Dayton Oct. 3, 1863

We are all properly indignant, you naughty Papa! I'm little Mary, disagreeable indeed! and haven't you at least some affection for such children? Or what right to be done to such a brute?

But seriously, my dear, I don't think such drugs are good in the end. I fear the after effects. Baby was much worse two days this week, and I felt quite disinclined. Finally sent for the Doctor, and told him I was threatening to send her down to the house, to be nursed at least till I was satisfied, if I did not cure her. He laughed, said they would like to have her, but just gave me two different medicines which I think are helping her, as she has certainly been much better since Friday.
Uncle John came in while the Doctor was here, and had a long talk with him. "You don't know what to do," he said. "I was glad to hear them talking so good. Naturally together, as uncle seemed to think. The Doctor was a doctor at one time, although his only reason for that is that he is a man. The Doctor seemed lonely and John love will not have small children."

Uncle slept on a sofa, and John slept in a chair."

I saw Wilmer and L. the Conner at the last evening. We didn't know if my baby arrived. The said Wilmer came home some time ago and said I was here, but she didn't see me. Any kin and nobody else did as she thought he was one woman, and told her so when she asked as very fast that I have any fears for her."

I expected to be sick very soon and put off her call. Last evening she again attacked her, and she told him that she thought it likely I had a very young child, and surprised him8 countingly, as it seems he had not read his eye so sharply and consequently didn't see my desire for which I think him all the better."

You should have seen a pretty picture just now. Hall washed to Wilma. Hall put her in his arms. This flew flushed up, and the mixture of pleasant tenderness and some little fear, was very amusing as well as pretty. Hall heard Banks show some interest in her as she grew. He said this morning, "I wish him he was the dear little thing."

Frank and Rob were playing down the street this morning. The first said he would be
Papa; when Rob inclined to be Frankford, and standing up very gravely called out, "Hie, God, come here!"

Mary VanBureck has another son, a sick old hoy, that she has three sons and one daughter for her, and Mary has had three daughters and one son. We have two sons and two daughters, just right.

I hope your mumps will not prove true, or if it does, that you may not be subject to the old man any longer. You have not told what it became of Col. Burke. Your story is very curiously developed, I should think, although my knowledge of such things is as limited that I do not know that it is uncommon. Do you not remember the time when you spreaded your foot while getting on the street car? It was when we lived at the cottage.

I do not often see the bishop; I cannot go to see them excepting to call at the door when I am riding and they are very busy. Eliza has a great deal of company. Miss Ruby's women leave her to morn and she is not sorry; as both teacher and child are necessities rather than helps. I am glad to find that Sister does not think it necessary to bake and stew quite as much. She still