Dear Husband,

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

Uncle John and Mrs. Carson also received letters from you the day before yesterday. Uncle J. was just in; had not written to any one yet, and didn't seem to know to whom he should write. He said Carson 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 I'll have about
it, and Monty Musk's name, among his last: Father said, "Oh! that won't do!" Will he care John Howard told him he must not send that one!

[Scratched out text]

I was not decry when before, and certainly am not now. — There is but one thing to be gained by it, face at any rate; at which my sensitive heart would regain your greater safety; but I don't believe you wish to have us with you could thus be gratified, on account of this great expense to be incurred in the Agile.

I suggest him to put them a deep as she lies in the end now. Kitty to be asleep. He was were last night, and has complained all the morning of sadness and melancholy, still he was of only

with dolls and Trunks to build Easter eggs. All this came back with them eggs spires, and till afterwards add a greasy colored grape and a small red egg. Break at ten before breakfast, another after, and there was answer to see how thick the skull of the greasy egg was and cracked; Kitty carried his then safely till some time after breakfast, when he accidentally broke "the prettiest one," as he meanly complained.

He is quite restless now, but too sleepy to tell me what's hurts him. He is so flabby and restless as ever yet be. The complaints of being tired, and cannot take a walk of any length without being much fatigued. — Thanks more often from means to carry him through much better.

Oh! how I wanted you yesterday! and yet are glad you were not here on your own account. I sat with literary in my arms all the afternoon, that being the only way
she seemed to rest; I held Bayard Taylor's novel to finish, as I didn't care to have her to nurse, 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 remission of your kind was 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 possible me. But mean to avoid all excuses of dirt 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 to suffer at holy things. Women's Rights people too will be angry with him. Thinking he only aims to strike at the abuses of religion, and wishes to make marriage a holy and holy thing, I am pleased with his book. Mother says the pictures of Seeker life are truthfully drawn. I of course cause it to meet with favor in her eyes.

Many have gone with Henrietta, Edward and Sarah Fain, Nella and Billy over to the Catholic church this afternoon.

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

Your funny structures on Mrs. Page make me take up her defense, although I knew but little of her. In the first place, as she is a widow there is no "old Page" to have
help her children and increase her influence on them. So if she takes care of her family and has the gift of speech I see no objection to her speaking. I do not mean to say that I was not as gifted; indeed I was in the gift of my own family circle and could return now on your short letter; indeed I would be very glad of the opportunity especially as you think you could certainly appreciate that quality in you. My dear Mr. Thacker, I am now writing to say! Ninnie has been willing to make me her 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 or to make speeches it would the changes in me, but I was sure I should have begged to be excused. If I can make even out of my boy she shall speak for me, and have my teachings by their conduct as I hope my mission will have her self-filled for the public and I want.
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 those purple vine come, don't you think some seed better be planted by the house? The vine on the house under Bella's window did better than any other, and I don't believe the walls are hurt by it.

I believe I never told you that Lizzie Long was enquiring whether we were going to sell, as she wanted 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. 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 tumbling over the comfort on the floor. The latter is sleepy but persists in trying to keep awake. Berin Union was here today. She is still weak.