Mrs. Gillespie gave me a very pretty pillow cover when I was over there last week and today I've made the pillow for it.

C. bought me a new couch last week and one of the uncovered ones and a pretty cover to throw over it, so I feel quite proud of it. I'm going to try and get lots of pillows made for it and then I'll look quite fine.

C. has a new craze now; he is going to bring home an incubator tonight and go to hatching chickens. I don't know but that he'll make a good thing of it, for eggs are high here now on account of the Alaska trade; they sell at \$2 a dozen up there. Week before last he brought home a phonograph for a few days that had 40 pieces of music with it and we had a picnic; the house was full of neighbors all the time.

Oh dear, I wish I could see you all and talk; writing is such slow work. Tell Abbie I'll write this week, and give Mother a lot of love for me-----

Sept. 8, 1897

My Dear Ones;

Abbie's three first letters in regard to Mother's fall and illness came all together yesterday and how shocked and grieved I was to hear such sad, sad news. I would have written last night but could not. This afternoon I have sat down to wait the half hour before the postman comes and write you all. Poor dear little Mother! Why must she suffer when we have nothing but good all her life? It seems as if I must fly to her and all of you,

but I know she will want for nothing that you and Em can do for her, yet the longing to feel her dear arms around me once more is almost more than I can bear.

No need for her to keep telling us how much she loves us, for we all know that, and yet if I could hear her say that to me it would be the sweetest sound I ever heard. Just a year ago tonight I got here from home and every day and hour since then I have thought of her and all of you as I left you that dreary night. I have been very lonely for you all so far away, and you know, Abbie, how hard it is especially when Mother is sick.

I am not feeling well this week and I have oh so much to do that the days are not long enough for it all. And that is the reason I've not written you oftener. I'll write every day now if I possibly can. How nice it was that Fred could come to Mother; all of you there but just poor little me so far away from you all.

I'll send this on and write again tomorrow. Love for you all, dear ones, and kisses and blessing ~~for~~ for the sweet little Mother we all love so much-----

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Sept. 15, 1897

My Dear Ones;

I rec'd a letter from Chub last Saturday, but since then I've not heard a word in regard to Mother and I feel very anxious to know how she is. It is 8:30 now and I've been on the go since 6:30 this morning, and I'm so tired I don't know what to do. I had such a hard week last week, with getting James ready for school and all and I haven't gotten rested yet. When Saturday morning came, the day to enter the scholars for school, they said each child must bring a certificate of vaccination. I had not been able to get out, so Mrs. Jackson took pity on me and took James to the Dr.'s and had him vaccinated and then took him out to Sherman and had him enrolled.

In the evening C. staid with the babes while I went down and got him some clothes; Fri. when I put James to bed he said he guessed he had hurt his foot; I rubbed it with Pond's Extract and Saturday he was out all day; Sunday and Monday it hurt him a good deal and was swollen. Last night it took me two hours to get him to sleep it pained him so, and this morning he didn't want to get up. I telephoned for Dr. Hicks and he came out and said he had inflammatory rheumatism. He hasn't been out of bed today and he can't move or have his foot touched without screaming.

So you can see, Abbie, with all the work to do and a sick boy I have my heart and hands full, besides all the anxiety about Mother. I do hope she is really better, and that James will be better soon. I'll try to send a card at least every day. You see I take it very much for granted that you are still interested in your "Jim baby". I miss him so, for he takes a great many steps for me when he is well; he has had a fine appetite for the past month and was looking real well we thought.

The rest of us are pretty well and everything is going about as usual here. George's folks are living at 107 North Tacoma Ave. and Emma seems very much pleased to be back here to live.

Grace wheeled her baby out here last Sunday; he's getting to be a big boy; Grace thinks there's nothing like him on earth.

Tell Mother I think of her all the time and wish I could do something to make her feel better. I am too tired to write more, but will try and writ often; James says to tell you he wished you were here-----

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Sept. 26, 1897

My Dear Girls;

It is just seven o'clock here, and that means ten with you, and it gives me comfort to know that this long, lonely Sunday is over for you. It has been a very, very sad day for me and I can realize how much more so it has been for you, there where everything reminds you of the dear lost Mother. Oh girls, it seems at times as if I could not have it so and then the line of the old hymn that Father loved so well: "cease ye mourners, cease to languish" comes to me and I cannot but feel that it is for the best. But we that are left miss them so, don't we?

I felt when I bid Mother goodbye a year ago that I would never look on her sweet face again and my prayer is now that my own children will love me as I loved her. We have lost the best friend of our life, girls, there is no one that will ever take the interest in

everything concerning us as she did, and yet I think we have been singularly blessed in having her with us so far through this life. But when I think there is no mother back there to be interested in what I write, life seems very blank indeed. Friday and Saturday were beautiful days here, and I hope they were there. I thought of you all the time and wished I knew just when you were to lay that dear body away for its long rest.

Charlie went out to the sub-station tonight to see if there was any letter; I can hardly wait to hear all the sad particulars. I hope she did not have to suffer; that would be too much. Everyone has been very kind to me; Mr. Scudder came right out as soon as he saw the notice in the paper. George and Emma came out, too, and were very kind. I've had a great deal to do with James sick and all, and I don't know what I would have done if I hadn't had so much depending on me.

James has been dressed two days now; Dr. came out Friday and said he could be dressed and hobble around the house, but he said it wouldn't take anything to bring it back. C. fixed some crutches for him and he has been around on them quite a bit. Dr. changed his medicine to a tonic and codliver oil. He looked so white and thin when he came to be dressed that it made my heart ache; but he looked better today. He won't go to school until he is thoroughly well, of that I am certain. This past week has been such a dark week and I wished often that I could go away by myself and mourn for the dear lost mother, but there was so much to do for James and it made him so nervous to have me cry that I've controlled myself all that I could.

Oh girls, I wish I could be with you and mourn with you. I feel so sorry for you and for Charlie, he always loved to be with mother so well and will miss her so much. She told me so many, many times last summer, Em, of all that you had done for, and been to her and she was never tired of praising you. That must be such a comfort to you, and I know it was a great pleasure to her to have Abbie with her the last days of her life, for she told me that if she could have things the way she liked them, she would have all of her children near her the rest of her life.

I won't try to write any more tonight, for I am very tired. I have lifted James so much that I have a lame back, and it makes me feel sick all over. But I'll write just as often as I can. Write often and tell me everything. Lots of love, you dear sisters-----

Tacoma,

Oct. 7, 1897

My Dear Girls;

I rec'd Em's letter today enclosing the papers, and I will see to them and return them just as quickly as I can. I was glad, Em, to get your letter, and to get Abbie's a few days ago, and I've thought every day I would write, but there is no time except in the evenings, and some evenings I am so tired I can't write.

I'm doing lots of work nowadays, for this week I've done my own ironing, and today I've swept all the chambers, stairs, front and back, and hall. I do all of my own baking but the bread, and you can imagine I keep pretty busy. James is better, so that he plays out of doors, and begins to look quite like himself, and has a better appetite than before this summer, but I'm so afraid that he'll get it again that I don't take any comfort. He was so pleased with his letter from Abbie and the quarter she sent; he has saving it until he can get down town.

I should think, Em, it would be a good plan to ask Mary L. for the money and settle everything up, and I hope she will let you have it. I certainly approve of Mother's will in every way. She told me all about it last summer, and I told her I thought it was all right, which seemed to please her. I wish it was ten times as much, so neither of you would have to work any more, but after all, girls, I've found work a blessing the past few weeks and I think we ought to be thankful we are well enough to work, don't you?

Girls, neither of you have ever written what you put on Mother, and I've tried to imagine all about her. I wish you would write me that, and also if you are going to wear black. I want to if you do, but yet I feel that it isn't necessary, for we will mourn our loss just the same if we do not.

I cannot imagine what the old home is like without her dear, sweet presence there, and Em, I wish I could be there to have a warm meal for you when you come home, as she would do, but I could never fill her place; it will always be vacant now.

C. talks a good deal about coming east for the winter, but I don't know whether he will

Sept. 28, 1897

My Dear Abbie;

I received your letter of the 22nd today and I have watched and waited for it anxiously. I cannot realize that Mother is gone from us. Her dear face is ever before me and she seems very near. It is such a comfort that she passed away so peacefully, and, Abbie, it was the passing of one of the sweetest souls that ever lived.

I saw in the Times last night that Charlie and Anna were in New York and I felt very badly for I knew Charlie (her brother) would feel so badly to be gone. How I did wish I could be there to be of some comfort to you and Em if I could have been. When Mother had that fall I would have taken all the children and come if there'd been any money to come with, for I did want to look on her dear face once more and hear her speak to me.

Charlie has been very blue lately over the business outlook and when James came to get sick he hardly spoke for a week, but now he is considering this business proposition of which he wrote you yesterday and I do hope he can raise the money for it, for the mill is clearing \$1,000 a month. He has talked with several about it and they all think it is a great thing. He asked me if I didn't think you'd be willing to do that for him, and I told him I thought you would. He may get it here but didn't want to leave any stone unturned. If he does go into it he will be in Everett most of the time and we will stay here until everything is running in good shape.

Now I can't and I don't want to stay alone and I want you and Em to come and stay with me. Can you make any arrangements so as to come if you want to? I feel as if you and I ought to give Em a good time and Abbie, after missing you as I have the past year I think I could make it much pleasanter and happier for you than I did before. I can do all of the housework now and you wouldn't have to help me but could do as you please. Your babies all want you to come and have been talking about it today and Charlie wants you to come and agrees with me that we ought to give Em a rest and a complete change. Talk it over with her and ask her if she likes me well enough to come way off out here and see me. I know it would make Mother happy to have us all together. She told me about her will and I think you and Em should manage to get quite a little income from it and I am glad she gave it to you two. Now see what you can do about it.

James has been dressed three days now and today he walked on his lame foot same. I think he is gaining all the time but he looks very white and peaked. He has been so patient through it all and sweet as he could be. I've been very anxious about him and wished lots of times you could be here; you always took such good care of him, tho I haven't neglected him I assure you. When I could not do both I let the housework go and C came home early nights and stayed with him while I got dinner. He has helped me so much or I never could have done it all. I am quite tired out and ought to be in bed now, but I did want to send you a few words of comfort. There is lots for you to live for yet, Abbie, for your sister and all her little ones need you and they all love you, too, more than you can guess.

Tell Em to be her own brave self and not to mourn, for the one we loved so is free from pain and suffering forever more. God make us all worthy of so good and so loving a Mother.

With a kiss and a hug for you both I will close.

Ever yours,

Ida

Saturday Eve,  
October 3, 1897

My Dear Abbie;

I'm going to begin a letter to you tonight for Sunday is such a busy day for me I can scarcely ever find time to write until evening and then Hall is usually here and I can't write then. I got your nice long letter last Monday and a nice one from Em today and I think you are both good to write so often to me. It has been sometime since I've written, but I've been trying to clean up for winter and I've been very busy.

Mrs. Thompson came Tuesday and washed for me and Wednesday I did the ironing and had her sweep the whole house and wash windows etc., so tonight we look real clean and I've been wishing that you and Em could walk in and see us. I've baked three pumpkin and/or apple pie today and made a chocolate cake and have a leg of mutton for Sunday dinner and I'd just like to have you here. I've thought a great deal about your coming and have even planned what I'd have for dinner the night you came. And the children and I talk a lot about what we'll all do when you come and I can't give up the idea that someday and somehow you'll come.

Ruth and Alice have been in kindergarten two weeks now, just over by the Stevens cottage. They go from ten until one and are all carried away with it. They have gotten all the words to two or three pieces so they can sing them already although they don't get much tune to them. It is a great help to me and I can see they are improving already. Alice is getting so she plays with dolls a great deal and will sit in a corner by herself for two hours at a time making dresses for them and she shows quite a good deal of taste and ability in the dressmaking line. Ruth is slimming up quite a little I think and she and Alice are about as "chummy" now as James and Alice used to be.

Ruth is straightforward and honest without a bit of deception (so there!) and I tell you things have got to stand around when she gets after them. James is reading "Lord Fauntleroy" now and gets so absorbed that you can't rouse him at times. But I tell you Phil is the greatest kid you ever saw in a way. I looked out of the window the other day and saw him flying down the street after a team of horses. You ought to hear the stories he tells about Nolan's bull. He goes up there alone and goes with Nolan to milk and what he doesn't know about farming isn't worth knowing.

You asked me, Abbie, a long time ago, to have Alice's picture taken in the little hat with daisies on. I hung that hat in the little closet in the front room with all their best clothes and didn't have occasion to go there for quite some time. When I did I found the mice had gnawed the daisies all off the hat. Another thing..about your guitar. Ombra told me some time ago she was trying to get enough money ahead to buy it and Mr. Jackson said the express on musical instruments was double, so I've been waiting to see if I couldn't send you the money so you could get a new one there. I hinted for Mrs. Dickinson to take it to you but she didn't.

Grace was out Thursday and drew the baby out. He is a great big fat nice fellow but I don't think he is very pretty, though Grace thinks there's nothing like him in the world. Grace doesn't look as well as she used to for those brown patches don't go off her face and she does all her own work now and that makes her look dragged out.

I don't like to think of you and Em sitting there alone evenings. Why don't you go out somewhere? It doesn't seem to me as if Mother is gone and I can't make it seem so. Dear, patient little Mother; how drear the old home must seem without her! I don't think I shall dress in mourning but if I can afford it I will get me a new black dress. I've been thinking, Abbie, of writing to see if you could make me a tea gown or tea jacket or something. You could get that measure Anna took if you haven't any. I'd want cheap material made up prettily. If you think you can I'll send some money and let you pick it out and use your own taste about everything and pay you for making it. What do you think?

I haven't clothes to wear so I can go down town and get me anything. Isn't that a funny predicament? James and Ruth are all stuffed up tonight and I'm afraid they have taken hard colds. We have had beautiful warm sunny weather the past week and today it has been

simply perfect. I've wished all day you were here to enjoy it.

Charlie had a letter from Mr. Ramage yesterday and they seem to be doing quite well. They have a new horse and carriage so they must be picking up, don't you think?

Write often and long letters. Tell Em and Anna I will write to them soon. Don't sit too much alone but go out somewhere, even if it is an effort at first. I don't see how you and Em stand there at all without Mother. I can't think what the place must be without her.

I send lots of love to you both.

Your loving sister,  
Ida

house in an uproar over Miss Jackson's licking of a boy. She licked a boy yesterday-30- and outsiders came in and interfered and then had a warrant sworn out for her and the reporters were up there trying to interview her. She wanted me to have it kept out of the papers and I spent an hour or two on the matter last night but couldn't succeed in doing it. I put in an appearance for her before the justice this morning, so she wasn't really arrested. The case is set for 5 tomorrow and unless it is settled will be tried out. She was perfectly justified in the matter; I send you the papers which contain a fairly correct statement of the facts. She is awfully wild over it, worked up and mortified. It has made quite a lot of talk around town.

Well, I must be going to dinner; wish I could take you along with me----

(ends in shorthand)

Tacoma,

June 17, 1890 (got a little out of sequence here it seems.)

My Dear Little Girl;

It is now nine o'clock and I have just finished up a lot of work that I wanted to get done tonight, so you must not expect much of a letter, sweetheart. I don't want my dear girl to go a day, though, without getting at least a short letter from her lover; hence these presents.

I got your letter of last Tuesday this morning, and was sorry to hear that you are not feeling so well, and hope you are better by the time this reaches you. Worse, you know, and now much better and going huckleberrying every day with your baby the Colonel. I think it will be the prettiest picture in the world to see you march around with him on your shoulder. Anyway, I would rather see it than any picture that was ever painted. Of course if you don't want to you needn't go until the 4th of July, but I thought it would be better for you and I'll just bet any old sox that you will. You are awfully sharp about seeing through my games, but if you want your baby to look like its papa---I mean like Willis Hall, it will have to have gray hair. His head is almost white now; its changing very fast and I think its because you are away. I am very thankful to the girls for being so good to you and when I come home I will rub them down in olive oil and beer for a week to pay 'em. As for your mother I don't mind her, because all she cares about you is for what work she can get out of you. I guess she don't care much for you this trip. But when I come I'll work for her and make up. I'll just take right off my coat and help her get rid of all the strawberry shortcake and things she can concoct.

I am very glad you like your husband and think he's sane. It makes it kind of pleasant for him; I've been thinking today that I was most too darn good; I don't believe I've done a single thing since you went away that you wouldn't like. Ain't that pretty good? Every time a messenger boy comes in the office it scares me most to death. And yet I am very anxious to get that message, so hurry up and send it.

I was talking to Judge Allyn today and he said (of course that ain't half as important as what I said) that he thought the court would be taking avacation for a couple of months about the onset of July; that he was going away about that time himself and he thought I could get away all right then. I will try everything I know to be with you by the 4th.

Well my eyes are tired; you will have to let me go for tonight, old peaches and cream.

Yours lovingly, C.

-----So far as I can judge the girls seem to be taking splendid care of things. You had better ask your father how is the best way to fix that window in the dining room. I was looking at it this morning. The ell will make quite a nice little bedroom and I guess we had better have it fixed either before you come or after. Ab can have the little hall bedroom; of course she will have to sleep with her feet out in the hall because there wouldn't be room enough for them inside. Then you can rent the other three rooms for fifty, forty; thirty dollars a month. If Ab don't like that arrangement she can sleep on the couch or in the crib with the baby, or in the refrigerator, or the sink or on the mantlepiece or in the woodshed or the bathtub or on the roof or anywhere she please so long as its not with me.

Well, I guess this is enough of this. If you like this kind of a letter then this is the kind of a letter you should like. Love to all the folks, and plenty for yourself, C.

or not. We have also talked a good deal about having you both come to us if we stay here. C. said the other morning at the table, "It would seem good to hear old Sherry step around here again, wouldn't it?" I think, Em, the change would do you no end of good. I wish we could live near together, for I get so lonely for you all. I judge Abbie's visit to Ike Sherwood and Gates was not successful, as we have heard nothing from her. It seems too bad to lose such a good business opportunity for want of a small sum of money. C. is quite blue over it, for it is the chance of a lifetime.

I'm too tired to write more tonight, but I send you lots of love----

November 9, 1897

My Dear Em;

I've just written to C. and gotten my hand and arm limbered up a little, and now I guess I'll try one on you. It seems like a long time since I wrote you last, but both you and Abbie know, I'm sure, that I write as often as I possibly can, and always will.

You can't imagine how much there is to do here for one pair of hands, and when one of those hands is laid up with chaps and rheumatism things don't go along very fast. I don't suppose you, Em, would call it very good housekeeping, but I manage to keep things tolerably clean and get enough to eat. I don't feel a bit good today, for I sat up in bed so much last night rubbing my arm that I didn't get my usual sleep. My arm gets numb from my shoulders to the ends of my fingers, and is so painful I can scarcely touch it. I can't see what's the matter with it.

I have to stop ever few minutes to look at the excellent pictures Charlie sent me today; they are perfect, I think, and that one of Mother on the porch is so sweet it looks saintly. It seems to me now, Em, that she was almost a saint, for she bore all the trials of life so sweetly and uncomplainingly. I can't be thankful enough I had so dear a mother, and wish I was more like her.

Is Abbie real well? It seems to me she looks so thin and bad in that pictures, or was it just because she was so anxious about Mother? Every evening I think of you two getting home and not finding mother there and it makes my heart ache for you, for it doesn't seem to me that I could stand it at all.

Just as we were eating dinner tonight a man came to get C. to go down and take some testimony, so I am here alone for the babies are all asleep. The wind is blowing hard and it seems pretty lonely. C. has not left me alone an evening in a long time.

Mrs. Thompson washed today, and I am going to do the ironing myself. I think I do pretty well, for I do all the work but the washing, and sew for the children too. I feel repaid, though, for the little women enjoy their kindergarten so much and are learning so many nice things. I got Mrs. Jackson to go with me and we went down town Sat. eve and bought Alice and Ruth some union undergarments; you should have seen how proud they were of them. James is going down with C. in the morning and get his hair cut and a new overcoat. He has begged the privilege of staying down for a time and looking in the store windows.

Philip knew you all in the pictures, and I was quite surprised at it. Charlie has just come home and brought his work to do here and I'm glad of it.

You are awfully good, Em, to say I can have anything of Mother's I'd like; any thing for a keepsake that you want to spare will do. Let us hope, Em, that sometime you can come and see me, you and Abbie, too, and then we'll have a good time and forget all these lonely hours.

I guess I won't write any more, for my hands hurts me. Be of good, cheer, Em, and remember that we are all put here for some wise and good purpose. So we must plod along cheerfully, bearing all our burdens in "the heat of the day" as it were. I send you both oceans of love-----

Sunday Eve,

Dec. 12, 1897

My Dear Em;

I've tried every day for a week to write to you, but I couldn't seem to get at it, but I guess tonight I can make a go of it. I succeeded a week ago yesterday in getting to young girl to help me and since then I've been trying to get the children's clothes in better repair. The day she came I put on the old black straw hat I wore east and went down and ordered me a new one, and yesterday I spent the day re-lining my cape. I did it all myself and it looks all right, everyone says. I took Philip and had lunch with Grace last Fri-

day; then I went down town where I met James and fitted him all out with new clothes, cap, necktie and all, and I think it was a well spent day. We all feel quite "fixed up" and I feel so much more rested that I think I can write you a whole letter, Em, without going to sleep. My girl cannot cook or bake, but she can do everything else well, and is as neat as wax and only charges a dollar a week, so I am quite pleased all around. My arm is much better since I stopped scrubbing and sweeping and doesn't trouble me any to speak of.

I got Abbie's letter yesterday telling of the big dinner you had and am glad you had such a good time and wish I could have been there. I would like to see the Allen boys and their wives, and I would have enjoyed the singing immensely.

I'm sorry, Em, you've been so long getting the papers, which I enclose with this, but C. has had all he could do for a couple of months, so that he'd forget all about them.

Alice has been kind of "peaked" for a time past and I'm afraid kindergarten is too much for her. They are getting ready for a Xmas tree and are each making presents for their little friends; they are so full of secrets they spill over once in awhile. James likes it just as well as they do.

Why don't you write me more about the twins and Nellie, Em? Ruth grows to look like Nellie ever so much I think. I see you got your name in the "Souvenir"; aren't you proud? I found Phil cutting an old stamp off an envelope this morning, and I asked him what he was doing. He said he was "going to write to Aunt Emma back east." I ~~xxxx~~ won't write more tonight, but hope to write oftener now that I have help. Write me everything, Em, and don't forget that I am always your loving sister-----

Tacoma,

Feb. 2, 1898

My Dear Em;

I'm pretty tired tonight, but I guess I'll try and scribble you off a few lines. I wrote in my last about my eyes being so bad, and I daresay you are worrying some about me. I didn't dare use them for a week, but now they are about the same as usual. I sewed all day yesterday and part of the time today, and they are not aching, so I feel quite encouraged.

I got Abbie's letter the day I wrote her last, I think. I just wish Ike had remembered you both in his will and you could have come to see me, but I never expected anything from him. Never mind, girls, perhaps times will pick up before long, and we can do some visiting.

I read in the morning paper of the terrible blizzard you are having in the east, and I hope it will not reach Oxford. It is such a contrast with the weather here. The past few days have been so warm and pleasant that the children have played out without their coats, and today some of the primroses were in bloom in the yard. Tomorrow I have a man coming to clean up the yard for me.

I was quite surprised one day last week to have a telephone from C. telling me to have dinner for Harry Eaton. He is still in the city and has a place down town where he is advertising crystallized eggs and evaporated vegetables for the Klondike. I believe he has the sole agency for those things up there. Harry is a handsome, nice fellow and we like him very much. He is a "rusher", too, and makes things come his way in great shape.

Tell Abbie, Em, that I did not have the sash put on my dress for they are not wearing them here yet. So I have done it up and tomorrow if I can get down to the office I will send it to her and hope she can use it. I've thought about it lots of times, and her asking about it decided me. She can have it and do as she pleases with it.

Mrs. Gillespie and Helen were out to lunch today and we had a real good visit. James started at the public school Monday. His teacher is Miss Miller. Abbie knows her for she lived at Mr. Glover's when we used to go out to the lake. All the rest are well and growing like weeds; I can't begin to keep things cooked up for them they are so hearty.

I know that Charlie and Anna will enjoy those new rooms and I'm glad for them. I don't see how they stood it so long in that other place; how I would love to see them all and you and Abbie, too. My visit back there seems like a dream, Em. Just think! Mother and Father and Grandma were all out in front waiting for me the first time I came, and the next time you and Mother were there, and now if I should come all of those dear old faces would be missing. I sometimes, think, Em, that if I should die and go to heaven that I should find them all waiting for me, that I couldn't be any happier than I was at those two homecomings.

But, Em, we have got to stay here without them, it may be for years and I think we ought to make the very best of life and all there is in it. We can't do it with long faces or in looking on the dark side of things, and so we must try and do our level best, cheerfully

and contentedly, until our time comes. That's the way I look at it, Em, and that is what I think would please Mother.

How are you feeling now, and are you sewing all the time? Will Anna have as pleasant a sewing room as she did before? Write me about everything, for you don't know how I watch for letters from the old home; the children were delighted with their letters. Well, I will have to close, with a great big lot of love for you and Abbie----

Thursday Afternoon,

Feb. 23, 1898 (Notation in Abbie's handwriting: "Written only a short time before she was gone, poor dear Ida.")

My Dear Em;

I've had nice letters from you and Abbie both this week. I've been out in the yard working all the forenoon, but this afternoon it is raining, so I couldn't keep on with it. Crocuses and primroses are all in bloom and it begins to seem quite springlike. I can hardly wait for the sunshiny days to come, we have had so much rain,

It made me pretty blue, Em, to think of you and Abbie selling the old home. You can't blame me for it, can you? But the more I think of it the more I realize it would be the best thing for you to do. It seems too bad, though, that we can't afford to be sentimental about a place around which clusters so many remembrances and associations. After all, it is not the home it was when Father and Mother were there to greet us and it doesn't seem to me that I could ever make it seem so again. It seems too bad that none of us has the money to buy it and keep it, but I am getting so I think that "whatever is is best" and that all these things are a part of the all-wise plan that we shouldn't murmur against.

I will always carry a picture of the dear old place in my heart that can never be bought or sold, a picture with father, mother, grandma and the dear brothers and sisters all included. You know, Em, that my "Jim baby" was born there and that makes it doubly dear to me.

I hope you will be able to get \$1500 for it, for that would straighten you and Abbie out and give you something for a rainy day. Let me caution you both that if you get that amount to keep it in your own hands and save it for the time when you can't earn anything. I would like to have Abbie come back west and I think she could do well, especially in Seattle, if she could get in with Julia Crowley. And Em, I'd like you to come just as much. Have you noticed that the rates are cut so that you can go from New York City first class for \$30? If you sold the place, Em, you could afford to come and see me even if you didn't want to stay always. It does seem as if some one you could come now if you wanted to. What you need, Em, is an entire change; it would make a new woman of you.

I made a little birthday party for Ruth last Monday; had eight besides them and they were so delighted. I had three kinds of cake, oranges, bananas and lemonade. Then at each place I had a fancy paper box of candy for them to take home. When they first sat down to the table I had a lot of German favors or "snapcracks" for them; they are a paper contrivance with a string in one end to pull and they go off like firecrackers; then you unfold them and they have fancy paper caps inside. They put them on and ate in them and you never saw such a jolly set. Ruth got her money from Abbie and Lizzie and several presents from the children, so she thought she had a pretty fine birthday.

They are all feeling pretty good now. C. saw Dr. Hicks on the car yesterday and he inquired about us all, and then told him we must be careful of Jim. It is hard now, when he looks and feels so well, to think that he might be sick again. He spoke at school last week and I'll send you his piece. I couldn't go over on account of the party, but he was marked "high", so I guess he got along all right.

They were delighted with the lovely book Abbie sent them, and I guess James has read it already. I think you'd be surprised, Em, in the change in Ruth. When she cries now it is the exception and not the rule. I think take them all around they are pretty good babies. Alice is all for sewing and cooking; she fixes salted nuts, cheese crackers and makes pies most all the time; she is a dear little girl. Phil rules them all, and if they don't do as he tells them to he throws the first thing he can get hold of at them. He is very quick tempered, but over it in a minute. We sometimes call him "Dr. Mc."

You mustn't feel discouraged, Em, when you have only one dress to your back, for that's all I ever have. Alice says to ask Abbie if she has some more paper dolls she can send her; she means those fashion plates. Well, I send you lots of love, and Abbie, too, and don't wait so long to write again-----

THAT'S ALL

about that, I pass it  
enough. I find these telegrams among the letters that seem pretty poignant to me:  
all addressed to AB in Oxford:

March 16, 1898 ----- 6:40 pm

Ida quite sick. If necessary could you come at once.  
CBE.

March 17, 1898 --- 2:20 p.m.

Threatened attack lung fever---serious but not dangerous--  
come quick-- CBE

March 17, 1898 --- 8:35 pm

Ida died at three thirty this afternoon---wait there.  
. CBE

March 18, 1898 ---9:25 pm

Services Sunday two o'clock---leave with Ida Sunday---think children  
better remain here---will you wait there or come at once--  
CBE

March 19, 1898 ---4:55 pm . Will arrive Saturday---make arrangements--

wait---children remain here with Mrs. Squires--

CBE

St. Paul---March 23, 1898---6:45 pm

Due at Oxford four thirty Friday via Binghamton---  
CBE

What a trip that must have been, and after they had talked so much of making it to-  
gether for so long! I see, too, that the clipping says she was 39 years old, which I  
was never quite sure of.

No. the graduating class of  
Oxford Academy. Twenty-five!

My friends you are to leave <sup>this</sup> school to-day for perhaps, the last time. When according to a popular phrase you will have "finished" - and finished what? Your education? I think not. I rather think none of you can compare with the great and wise men, who have enlightened our world, and yet, who have died, considering themselves children in wisdom. Instead of finishing your education you have but just commenced it. I trust you have

We shall miss your accustomed voices and faces among us, and our thoughts will often wander to back to the time when you were with us, but cheered by the thought that you are pursuing some "calling" that will will leave you a name when you have passed away will be I think of you. Think out! that the life that is before you is all pleasant there are crosses to be borne if you wish to wear the crown. Do your duty faithfully, making glad the hearts of your teachers and friends who will always have at -

Oxford Academy.

gathered strength but aided  
by your teachers and ~~friends~~  
schoolmates to aid you  
in the years that are to  
come, and which we hope  
will be a precious boon  
to you in your daily life.

But everything is unfinished.  
You have, as it were, but  
learned the alphabet of  
all knowledge. And now my  
dear friend life is before  
you and how will you spend  
it? Will you be idle,  
"Whom none can bless

"Whom none can thank  
Creation's God-creation's thank?"  
Or will you become true  
earnest workers in the field,  
following ~~over the~~ that spread  
so widely before you, following  
over that track; and truly Jesus  
? and doing good remembering  
that "Life is real life is earnest  
and the grave is not its  
goal" but that there is  
something beyond that is  
worth more than the game  
of this world

that we are all journeying  
toward, and when the day  
~~comes~~ that finds you near-  
ing that place rapidly then  
and not till then will  
your work be finished.  
I only ask that when  
you stand before the throne  
of your Maker you can give  
as good an account of your  
life as <sup>best</sup> you can here tonight  
of your past school life.  
And now my friends I  
bid you an affectionate but  
sad, farewell.

Edda Sherwood

March 7, '95

be assembled in "the land of  
the seal".

They are all in leaving this  
day that as "our fatherland".

Our Fatherland.

Richardson and  
Lodge & Lorne, speak in many  
terms of the country, the  
snow topped mountains, clear  
lakes, and beautiful rivers.  
Among the oceans there are on  
either side of North America.  
Burton sang the praises of  
his Scotch Scotland in beauti-  
ful Scotch language - the sort  
never spoken. His "Banks and  
Barns of Bonnie Doon" will inspire  
the most impractical heart  
with the love for their country,  
such as Burton felt. Thomas  
Moore - the "Irish Post" sang

J. J. Howard  
Feb 18th 1876  
H. J.

the sight of his country in  
a very faithful way, and  
so we might as well turn our  
back to another, and still we  
could find this type of country  
manifest in all their writings.  
We may think of all these beau-  
tiful lands, so well described  
by these poets, but unconsciously  
our thoughts will wander  
back to our own sunny  
hillsides - our fatherland.  
But there we are far more  
used to see; its mountains,  
though not so grand, are  
associated with pleasant  
thoughts; its valleys appear  
greener, and fairer to our  
eyes than any described by  
poet or historian abroad.  
More, and more, some built  
"castles in the air", but

America's George Washington  
was not contented with castles  
in the air. He went to work,  
and the heroes on land  
and sea followed and saved  
him. He built for his country a "castle"  
in his heart of busy business.  
He discovered his love  
for his fatherland in action  
not in words alone, and these  
noble deeds in prose form  
are sweeter than those of  
poets of Moore or Burns.  
This is our earthly fatherland,  
and as such we love it.  
But there is prepared for  
us another land, whose  
beauty far exceeds the sunny  
lands of America or England.  
It is our fatherland above us  
are all blossoming, and soon  
even when we still all