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 a slight attack of the Blues, for which I must certainly give you thanks.

Do you have 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 time! I can't help it dear Husband, I feel so, and must say so, if it is unpatriotic.

I spent May 15th asleep and believe she would have taken a good nap, if the children had stayed away, but that she
Uncle thinks she can keep her so till 30th by try, she is a perfect fidget with her, and I can’t trust her out of my sight but only some rather to like it.

Uncle is just asking what Billy wants go to school with him when she gets up enough.

Billy is lying in my bed, when I am trying to keep him quiet as he is inclined to be unre.

Horace leaves us tomorrow, for Camp Dawson. He hopes however to see him again before he leaves for the South.

Mother and I have been making some calls in the evening. Thursday we went to Mr. Martin’s (and something) over there and Mrs. Bridg’s. Sister seems quite well, our feelings, I think.

Coming home, I made some remark to child Preston made me answer, I heard a little whisper behind me, and taking around could not for an instant see her but soon discovered her lying on the floor.

Thus incident has rather stopped calls, but we hope to make the next soon, perhaps one or two on evening till all are returned. Scare had succeeded in putting Mary to sleep, but she insists that she is not sound enough to quit her cot, and thinks she is very fond of her and dont like to give her up. I thought your thing from some earlier than
this, and hoped it was going to disappoint you this year. Kate McLoch expected lite the birth of this month, but she was still well after that time. She is at Winchester Tenn. with her Husband. You will have received a letter before this containing an account of expenditure as my mind has been relieved by reading you last, you need not be troubled by the love-spell in love 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 once any hard money now; for I cannot help it. Did the Mrs. Brath’s feel badly about moving? and, does Capt. Blank expect to help them? His hope is that of seeing you at home? I do want to see you, and yet feel the pain of missing so much that I hardly know whether I want you to come or not. I am going to do as you say you will, 'take things as they come with out any superfluous urging.'

Dear Me! I wish you had that Baby in your
arms, she won’t stay asleep, you want to see her and I don’t just now! Yet she comes!

5 o’clock. Baby and I have been lying down, and as she seems rather better, Belle has again been delightfully by nursing her.

Tomorrow is Mary’s birthday, but she has not all her presents from one part of the family today or before. I got a pound of candy to divide among the children, for which I made them pay me two or three cents apiece, as I don’t approve of their making presents without a little self denial.

The picture I painted of last winter was my present; Howard gave her this miniature in handsome case, and Mother gave her a new shawl. Betty, she has no idea at all of the value of money; would give the a new kind of gold fastening for herchain.

Mother and Mary tried to decline her by paying all but a dollar, thinking that girls too
much for her to spend; but she found it out in some way and would pay two.
For child! I don't know what would become of 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 identified herself with the family that she exceeded everything for kindness that
I ever saw. But enough of Betty for this time.
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 our 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 nicest men
in the world, and wishing he was here and with
both face to face. Good night, and a goodnight
kiss from
Auguste