

I feold so Tomson to day I dont  
see hardly what to do my mind  
is continually In Mo all the time  
and what makes it worse the  
wind blows A perfect gail but  
the sun shines bright and clear  
well Lewis I will stop this  
miserble writing for I dont  
like to write when I have got  
to write with such A pen  
I dont believe you can read half  
of it - it is all I can do to read it -  
my selfe you must right soon  
as you get this except the love  
of us both I remain as ever your  
sister Ruth

Lewis I Russell

Sep. the 27 / 1868

Dear Brother Lewis

as David did not git A chance to write  
to you before he went A way he wanted  
me to be sure and write to you  
for him and mea both my pen  
is so poor I dont see what I will  
make it out or not David started  
for gills last Sunday morning  
I did hate have him go A way still  
I wanted him to go and satisfy  
him selfe A bout Tard I dont  
hardly think he will by but still  
I dont see he will if he likes and if  
he dont he wont I should of liked  
went with him but as things was  
I could not go Lewis I am not  
sitting In my Tiller house by my  
Table wee have brooken up Keeping