Dear Husband,

I am afraid the child will interrupt me too much to let me write, but as it seems likely that you will be detained longer than you thought, when you left home, I know you will look for and hear from home.

Well, Jack left yesterday, and the President says he has just left me, he said he had a letter from a friend of his who would send it to you to hand to the President. He says he telegraphed to you but could get no answer, and that he wants you here in New York. He asked him how he knew this? "Oh! I know," he says, "and so I suppose you are already watched by those instructed in your movements.

As for the City Solicitor's clerk, etc., that darling and lovely are the only
contests, and he thinks he can get
rid of labor easily enough.
Perhaps he will write to us in
my name when he sends the other letter, I hope
the latter may not be needed.

The spent the afternoon of yesterday
at Mr. Brady's. Olive brought her sewing
and sat with us. Luther had just
got his appointment, and thoughts quite
bright, yet did not quite like going
to Washington.

Reports were vague as to Hotelman's
health. There are some hopes of his recov-
ying, but he is still alive at
night, not expected to live.

One of Brown's children (in the old
one) is considered hopeless, will not walk
with certainty. Dr. Worthington
argues. She does some
of the dressing and bandaging; called the
other fellow. She still alive as
young children and the aged. Her face
and hands this morning.

I am far our letter. One came my cell
for which I am thankful, not knowing what a day may bring forth.