Dear Sir,

I wish to write to you last Sunday, but had so bad a headache that I could not. I feel like writing today, and more pleased it is to do so because mamma tells me that you are learning to read and read and that you improved generally. I was sure you would, and it is very gratifying to be assured of it. I would like to hear your gruff. You must bring it home the next time you come.

The Pearce have just left; they are all well again, and little Elliot grows and tries to talk, but cannot quite sound a word. You remember Dr. Adams, haven't, and how pleasant he was with little folks where you is called. Well, he took little Besse Pierce on his knee shortly after Christmas and said, "Did you have a merry Christmas?" Besse answered, "I dreamed about Christmas and said, "Were your dreams fulfilled?" "My stocking was fulfilled," said she, "pretty good, wasn't it?" It's a beautiful day, and Aunt Lib looked well in her new black, which I made after the pattern your mamma sent us. Aunt Black is
is an iron grey cloth, with only tassels on the plants behind and small bells on the arms holes. This I write for Mamma, and you may also tell her. I believe she came here yesterday and said that she was very sorry she treated you so badly and wished to go back to you. She will ask her to come home. She said she had done so, but she was not sure she only wished to go back to Miss Brown, and that it was all her cousin's fault. Do not let her go again and ask Mrs. B, as I suppose she will.

Dear little Selma, you all want to see her again, and hope it will not be long before your parents will think it right to return. You must let us know a few hours before you come so that we may receive you comfortably. She has planted many pretty flowers in your yard, and I intend to take care of them this coming summer. And not plant any at the old place even if we should not sell. She has made a bargain as yet. She believes she will think of it.

How do Frank and Robbie? I suppose you do not quarrel now, you are so far from your friends. It would give Mamma so much for you to do so. And she is so far away from her mother and needs that you should love her and wish her well. She said you did when she was here and could see and see us often. All is very quiet at your house. Nothing goes in the yard from the street, for we keep the gate locked. De Graaf's boys get over the broken fence, but they do no harm so far. As I can see, Grandfather surrounded the fence with wire and said that there is no more trouble, they cannot get in to them.

And how is healthy? I often think of her when I am at your house and see some articles of her clothing. I have put everything of the kind in your drawer where you will find them on your return.

I wish I could be with you a few days, and more still do I wish your Aunt Mary could go and see you. We cannot, and must try to be content. I wish you would take particular notice of everything in front of your house and the Fort, for I know you will wish you had done so in time to come. If you do not move when you are old as Grand Mamma, you will like to tell of the time you lived at Fort Hamilton and what happened then.