

judging from present appearances. If I or anyone drops something by his chair and stoops to pick it up, he will have the unfortunate fate one by the hair with one on both hands before one is aware, and then he laughs and thinks it is so funny, perhaps thinks it is done just for his amusement.

When I read that sentence in your letter "don't get tired of letting us about the baby", I thought I had nothing to say about him, but I find myself on the fourth page and he my largest theme.

Your letter was received last night and much enjoyed.

I forgot to thank you for your kind offer about Albert's spring and summer dresses. I have material in the house for three or four only. I had a seamstress for five days last week, at

Mayville, Mo. Jan. 5<sup>th</sup> 1875.

Dear Mother:

As I begin to write I see it is the date of our Edward's death — of his birth into Heaven. I was thinking of him the other day; and that if he were now living he would be nearly old enough to enter the ministry, to which you and Father hoped and prayed he would be called.

I did not forget Barth's birthday and felt like writing him a letter, but, besides being very busy, I thought I had nothing to say to him in which he would not be just as much interested if he heard it through your letter.