Dear Frizzle,

Mr. and Mrs. Brady and Eliza

have just left; Eliza said she thought

I might as well tell you of a report

that is circulating just now; it is that

Father is trying to get the Office to transfer

to you, that he already has a situation

that brings in $200 a year and conse-

quently does not need it. This age is

supposed to not taken into account; then

if the child transfers, what is my side

about. I don't know that it will make

any difference to you but thought I could

mention it.

William only has written or said that it lies between him and Father and

that his prospects are very bright. He supposes

that they are; an editor she can be used for

early purposes of course will have the

advantage. Yet I will in spite of

myself keep on wishing that it may be

Old Mr. Stiles died last night; she has

been failing rapidly the past week and
despairing without any thing past her

death. For you, it is bad, seems much

distressed. At child of business is

probably dead; little Billa of whom Jacky

so often speaks. Luther Bushman has

also lost a child with smallpox.

Mrs. Kebler is gone at last, leaving her proper-

try to be quarrel between the relations and

her husband; I suppose from what she hears.

hens living on the country road so that

they are reminded of children times by

the number of sundays that pass them

daily. Truly this is a delightful letter! I hope you won't get at thing

for I cannot tell think so much do I

with it that she may be your way

time before this reaches Washington.

Oh, what a blessed day that will be that brings

you safely back to us! You must never go

away again; for we cannot afford to go any

more and cannot afford it to exist. I wish

we could goodbye to all Public Office affairs

it costs more to get them than they are worth.
for it did seem to be exactly that plan for Father, and his present employment quite to hard for him. Well, well, if it must be so, we must see let the new misfortune.

Do write more fully; you have no idea how trying it is to hear so little about the ladies. May says she'll tell me it to tell us the worst he thinks, and may leave us in suspense.

That is enough of my sad forbodings: time, — tell them I am very much relieved, in happy states from home, where I heartily wish you were again. I hope to hear your story much more briefly than I had; in spite of my efforts to prevent them, frequent attacks of the "flu" will come. You will have to cure them.

Your letter arrived (yes, sir, that's the word exactly) came this morning, making me wonder what took you to New York without satisfying me in the least. You said nothing about having heard from home until you left. I

although I presumed from your having written to tell me that you had received at least one letter I have written three.

I was indeed surprised at the unveiling of which you spoke. I don't care particularly about the gentleman, though it does not seem to me good times with everybody, but I am very glad in accordance of all.

Be sure you show her the pictures of one or two facts, if you have the opportunity. — tell them I am very much pleased on that account, for I have the time came.

Frankoggle to go too but could not be taken, nor it has happened several times lately that she has been taken and left, so Mother said: "I'll take you some other time dear, don't fret little brother now," and the poor child immediately asserted and got out of the way. Thank I could see it was a hard struggle with her.

Of course, she got settled up for it afterwards but she did not know that she could be and I think desired expect for her conduct.