Dear little Sella,

You must not think Aunt Mary has forgotten you because she didn't write. Indeed, I think if you all wrote many lines every day and wish very much that I could just keep at you for a few moments and take you and Franky and Betty a walk on the Beach. Mama says you have pleased to Sunday School. I do hope you will learn to read as well as the best little reader in the school.

When you come back to Dayton I have got so many pretty little books that I will send you. I heard of a little boy the other day who was younger than Beaul; he could spell dog, cat, man, and a great many other words, and know on what day he was born. Wasn't he a smart little fellow? His name was Buddy Winkle, and he has a sister called...
Daisy—Daisy is pretty good little girl I guess. When the mother comes home and asks her whether she has been good while she was gone, Daisy always tells her Mama I did any naughty thing, and never thinks of telling a lie. As little girls and boys only know how much better they would get along with they always told the truth. I don’t believe Betty would ever think of telling stories.

Look here at Pent. Like last week I saw all the little children—Little Elliott, a rather big Elliott as fine fellow, he laughs out aloud and is almost to large for Seth to nurse.

Bessie is a funny little girl. She wants to join her cousin Sam’s company, and be as pretty. The other day she asked them, calling and concluded she should rather not be a soldier because she would get tired doing it. They have got three little pets—Dick, Poll & Polly. On the early white day Poll, the smooth brown cat, took a liking for nothing little kitten. They are a funny set, but not good for much.

I think you must be learning to see pretty well, & if you could not have seen Grand, that nice little Bowel, as soon as you learn how to be new mice, Mama will teach you how to make the Thrush. Birch leaves makes the mother with the little 0, or red cotton thread, and you must just B on Mama.

Betty wants to know how you all are. She would like to see you very much I am sure.

This a Banne I see pretty well I think, they didn’t say any thing about being sick, although Betty is thin enough to be sick along on would think. Banne came home. The other day all covered with—Yes—Mrs. Doyle & Betty thought they would wash their so to work they went and gave Banne such a scratting that he was almost frightened to death. (At least Banne picked up a bucket of water to wash him with. But Banne thought the tank had enough, and tried to run away. Betty held tight by the neck, and he knocked her up.)
against the bee, turned her over, broke loose
and jumped seven and went down Main
Street. He came back soon, but went
down to your house where Grandma was at
work.

How little Sells! I do wish you would write
me an answer to this letter to make
me feel and learn to write, so that I can hear from
you.

I want you to give Bollie two
kisses and Bunky two kisses, and tell them
Don't Mary sent them and if you can give
yourself one.

Good night. Dearest little Sells
and try to be very good and kind
Your affectionate—

Uncle Mary