

20 January 1890

Friend → Nora

I care not  
I shant you  
are among the  
the abounding  
and or over the earth  
"Remember me"  
anywhere  
so much  
that I did  
not know  
I hope some  
day to be  
able to speak to  
you and  
tell all about  
our little  
brother. His  
last is

Can't your visitors must  
spring? Then I was in Iowa  
I saw this in the Post office  
one day and only for a moment  
your husband's sister she  
did not recognize me at  
first but I went up to her  
and spoke to her but she was  
in a hurry and could not stop  
long. I must tell you of a book  
I read not long ago and if you  
haven't read it you must  
it is "Remember the Alamo"  
and as it tells about the death  
of that grand old ancestor of yours  
"David Crockett" I know you  
would be more than curiously  
interested. I thought of you  
so often when I was reading it.

This is the last  
of my paper to send  
and I will give  
you some  
better (and  
Benedict Febt.  
January - 20 - 1890.

### The Old Room

My Dear Dear Friends,  
I know you think I am never going to  
answer your last nice long kind letter  
but when I got your letter I was  
preparing to visit my old home  
and was so busy getting ready  
sewing &c &c that I thought I'll  
wait till I return and then I'll  
news from her husband's home  
to write her. but I did not get  
started so early as I expected  
and then when I got there I stayed  
longer than I at first intended  
and when I got back to Benedict  
I took the La Suisse and airily  
swallow to sit up. but I've

thought of you & time than you  
would believe. — We are having  
such a cold snowy winter  
since Christmas before there it  
was warm and nice. I suspect  
you are getting lots of snow  
out in the mountains. I  
trust though not enough to  
endanger your stock.

What did "Santa Claus" bring  
you Xmas. I received several  
tokens of regard, a set of silver  
spoons, a hand painted calendar  
a white painted picture throw,  
sixteen quarts of splendid  
carved fruit from sister in  
law (you know we don't have  
much fruit here.) and a pretty  
little knife also a white silk  
muffler, you must tell me  
what you and the children got  
Jessie and husband were here  
for dinner one day last week.

she is pretty well. What are you  
reading now. I've been reading  
"The Scottish Chiefs" it is splendid  
I think you told me you had  
read it. Sir William Wallace  
is the finest type of manhood  
I ever read of. what do you  
think of him also of Bruce  
and Ruthven and Murray.  
You said in your letter that your  
house was only a log cabin  
but you thought it could be  
made "home" any way - Yes  
indeed it matters not what  
the building is, I believe that  
"home" is in our hearts and  
and if that feeling of love and  
oneness is not there we could  
not be happy in a palace with  
very luxury surroundings.  
You don't know how much I  
should enjoy living over  
you or if you could visit