Dear Husband,

After a vain attempt to put Mary to sleep, I have just lain on the floor to play, and began my usual Sunday letter. One from you came yesterday, with that of mine you returned.

Uncle John and Mrs. Corwin also received letters from you the day before yesterday.

Uncle J. was just in; he had not written to any one yet, and didn't seem to know to whom he should write. He said Corwin came in to his office with news that he had written and began to talk about the matter before all that were present, which didn't strike him as right nor was much as your letter to him had been marked private and confidential.

The next Father and Sister have asked
it, and Montrose's name among his last? Father said "Oh! that won't do. Will be seen John Howard told him he must not send that one!"

I was not conscious before and certainly am not now. — This is but one thing to be gained by it, but at any rate, at which my warmest heart will rejoice your greatest safety, but I don't believe you wish to have us with you could thus be gratified, on account of the great expense to be incurred with it.

I suppose them to put them to sleep so she has in the end now. Kelly to be asleep. He was napping last night and has complained all the morning of eczema and chilblains, which he was of only.

with Belle and Frank to buy Easter eggs. All this came back with their eggs, and I'll afterwards address a goosy colored envelope and a bell red egg. Frank at his before breakfast, another after, and there was anywhere to see how that the shell of the goosey egg was crushed. Kelly arrived his then safely till some time after breakfast when he accidentally broke "the prettiest one," as he humorously exclaimed.

The is quite another now but too sleepy to tell me what it means him. — He is so flaky and solicitus as ever not the slightest complaint of being tired, but cannot take a walk of any length without being much fatigued. — Thinks men should fume seems to carry him through sound both.

OOh! how I wanted you yesterday! and yet are glad you are not here on your account. I sat with Rising in my arms all the afternoon, that being the only way
she seemed to rest, I had Bayard Taylor's novel to finish, so didn't care to have her to sneeze, but for both reading and nursing I found clearly, a blinding headache came on and almost crazed me. Mother and Mary insisted that I needed the air, and I tried a short walk with the latter; the air felt good, but I was no better on my return; and I went to bed by half past ten.

The remembrance of your kind and what I craved, but as I felt that a wife with sick headache wasn't agreeable company I comforted myself by thinking it was better that you were away.

Mother's headaches began at my age, and I am afraid the affliction is coming on of possi- me, but mean to avoid all excuses of diet or fatigue, hoping thus to escape them. They are curses to any family, a wife and mother has no time to be sick.

With Taylor's novel I am much pleased although I doubt it's having a good effect.
religious people of the old school will
consider themselves aggrieved, and turn
their eyes at holy things. Women's Rights
people too will be angry with him.

Thinking that he only aims to strike
at the abuses of religion and wishes to
make marriage a lovely and holy tie, I am
pleased with his book. Mother says the
pictures of Hecker life are truthfully drawn
and of course causes it to meet with
favor in her eyes.

Many has gone with Henrietta, Edward and
Sarah Parvin, Delhi and Billy over to the Catholic
church this afternoon.

Billy is awake and says he feels better
now, he does not however seem inclined
to get up yet.

Your funny stories on Mrs. Sage make
me take up her defense, although I know
but little of her. In the first place, as
she is a widow there is no "old Sage " to have
shirts without buttons, and her son and daughter accompany her in many of her journeys; they are helping her in the bath. I heard a little anecdote of the child's birth, and we were both reminded of a useful woman. Perhaps you do not know that she is a self-educated woman. While doing her own work, she got interested in history, literature, and always tried to increase her knowledge, so that her children seemed to think she knew a great deal, though one day while engaged in some humble affairs, her son asked her a question about a system of punishment in feudal times, which she could not answer, and told him she did not know any things about it. He asked her why she thought Mother knew everything, but she did not know that, and perhaps she did not have some other things. This stung her, for she thought she had lost some of her hold on her son, as she studies not only geometry but other things that she thought elder help his children and increase her influence over them. So she takes care of her family and has the gift of speech. I see no objection to her speaking.

As for me, I am not so gifted; I wish for the gift of my own family circle and could return now on your short letters indeed I would be very glad if the opportunity especially as you think you could certainly appreciate that quality in your wife. Thank God for a good husband. I am now willing to say! Mine has been willing to make me his equal, and I have said if it myself had been, my father in the least. If he had wanted me to follow him to the Bible to make speeches, it would be disgraceful to me, but you are successful.
Father has the new Atlantic, but I have not
read it yet. I do not agree with you, and
like the second instalment of "Home and Home
Papers" better than the first. Something you
said made me think that you did not know
that the authoress was Mrs. Stone.

If these grapes are come, don't you think
some head better be planted by the west
house? The vine on the horse under Bella's
window did better than any other, and I don't
believe the wells are hurt by it.

I believe I never told you that Lizzie Long was
inquiring whether we were going to sell, as she wants
the place. She has always regretted having
left it. I am sorry for her but have no idea
that she can pay what it is worth if the
opposite place sold for $4500.00, and besides
I am not willing to sell at all.

I am finishing this letter by gas light, the boys
are chattering in bed, and Bella and May are
rubbing me the comfort on the floor. The letter
is sleepy but persists in trying to keep awake.

Rosa Blum was here today. She is still weak.