

Dayton March 17th
1867

Dear Luther,

I just burnt two pages of a letter which I had begun to you.

I thought I had mentioned names and acts rather more freely than should be done in a letter.

Uncle John went to Columbus himself, on Friday, very unexpectedly, and I had detailed his report more fully than I thought prudent.

Mr. S. said he did not wish to do anything further in the business as he was convinced that he had said and done all that he possibly could and that he had not changed in his choice. A letter from a prominent official to Blair was also promised but I don't know whether the promise has been fulfilled or not.

Uncle John says he feels in good spirits about the prospects; but time alone can show with what reason.

I am hoping for a letter at noon
If it comes it will have to do instead
of your own dear self; I hope it will
give me some knowledge of your intentions
and the time of your return be fixed.
at any rate I cannot think another
sabbath will pass without finding you
at home. If you don't come soon
I am afraid you will have to find
the children ragged, as I have patched
frequently, and don't want to get any
thing new till the spring really sets in.

After all, if you only want to see
them you will only see a little more
of them. They have had colds, and
I felt alarmed about Robbie Friday night
but he is pretty well again.

All three are looking at a book, & she
trying to teach Robby his letters but he insists
of saying "oh" (hues) all the time instead.
Mother sent me out for a short ride
yesterday and will stay with the children
this afternoon while I walk. The air
is rather sharp for them we think.

Mother and ~~indeed~~, every one else says
kind to me and try to keep me
in company; Mother seems to forget
her own anxieties in caring for mine.
When I got your last dispirited letter
she was about starting for Libs. Poor Mother
she exclaimed, ^{to Mary} "does she feel badly?"
"No" Mary said "Gus says that it don't make
her one bit blue, though she don't shy."
"Well watch her, go down after while, perhaps
she may feel worse after while".

For you too her sympathies are enlisted; she
says you are doing a great deal more
than Father would ever have done for
himself. And there you are alone
and perplexed, we are all longing
for your return to make up for the
troubles you have undergone, by our
affectionate care.

No letter! Howard says; that is a
disappointment; but must be borne.

I must close now August, for dinner is
ready, and Howard wants me to go out
with him as soon as it is over.

Love and kisses from all. Goodbye.
Augusta