

will probably have to borrow if I do, it is  
however a bad time to borrow. — Let's thought  
Bessie was breaking out today, and some  
of the others showed signs also.

This letter will probably reach you on Christ-  
mas Eve, and have to carry our wishes of  
a 'merry Christmas'; Let it be merry Sweet  
but sober also. — And as for that upper  
lip, I hope you are not forgetting  
the promise you made me; nothing hurts  
me more, than to find you careless of your  
promises to me. — Oh, may another year  
find us united and happy in our own  
little home; Father and Mother, and four  
bright little faces around them, with other  
dear friends dropping in to be glad with  
them, and a <sup>whole</sup> Nation <sup>at</sup> peace!

I was much amused with the queer Pottier  
the other day; I asked him for eggs, "no, I  
have no eggs" he replied, then suddenly re-  
minding me, he held out his hand and said  
"Mrs. Bruer! I did not know you; yes'm I have  
a few eggs that I can let you have", and he  
bustled around a great while till all my wants  
were supplied, talking bravely all the time about  
you and the war, said if he hadn't been retired  
just as he was, he would have gone with you  
when you asked him as Commissary.

Now Goodnight, dear, dear Husband, and many  
kisses, which I wish I could give myself.

Dear people that will enjoy this  
this year this year, but I hope  
the little people may not feel  
the dark cloud hanging over  
our country. Perhaps this  
is dark cloud, just before  
the dawn of day. God grant  
it! Dear Husband keep  
up your spirits, it makes  
me sad to see a strong  
man and happy. Wish  
I could say with you,  
but if you cannot spare  
the money to take me  
back, say so, I shall  
not think hardly of it  
but think of it as one  
of the stern necessities of  
war that I must submit to.  
Perhaps you might be better  
off if I were here. I do not suggest  
Monday — The news from Washington is not very cheering this morning, and I fear there are but few  
Uncle John has just  
handed me a note to enclose with  
my letter. From present appearance  
it looks as if I should be detained  
here longer than I wish, for want of  
money, as I cannot feel quite as sa-  
tisfied as Uncle writes about money coming  
in this week. This worries me not a  
little for I wanted to get Frank some  
boots, and I believe instead of making  
up cotton flannel for him I ought to  
make woolen flannel, on account of  
his cough. I had got cotton flannel  
but luckily have not cut it out so that  
I can use it for myself. He is quite  
delicate, and has a little hacking cough.  
The Dr. says his lungs are sound, but  
thought the flannel would be best for him

Then I wished to buy all that I need for the "little stranger" as I shall be unwilling to go to the City often or ever this Winter, never without you. I am sewing as fast as the children and my own health will allow, but don't suppose I can finish all before I leave, in which case Aunt Mary will have to take what is left.

As for Christmas, I have \$2.00 and don't know whether to spend it or give it to my washwoman. As it goes and I fear you are quite as bare of funds. It seems the taxes ought to have been paid by yesterday, but Uncle says any time this week will do. How other matters stand you will find out from Uncle's note.

It has become so dark that I shall wait till after the little ones are in bed before I write more.

Evening — I have read to the children and all three are asleep. How of you were only here! — I hope your blue fit has run its course by this time. Mary congratulated herself that she

was not with you to get the benefit of it. She has just completed a group of lillies arranged on a mirror which she wishes to exhibit in Payne's window and sell if possible. Her class at the Seminary is small but she hopes to increase it after the holidays. says give you her 'bestest' love. — Will leaves for his regiment on Tuesday, and we have been trying to get up a box for Howard, which Will is going to take to Memphis and try to forward from there; I very much fear it will not reach him, but we send it any how to take its chance.

Mrs. Brady does not start till tomorrow night for which I am glad, as it has been sleeting all day, and the walking is dangerous. Did I tell you that Katie broke out with the measles last Thursday? The poor child wanted to go to the Sunday school Christmas party, but they promised her a Tree at Home if she will stay to which the little thing has agreed.

I hope I can contribute to the tree, but