

Frank has gone fondness for sweet scented shreds
and has sent you three, he said pick out
the sweetest ones

Sella says she wanted to send Dayton C. May 17th.
some but the letter was too full

1863

Dear Husband,

My sister
You must be content
with a short letter today; as I do not
feel like writing. Indeed if I did
not fear you would be anxious about
Frank I would not write at all.

My sister
Frank seems much better, and has
been well enough today to justify a
belief that he is permanently better.
He is very thin, and Robby looks
broader than ever by contrast.

My sister
I am not sick but still feel tired
from unpacking and arranging my
rooms. If you could see how sweet
this little home looks, I am sure you
would not talk of selling, and would
almost appreciate my feelings last
night, when Father told me that Stillwell

had been looking at the place and wished to know what you would take in cash for it. I had just begun to feel settled and at home; thinking that packing and unpacking days were over for me, and, the announcement just sent me to bed sick and weary. - Now I don't wish it to appear that we work at cross purposes, so I hope you will send word that you do not wish to sell, so that Uncle John and Father may not speak of it any more. I do not wish to hear of it again till another home is provided first, such as we can both like.

Father and Lee took Lib, Mary and Sella Finner to Cincinnati on Friday. Mary was anxious to secure some lessons in coloring photographs from a Mr. Miller and Lib wanted to visit the Gardens. Sella had never taken a railroad ride before?

Mr. Miller could not give lessons, but said he expected to be in Dayton with Mr. Caton

next month, and Mary might come and watch him work just as much as she pleased.

Father and Sella had excellent photographs taken; and after that they all went to see Mrs. Williams and she sent Lib and Mary to Heavens in her carriage. Father said goodbye to them, visited Mrs. Perry and then returned home, it being Friday evening. The rest remained till Saturday evening. - Mary says she kept looking for you to come in to the Burnett House parlor, as you used to do. She says she sends a great deal of love to you, all she has; a big box full, and indie rubber box full &c. &c.

Mrs. Williams was suffering with a sprained ankle, but seemed cheerful and glad to see them. - She says Granville's sufferings were extremely severe. Alfred is with her.

I forgot to tell you that Jeff. Patterson died a short time since. He was taken sick in Columbus; his wife arrived in time

to see him before he died; she brought his body home and was met by a despatch from Cincinnati, telling her that her daughter was dangerously ill at the Mt. Auburn school, she hastened down, but too late to be recognised. Father and daughter were buried at the same time.

Robert told Mary yesterday that Eliza had real whooping cough; if so I am afraid to go there; I shouldn't like to have it again myself. — I have only called at the door, as I won't ^{walk} ~~go~~ out in the daytime and can't in the evening. — Don't forget to tell me what to do about the fence. —

Why didn't I get two letters this week?

I wrote two and expected two certainly. I just won't write so often; will just write all I get, there now! Seriously Dearest, you must help keep me up; you are ever in my thoughts; I have your picture so that I can see it first on opening my drawer, but I must have your letters very often.

It is dark, all sweet love; to you dear Thelma