Dear Luther,

As your letter did not come yesterday afternoon, I had made up my mind to wait patiently till Monday. But fortunately was pleasantly disappointed, for Father brought it to me this morning. It was about an incipient fit of the Blues, for which I must certainly give you thanks.

Do you had good reason for thinking you would go to the field next month? I hope this new move of the regiment will still keep you away a long long time! I can't help it dear Husband, I feel so, and must say so, if it is unpatriotic...

I just knew it's sleep and believe she would have taken a good nap, if the children had stayed away, but they...
Della thinks she can keep her so I will let her try. She is a perfect fidget with her, and I can't trust her out of my sight but only seem rather to like it.

Della is just asking whether Betty went go to school with her when she gets up early.

Betty is lying in my bed. She is trying to keep him quiet as he is inclined to be restless.

Thomas leaves us tomorrow for Camp Denison. Will help about to see him again before he leaves for the south.

Mother and I have been making some calls in the evenings (Thursday we went to Mr. Martin's [and something] Clay's and Mrs. Beal's. Sister seems quite unwell, one felt just as I think.

Coming home, I made some remark to child at school made no answer. There was a little snore behind one, and looking around could not for an instant see her but soon discovered her lying on the floor.

He was the first to avoid once more. I woke her up, and she answered faintly, but soon recovered and with my help got up slowly and in finally got down with less difficulty than I had supposed possible. She is not entirely hurt; she struck her foot against a fixture, and came down on both knees, causing intense pain at the time; and considerable bruises still. I don't know that I ever felt more hardly than when I first saw her lying on the floor.

This accident has rather stopped me a little, but we hope to make the rest soon, seeking one in two or even three days all is returned...telle has succeeded in putting Mary and Ed to sleep, but she insists that she is not sound enough to get her out of the bed. She is very fond of him and does not like to give her up.

I thought your thing from home earlier than
this, and hoped it was going to disappoint you this year. Kate McCook expected him the birth of this month, but she was still well after that time. She is at Winchester Inn with her husband. You will have received a letter before this containing an account of expenditures so my mind has been relieved by reading you last, you need not be troubled by the love-spel de tain of that one. You know it has always been my matrimonial horror to ask for more and when I did hint, and the attention was paid to it, I naturally thought you were dissatisfied. Don't you call me any hard names now, for I cannot help it. Did the McCook's feel badly about moving and does Capt. Blount expect to keep house? No hope is there of seeing you at home? I do want to see you, and yet from the pain of leaving so much, that I hardly know whether I want you to come or not. I am going to do as you say you will, "like things as they come without any superfluous sitting." Dear me! I wish you had that Baby in your
much for him to spend; but she found it out in some way and would pay two.

For child! I don't know would become if her, if Mother should die, for she has such a strange disposition that few persons would be willing to put up with her. She evidently identifies herself with the family but she excels everything for counsel that I ever saw. But enough of Betty for the time being.

Edward and Mary have been out to Lake. You and Edward were to start tomorrow on a hunting expedition, but Edward is sick today with a fever. He has not looked well for a week and I fear will be quite ill.

All four of the children are in one room; Betty holding Mary and telling stories to the other three who are sitting on the bed. I am sitting by the sewing machine, writing to the dearest man in the world, and wishing he was here and with both face to face. Good night, and a goodnight kiss from

Augusta