

Logan Utah Feb.
5. 1898.

Dear papa I love you
Dear papa there were
ten boys and girls
promoted out of Mitchels
class in to the second
reader.

Dear papa I will write you
a verse. This is how all
through the night little
eyes were folded tight.
Little hands and little feet
resting long in slumber
sweet. Softly creeping
comes the sun and it
rouses everyone up the
little children rise
rubbing open sleepy eyes.
Fabian Devine Keana

Logan Utah
Dec. 3, ^{sd} 1898

Dear brother
We are all well
I wish you and I'd were
down here to school.
How is George? Are you
well.

From your
Dear Brother
Wm Wesley Ramm
P.s.

I am glad you are coming
down here ^{after} Christmas.

E. Fabian