

West Point, Mass.
Sept. 27. - 1875.

My very own dear Sister:-
My heart is filled with
music, and I'm happiest
when I sing with you.
Dear face before me I can
almost hear you speak;
those beautiful eyes, and
that sweet smile that tells
of the heart within. We all
have exalted your praises, and
collectively so happy over
your sending it. I wanted
me the minute the paper reached

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me - had feared all were
spoken for. That small letter
such a hand - never a sign
of nervousness or seventy-
years - Florence says Oh!
Stacey must see this letter and
picture - I'm sure it is best-
you be with Susan and Henry
if I could just drop in, and
enjoy those chats. Thanks for
wishing for me at the time
of the Fair - but to be truthfully
Candid poverty has for so long
buffeted me around, till now
I'm utterly at his mercy -

Every little counts, these
dear girls are so sensible,
accept the situation - uncomplai-
ingly - I wish they could
find something to do. but
too many are in the same boat.
Do hope by this time Frances
is out of danger and will
recover as rapidly as our
patients; in three weeks
it must have been quick - a
shock to her family.
Aurora had a day of riding
yesterday joined that - Lena
& 25 girls. in khaki uniforms
they did not ride for prizes,
but Aurora felt good when

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Mrs. or three, told her nice
things. I went in to see the
parade, and found much
entertainment. Friends were
cordial - and My good Dr.
was specially complimentary
I said you know what did I?
I stopped taking medicine,
he accepted it in good humor
and suggested I keep it up.
The Public Schools Dir. told
Florence the other day, he was
going to get up an entertainment
and had thought of an old
time dance, with the old time
fiddlers, and asked would I
join in the dance in costume