

Saturday Morning.

Dear Brother:

Your letters rec'd yesterday. I am not at all surprised at your state of feeling. I was sure you would feel just as we did. I'm sorry it was necessary for me to tell you of it because it will cause you so much worry and pain. But you can't do anything, we can't mend matters, but just have to live it down.

Try not to think too hard of Papa - his idea of

right and justice are very different from ours.

We can never have the same love and respect for him again, I fear, but lets try to return good for evil, and endeavor to show him we are deserving of his confidence and trust? It has been a great struggle for me to master my feelings enough to even speak pleasantly to him, but I'm trying. We are never all together except at meal time and then very little is said, though we all try to be pleasant, - while the heart is heavy.

Try to write to papa

just as before, for  
your letters are a  
source of much pleasure  
to him & he devours every  
word. He is proud of you  
and his only hope is in  
you, - he is disappointed  
in his other children, so  
don't write anything that  
will make him feel  
towards you as he does  
towards me. He will try  
to forgive and forget the  
wrong before you are  
with us again.

I want you to go next  
year there; just as we



had planned. I've set my heart on your taking a degree. After you finish there will <sup>be</sup> time enough to send Bessie off to school, and in the mean time she will keep up her studies with me.

When you come home we will work together and let Charlie and Bessie both go to school. Charlie can make enough in one year to go one and we can send Bessie.

Let's look on the cheerful side and try to be happy whatever misfortunes come.

We won't be put down by any body.

Much love my dear brother.

Don't think of unpleasant things

Wm. - Sister -  
Do you fret.